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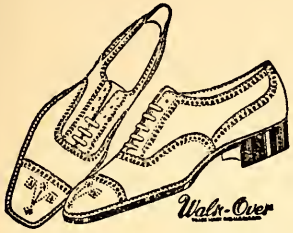

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The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

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THE ROAD THAT RUNS OVER THE HILL.

Ada M. Clotfelter, '22

Receives honorable mention in contest for 1922 College Anthology

Our hills lie wrapped in a bluish haze,
Our valley's asleep in the sun,
For autumn has come with her dreamy days,
And Indian summer's begun.
Like stately ships the clouds sail high
In a wide arched sea of blue:
Broad fields below, as the clouds drift by,
Are quiet and peaceful, too.
But I look far off and I wonder still
What becomes of the road that runs
over the hill.

The silver ribbons of little streams
Go awinding lazily;
Faint, pink smoke, pungent with dreams,
Hangs over them hazily.
Oh, our valley is gorgeous with autumn trees,
Scarlet, and green and gold,
And over it all broods tranquil ease,
Drowsy with peace untold.
But I look far off, and I wonder still
What becomes of the road that leads
over the hill.

Over my head a swallow flies
And a promise of freedom fulfills.
For it's lost where yonder the unseen lies
The land just over the hill.
Oh, the road is wide, and the road is good,
And it leads to an unknown world:
The valley may sleep in the sun if it would
With banner of mist unfurled.
But I look far off, and wonder still
What becomes of the road that runs
over the hill.

'23 at Matanzas

Freshmen and Sophs, don't miss these Matanzas accounts. They are entertainingly written for those who were not there as well as for those who had the fun of going—a pleasure that you may share in a year or so.—Editor.

"Matanzas! Matanzas!" shouted the conductor and then hastily retreated before the swarm of girls who were pushing down the aisle. The small red box-car with the name "Matanzas" boldly standing out wore a familiar expression to most of the Seniors.

After piling the baggage on a wagon we started down the sandy road to Sans Souci, the Senior cottage. The Seniors who rode on top of the trunks and suit cases, hanging on to the Junior 'ukes', cases and grocery boxes were entertained by listening to the conversation of Mr. Oats, the driver. He confided all his troubles to Jo, who took charge of the horses whenever he went back to pick up a dropped package.

Sans Souci cottage was hailed with delight, and preparations were at once begun for the steak fry, really a combination of steak and ashes, with the effect of the ashes somewhat lessened by the use of onions and pickles.

A few of the more adventuresome spirits bravely started to walk to Havana but returned riding in state and talking about the wonders of Havana, where they had bought sundaes for only ten cents! Billie Betcher and Flossie Weber had "obtained" several melons which were promptly added to the food supply of the camp.

The Juniors gave a peppy dance in their cottage Saturday night and invited the Seniors and some of the class of '22 who were staying at Idlewild. The grads' entertained with one of their thrilling stunts and the selections which their orchestra played were truly awe-inspiring.

Sunday was a red letter day in Senior camp. In the morning the sleepy heads were roused by the news that waffles were being prepared by the 'commentors', Ruth and Helen G. And such waffles! their flavor was not lessened by the wood chopping that had to be done between courses to coax along the greedy stove that was always clamoring for fuel.

Dressing chickens is no great task when necessary equipment is at hand, but it is the work of an artist to dress them with luke warm water and to carve them with knives that were never intended for such purposes. Margaret daintly and apologetically picked one fowl while D. M. slashed bravely at hers with set lips. Almost the whole camp had a turn at the chickens so the flavor was all the better at dinner time.

It was loads of fun to wade along the shallow beach and pick up shells and turtles. Anthony and Cleopatra, along with Romeo and Juliet were snatched from their sandy homes and in spite of frantic exertions were secured and brought back as "souvenirs".

A high rope swing hanging out over a steep sloping sand bank offered great attraction to some. Billie and Eloise became very expert in the art, but Billie started thinking of "combustions" while she was on the swing, and so found herself landed on her neck in the sand pile.

A snipe hunt planned by Miss Boyd and Miss Whitmer for the express purpose of ensnaring some of the Seniors, especially Janette, created great excitement for a time but the snipes were rather scarce and hard to find. The hunt created so much excitement it was hard for the Seniors to fall in so it was way in the "wee sma' hours" before there was quiet in the cottage. The cooks hunted refreshments and coffee was served just before retiring—about 4:30 a. m. Even retiring at that hour there was little sleep for Ruth and Billie who had bunks too narrow and too short for comfort.

Monday afternoon came all too soon and it was a bit hard to go back to civilization but there were so many pleasant memories to take back all had the feeling that

"Matanzas is the place to go,
To form your friendships rare.
Laughter, chimes and happy times
And girls without a care.
Glad, we were glad,
But sad we turned away,
But we won't forget to go
Back Matanzas way-ay-ay
Back Matanzas way." *Eloise Calhoun*

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

And the 1922 Seniors did'nt forget to come. There they were in the cottage next door, Marian DePew, Margaret Merker, Gladys Laughlin, Lura Hurt, Harriet Keys, Hildreth Ashwood, Velma Bain and Margie Hamilton, a sort of "family" reunion.

It is with sorrow that we must close our happy tale with a notice of the untimely death of Anthony and Cleopatra, who perished in a fruit jar pining for the waters of Matanzas. Romeo and Juliet are still alive, tho ailing. Horatius, who had the strongest constitution, made a bold escape. Rumor says that he was captured and taken to the fourth ward school, but if on crawling into bed some night you should find a very small turtle beneath your pillow, you will know that it is Horatius, weary of wandering, come home to die.

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

NIGHT AT MATANZAS

By Alma Blodget.

Moon high up above the trees
Shines upon the lake;
Beams that fall on ripples,
And leave prisms in their wake.

Bonfire on the shore,
Coals glowing on the sand,
Rising to a blood-red flame
By the lake breeze fanned.

Voices far out-singing—
In boats beyond the light,
Bear in them the splendor
Of the lake and the night.

THE MOON IS IN A MIST

Audrey King

Receives honorable mention in contest for 1922 college anthology

The moon is in a mist.
She is a harem-lady behind a veil;
A transparent veil, a veil of misty grey.
It reveals; it conceals,
It is very beautiful.

The moon is behind a mist.
She is like a lady with shining eyes,
She is like a flower grey with dew.
She is like a pleasant mystery.

The poem by Margaret Fowler, "At a College Window", was accepted for the anthology, not yet issued.

Eloise Calhoun

A LACE FAN.

Josephine Rink, '23.

Carson Chalmers looked thoughtfully at the black lace fan in his hands. It was large and beautifully covered, and he could almost see the two black eyes that had looked at him so roguishly from behind its folds.

That had been a wild night at Bob's studio party in Paris six years before. How could he, a Chalmers and a serious-minded law graduate just out of college—how could he have enjoyed such a revel? As he thought it over, he decided that he hadn't enjoyed it—there had been just one person who had made the evening bearable, and he had never seen her before nor since. Strange that Bob hadn't been able to enlighten him as to who she was, or whence she came, but it seemed that she had been bold enough to come without invitation, and her charm made them overlook the intrusion. Yet there seemed to be a strange contradiction in her make-up. Her black velvet gown, long and clinging, was daringly cut, and her face, which must have been beautiful, was hidden by a mask of black satin and lace. Her

voice was low and cultivated, and she spoke French, Spanish and English with equal ease. Since there was no trace of foreign accent in her English, Chalmers had decided that she must be an American. At times she had seemed very quiet and sensible.

"I don't really believe you belong in this kind of life, Mr. Chalmers."

"No, I don't. I suppose I'm too quiet to suit these people. Fact is, I've never been able to see just what made Bob so fond of me when we're so different. But how did you learn my name?"

Ignoring his question, she continued, "And I can just see the girl you'll marry. She will be a sweet little blonde, just home from a very quiet, secluded girl's school, and so unsophisticated that she'll actually be refreshing after your day in the court room. Mind, you must never mention this naughty party to her. She'd die of mortification to think you'd spend such an evening."

"You've drawn a very ideal picture, and I'll probably marry just such a girl—if she'll have me. Frankly, I don't approve of the type of woman I see here tonight."

"Certainly not. Your type likes to be set up on a pedestal and worshiped. I used to have the same idea, and I may again some day—but not while that tantalizing music lasts. Come, let's dance!"

But as Chalmers didn't dance, the girl tossed her black fan into his lap and was carried away to the dance floor on the arm of one of a number of men who were watching for just such a chance. The music was queer and oriental and the melody made a definite impression on Chalmer's mind as he watched the girl fling herself into the rhythmic movements. After a few minutes he became disgusted himself for watching such flippancy, and he quietly ordered his wraps and slipped away, quite forgetting the fan in his pocket.

And he still had the fan. Several times he had thought of destroying it, but he could never quite bring himself to do it,

so he kept it hidden safely where Peggy would not find it. Sweet little Peggy! What would happen if she were to learn of that party? Chalmer's face actually reddened when he thought of it. It had been the one mis-step of his life. and he squirmed uneasily when he remembered that he had once done a thing he could not tell his wife.

The girl had been almost correct in her delineation of his future wife. To be sure, she had black hair instead of light, and she was a little older than the sweet girl graduate, but she was quiet and sensible. His mind went back to the day he met her—three years ago at his sister's commencement. Happy little sister with her Bachelor's degree and a major in foreign languages! She had graduated with high honors, but there was a greater cause for her hilarity. She and her language instructor had been very good friends, and the older woman was taking her to Europe for the summer, partly for pleasure and partly for study of languages and customs. Chalmers had thought it very lovely for sister, but he would have been much better satisfied if Miss Peggy Hamlin were not to be so far away, for he had taken a great liking to her. It seemed that the feeling was mutual, for after it had grown for a time, it burst into bloom as an orange blossom.

That had been a year and a half ago, and here he sat, recalling it all while staring at the lace fan. Only twice had he allowed himself to take the fan out and muse over it. There was something in the remembrance of its owner that was peculiarly satisfying. In fact, Peggy's eyes had often reminded him of the ones behind the fan, but it was always with an inward kick at himself that he dismissed the comparison from his mind. Tonight the likeness was especially strong and persistant. Try as he would, he could not dismiss it. Could it be possible that he was growing tired of Peggy and her quietness? No!—he would not trade her for a world of flirts in black gowns. Why, oh why!

Suddenly his line of thought was broken by a sound. He listened intently. Someone was singing, but so faint was the voice that he could scarcely hear it. Presently, as he caught

bits of the melody, a strange feeling crept over him. As he pieced the bits together, he realized that sometime, somewhere, he had heard the song. His brain strove in vain to remember the circumstances. Suddenly there flashed before his mind the last scene at Bob's studio party, and in the midst of the revel was the girl in the black gown. For a moment he sat stunned. Could it?— — No! it couldn't be! Quite possibly one of the servants knew the song and was singing it. But the doubt was torment. He rose slowly, dropped the fan into his chair, then hurried into the hall. The music had ceased, and he stood bewildered for a moment. He feared to seek Peggy, for he could not explain to her his desire to find the singer, but something drove him to her room. As he raised his hand to give the customary three raps before entering, he heard a sob and without knocking, Chalmers threw the door open. Peggy was sitting on the edge of the bed and spread before her was a black velvet dress, a black mask and a pair of long black kid gloves.

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

Oh Lord!
They've done it again!
My parents have closed their eyes
And walked between the aisles
Of some department store, and grabbed:

A waist, a skirt, another waist
And sent them on to me,
As one thrusts rags on a wooden cross
To make a scarecrow.
What shall I do?
I can't offend them.
But neither can I wear these things
That they call clothes.

—*Dorothy Dieman.*

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

To Eloise Calhoun, President of the Senior Class.

You asked for March 21 for the Senior-Junior party. Are you sure that you want it during the Easter recess? This might be convenient in many ways, but would be a trifle unusual.

The Date Committee.

The College Greetings

Vol. XXVI. *Jacksonville, Ill., Oct.* 1922 *No.* 1

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ON BEING SURE

"The reason most people never learn anything", said Uncle Abraham, puffing his ancient pipe, "is that they are always too dawgonne *sure.*" (Note: we do not really possess an Uncle Abraham, and if we did he probably wouldn't talk like that; but we don't dare use questionable words ourselves, because we are such a new editor, and have such a time with our style, such as remembering to use the editorial plural in speaking of ourselves, that it is safest to attribute anything a bit shady in the way of rhetoric to something harmless like an uncle, until we get our reputation established and can say anything we want to, like Bernard Shaw. As we were saying when interrupted—) Our Uncle Abraham (fictious) intended to say that whole trouble with the world is that too many people have opinions.

Ah! Uncle Abraham (mythological) will now be discarded; the peril of the editorial plural is past; I—I mean we—now write without interruption.

Opinions are to many their most sacred possessions. They preserve them as they do their complexions. Complexions are freshened and often changed, however; their opinions—never! Somebody taught them something once, and they will believe it to the end of time, tho' evidence is piled on evidence to get them to change their minds.

Never be sure:

That the girl across the hall is attractive.
That the girl next door is not.
That you don't like spinach.
That spiritualism is an absurdity.
That your heart is broken.

Remember that at one time men were sure that the earth was flat. Never be so sure that you won't listen to argument.

This is not the same as saying, "Never be sure of anything. The woman who veers in her beliefs like an autumn leaf is as much to be avoided as the one of the cast-iron opinions. The great reformers of the world have been "dead sure" of the things they championed. But they would have avoided many mistakes if they had been more open to advice.

It's another case for the happy medium,—opinions, *plus* the willingness to change them. To parody again the long-suffering song that the Seniors brought back from Matanzas,—

"What we need is convince-ability.
Just got to have more convince-ability."

—M. F. and Uncle Abraham.

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

Candle-lighting and Founders' Day, the important event of the month, deserves more space than can be given it in this issue. See the November Greetings.

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

COLLEGE OF MUSIC NOTES.

An interesting series of faculty and artists recitals has been prepared to be given before Christmas on the following dates:
Oct. 16—Faculty recital, Mme. Colard.
Oct. 23—Artist Series, Alma Hays Reed, Soprano and Margaret O'Conor, harpist.
Oct. 30—Organ recital, Director Pearson.

A series of short Thursday morning recitals is also being given by the College of Music faculty at the High School and Junior High School starting on Oct. 12.

Several state and county prize winners are enrolled in the college of music for advanced courses this year, among whom are Virginia Clark, Goldie Suydan, Madeline King, Louise Vasconcellos and Rhoba Phillips.

ADVENTURES IN THE LIVES OF JUNIOR CAMPERS.

The coolness of the moist air, the singing of the maple leaves as they came pattering down on the immense stretches of poison ivy, sand, and other things, the call of the lake and of forest paths, all went toward making our stay at Matanzas a real one. There's nothing like the feeling you get as you walk down the narrow winding road between the two mountains of maple and hickory trees. The back door of a cottage now and then comes in range of vision; towels, wash cloths, wash basins, pans and tables are the usual decorations. Sometimes a group of girls in knickers or bathing suits is preparing for a formal camp lunch.

The first thing we Juniors did was to hunt up some boats and that's the way we came to know "Uncle Bill". When we reached his shanty we were almost covered with burrs and our shoes were full of sand. We looked our part as well as he did—the best part of Matanzas. He very willingly rented us some boats and then and there began the process of blister formation on our hands as we rowed back. The process continued in development until the foundation was well laid for the horney, rough and calloused pieces of anatomy that now hold this pen and paper.

The water looked so inviting, green scum, little air bubbles and all, that we could not resist a plunge before lunch which we fortunately did not have to prepare. We moored our boat, ran up the beach and stealthily crept up the back stairway and into our bathing suits. Just as carefully we came down and were just pushing off shore when Billie Betcher advanced from unseen quarters and hailed us.

"Small children", quoth she, "What are you doing?"

"We're going swimming." muttered Dixie, the good champion of the water.

"Miss Boyd said to tell you not to go in," malicely trumphed.. "Because," as our faces fell, "the water's bad enough anyway."

When we came back, our good chaperone Miss Whitmer was satisfying her animal loving soul by petting a little box-turtle, some crayfish and toads and frogs.. If I had never entered into the atmosphere of "The Ancient Mariner" before, I did then as I thought of all those slick, slimy crawling things which would in all probability seek my pillow for rest that night.

Saturday night we Juniors invited the Seniors and our last year's seniors up to our cottage. Instead of the usual source of entertainment we reversed it. The old seniors put on a musical program; there is not space here to tell you about that and anyway you can read it in the society columns of any newspaper. It will be sufficient here to tell you that Gladys Laughlin acted as musical director and Margaret Merker as the "bananas". The Juniors served watermelon in the dance hall and on the porch overlooking the lake. That's the reason why Janette had to sweep the cottage the next morning.

Did you ever know a super-thrill? Well, four of us Juniors had one that first night in camp. Although the joke's on us, it's too good to keep and I'll have to tell you about it. Down by the "Whoopee" cottage is an immense tree. Its great limbs stretch out over the lake. Beneath it is a low, level stretch of sand slopes slowly into the water. Almost at right angles to this sandy slope rises a steep bank which supports on its topmost point a sort of diving board. Now the super-thrill comes in when one climbs this bank, walks out to the end of the board, takes tight hold of the long rope that dangles from the strong limb, takes a firm seat on the bag of sand that is suspended from this rope, and pushes off. Especially if you do it at night as we did it's bound to make cold chills run up and down your back.

Our yells and whoops unfortunately attracted the attention of some of our neighbors and before we knew where it came a great form loomed up. Gathering the remnants of our scattered courage together we waited breathlessly until further developments. By the time it came near enough for us to see that it was a man Janette and I were out of sight. But Hal and Dixie did not realize until it was too late the truth of Miss Weirsema's

maxim that running is a good protection. Strenuous physical training and swinging the wicked glove had made Dixie's arm strong and swift. So when her fist rushed forward our visitor's head turned upward and his eyes searched the heavens for the bright stars.

While their victim was recovering Hal and Dixie made good time back toward the cottage. They announced their coming by wild yells of "a man". "He's coming, Oh help! Help!" I was sitting on the front steps and almost went through the screen door trying to get in. Bonnie was asleep on the bed and she gave a terrific leap toward the ceiling—I'll wager she never jumped so high before and probably never will again. When we all got in and had reacher the stage when we were all talking at once some rattlings and fumblings at the door attracted our attention. Petrified and in absolute silence we huddled closer together. Here was the man again. A strong determination was written on every feature and great glasses covered his eyes. A cap pulled far down over his forehead, a blue shirt and a pair of yellow trousers completed his costume. His fumbling fingers at last found the door knob and it began to open. A piercing scream, a rush, quavering voices and we all blindly followed Elaine on her mad rush to the back door. A firm footstep—the swish of riding breeches—and our good chaperone and protectoress advanced forward.

"Sir", she said. Everything was still. "What do you want?"

"I—I want to take the young ladies for a ride." The low voice had a peculiarly soft southern accent.

"But we do not know you."

"I'm a perfectly respectable man." What could that twitch of the mouth mean but a dry sense of humor?

"Why do you not come in the daytime to give us your invitation?" That was a stickler and he was silent for a time.

"I work all day"— and the excellent control gave way and we listened amazed to the peals and peals of laughter; not the laughter of a man but of a woman. Off came the cap—long wavy hair; off came the glasses—a woman's eyes.

So here's to Miss Whitmer—we'll have to hand it to her. If you want an exciting story ask her about the moonshiners. She only told us that she saw some but she might tell you more.

Back there the moist air is still blowing and the leaves are still pattering down on the poison ivy and sand burrs. Next year we'll walk down the narrow winding road but not as Juniors. We'll go in the back door of "Elsinore" and have our good time all over again.—*D. Dean.*

And Have You Heard

Earlier in the fall Matanzas was chosen for a most interesting announcement party. Florence Madden, '20, Edna Osborne, '20, Mildred Funk, '20, Lucile Kirby, '23 and Miriam Sipfle, '20 were there for the announcement of the latter's engagement to Walter Heckman of New York State. "Sip" dear, our love and best wishes.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN HOP.

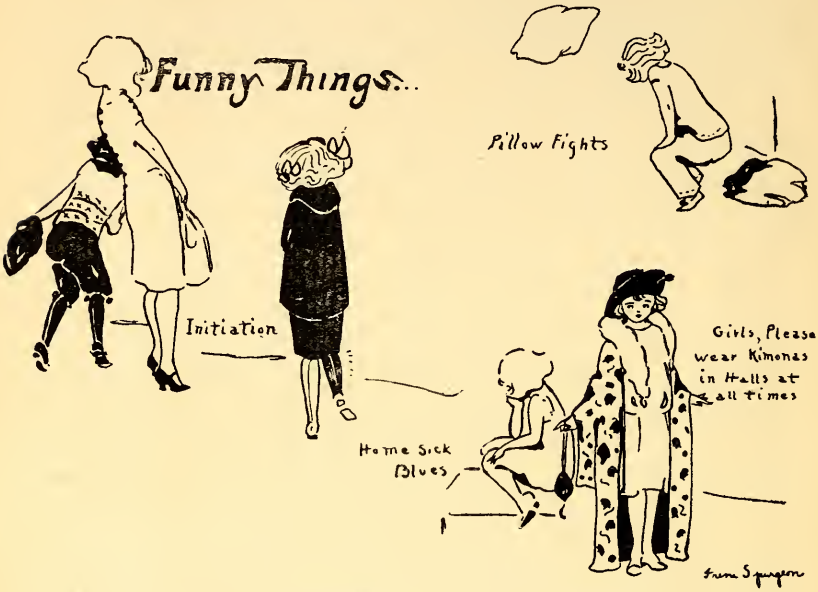
On September 31st, the Sophs very kindly initiated the Freshmen into the mysteries of a manless hop in the gymnasium. Each little girl was escorted by a Sophomore They had secured the services of the Clark-King orchestra, whose tantalizing tunes coaxed the most dignified into dancing. At first, the Freshmen timorously proclaimed that they couldn't lead, but the undaunted hostesses (many of whom had never led before) gaily whisked their guests about with professional ease. The Sophmores proved that men, tho' a pleasant accessory, are not necessary to merriment and a happy evening.

Wife (at breakfast)—Could I have a little more money for shopping today?"

Husband—"Certainly. Would you rather have an old five or a new one?"

Wife—"A new one, of course."

Husband—"Here's the one—and I'm four dollars to the good."—Ex.



NEW SOCIETY MEMBERS.

The upperclass societies welcome the following:

Lambda Alpha Mu—Audrey Layman, Donnabel Keys, Grace Walker, Zenith Homberger, Harriet McOmber, Mary Nelle Harper, Mildred Brown, Carol Roark, Barbara Smith, Ruth Gillfillan, Ruth Muirhead, Winifred Potter, Frances Brooks, Eleanor Dowd, Catherine Stevenson, Ruth Esparaza, Lucile Morris, Thelma Pires.

Helen Gowdy, President; Sarita Jones, Secretary.

Theta Sigma—Myra Chiles, Christine Cotner, Maud Craigmiles, Florence Adams, Dorothy Elrod, Maurine Gilpin, Beatrice Hasenstab, Ethyl Keller, Margaret Kessler, Hazel Moore, Lois Oliver, Mary Thompson, Wilhelmine Wagner.

Helena Betcher, President; Helen Bly, Secretary.

Belles Lettres—Hattie Baughman, Virginia Gentry, Beulah

Farnham, Belle Irelan, Ethel Moris, Charlotte Rodgers, Grayce Rexroat.

Velda Meadows, President; Ruth Webb, Secretary.

Phi Nu—Fredericka Balch, Zola DeHaven, Agnes Davis, Dorothy Dieman, Gertrude Foster, Irene Fruit, Velma Kitchell, Martha Logan, Marie Luke, Helen Moffit, Gwendolynne Schroyer, Maxine Sperry, and Mae Virgin.

Helen Massie, President; Eloise Calhoun, Secretary.

MISS KNOPF.

Miss Nellie A. Knopf spent six weeks this summer painting in Manitou, Colorado and its vicinity. While there she had the privilege of having criticisms on her work from Birger Sandjen. Those who had the good fortune to see the water color exhibition at Strawn Memorial last year will remember the joyousness and wonderful technique of Mr. Sandjen's paintings.

Miss Knopf had her "On a Gloucester Hillside" on exhibition at the Pageant of Progress in Chicago this summer. Two other paintings "September Morning on the Beach" and "Cameron's Cove, Colorado" were included in the art exhibition at the Central States Fair held in Aurora in August. This exhibition was an unusual collection of the contemporary works of our best American painters. Miss Knopf was also represented by "The Mountains, Colorado", in an exhibition of one hundred selected paintings by American Artists at the Rochester N. Y. Memorial Art Gallery. A water color "Clouds and Sunshine on the Peaks" is touring the Art Museums in a collection from the Second International Water Color Exhibition and another water color, "Spring Flower Motif" is included in a touring exhibition sent out by the American Federation of Arts.

HELEN DE WITT

Dr. Harker received a letter not long ago from Helen DeWitt of Denver. Helen is the girl of whom he spoke in chapel several weeks ago, a former president of the Student's Association and of Lambda Alpha Mu, who left college in her senior year, and who has been waiting for health ever since. In her letter she tells of relief from the severe pain and of being up and about a little. "What more," she says, "can I ask?"

SCHOLARSHIP HONORS, 1921-1922.

High Honors.

Those in the High Honor list have an average of 90 or above for the year's work, and rank in the order given.

1922

1. Ashwood, Hildreth
2. Dell, Hazel
3. Chiles, Helen
4. Cover, Estelle
5. Remley, Dorothy
6. Clotfelter, Ada
7. Munson, Marian

1923

1. Hodgens, Eva Gertrude
2. Pires, Elson
3. Fowler, Margaret
4. Wackerle, Mrs. Alice
5. Wallace, Janette
6. Calhoun, Eloise

1924

1. Dyarman, Carrie
2. Terhune, Grace
3. Jordan, Audrey
4. Munson, Harriett
5. Barwise, Alice
6. Roark, Mary Elizabeth
7. Lowry, Bernadine

1925

1. Cotner, Christine Cotner
2. Pires, Thelma
3. Davis, Agnes
4. Farnham, Beulah
5. Kitchell, Velma
6. Logan, Martha
7. Morgan, Opal
8. Hieronymus, Verna
9. Bell, Twilla
10. Luke, Marie

Honor List

Those in the Honor List have an average between 88 and 90.

1922

1. Bain, Velma
2. Hurt, Lura
3. McOmber, Miriam
4. Merker, Margaret
5. Paschall, Helen
6. Poole, Helen
7. Dugger, Carman
8. Ellison, Mary

1923

1. Blodget, Alma
2. Rinehart, Suzanne
3. Styles, Grace
4. Weber, Florence

1924

1. Bailey, Helen
2. Clark, Mary Lois
3. King, Audrey
4. Kriege, LeNore
5. McCalmen, Helen
6. Mershon, Verna
7. Anderson, Luro
8. Gibbons, Lesta
9. Kennish, Ruth
10. Marko, Lucy
11. Randle, Kathryn
12. Vick, Lucille
13. Webb, Ruth
14. Zwermann, Eva

Honorable Mention

Those receiving honorable mention have an average between 85 and 88.

1922

1. Adams, Mary Rose
2. Keys, Harriett
3. Laughlin, Gladys
4. Muse, Jane
5. Lacy, Jennie
6. Mayer, Mildred

1923

1. Betcher, Helena
2. Dinsmore, Eleanore
3. Holder, Faye
4. Massie, Helen
5. Smith, Dorothy May
6. Hall Harriett
7. Rink, Josephine
8. Unversaw, Gertrude
9. Foster, Ada

1924

1. Burmeister, Margaret
2. Filson, Mrs. Helen
3. Whitlock, Myra
4. Yanseck, Katherine
5. Ballow, Mary
6. Brougher, Helen
7. Dean, Dorothy
8. Dryden, Margaret
9. Fullerton, Fay
10. Harrison, Julia
11. Homrighous, Mildred
12. Meridith, Janette
13. Waldron, Mildred
14. Byland, Helen
15. Craig, Josephine
16. Garvey, Marjorie
17. Jones, Sarita
18. Paulding, Frances
19. Sturgeon, Marguerite
20. Watters, Marguerite
21. Weaver, Glenadine

1925

1. Gilfillan, Ruth
2. Hatch, Lois
3. Keller, Ethel
4. Shank, Leota
5. World, Marion
6. Baughman, Hattie
7. Blankenship, Genevie
8. Clinton, Marjorie
9. Fruit, Irene
10. Hunter, Marie
11. Keys, Donnabel
12. Muirhead, Ruth
13. Myers, Elizabeth
14. Virgin, Mae
15. DeHaven, Zola
16. Dowd, Eleanora
17. Harper, Mary Nell
18. Layman, Audrey
19. Main, Dorothy
20. Rexroat, Gracye
21. Schroyer, Gwendolynne
22. Thompson, Mary

Professor of History—"What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?"

Jones (dreamily)—"She'll be nineteen next week."

—Ex.

A SCHOOLMARM GOES AFTER HER MAIL.

I had barely brought the car to a stop at the Post Office when a perfect herd of the young of the genus homo surrounded me:—Whites, Mexicans and individuals bordering on either, entirely disguised by a coating of dirt swarmed over every available portion of the car.

"Where you goin' Miss Martin?—See my new knife, I saw it drop out of a man's pocket and I found it.—Lookit May's bobbed hair—I picked up 38½ bushels of potatoes Saturday. Where'd your mama go today?—We got a new calf and we named it Rosebud. See my sore toe!"

Questions and information were hurled at me simultaneously and with perfect team work. Tactfully endeavoring to look as if I were answering each individual I asked, "Will some one please get my mail for me?"

"I will, I will!" and Edna streaked in after it.

Dortha and her father approached. Dortha joined the throng and her father, unmistakably fat, and ambled on with a characteristic"Howdy"—while Dortha with a pleased smile and sure of praise announced, "I used one of them big words today you told us to remember."

"Oh good! What one?" I asked with professional interest.

"I told papa he was colossal."

"Here's your mail, two letters for you, wonder who they're from?" and Edna proffered the mail. One letter was official looking and I hastily read it while Jimmy experimented with the lights and ignition.

"Dear Miss Martin", it read, "The monthly reports for January and March for Dist. 67 are missing. Will you kindly make out same and send at once. We also beg to be allowed to call attention to a discrepancy in your term report. Your total enrollment is 24. Your average daily attendance, as given is 25.78. Will you kindly correct this and exercise a little more care in your approximation.

Very truly,

H. S. Jackson, Superintendent.

Dortha, clutching at my wavering attention, exclaimed, "O isn't our school garden doing fine? And O Miss Martin, some one's been picking the flowers and I know who. I'll tell you after while," and she cast a bashful and meaning look at Ruth.

Luckily she was interrupted by May: "O Miss Martin, we're going to have a picnic Sunday, can you come?"

"Why I'll be delighted, May. Where is it to be?"

"O, down at your place. Can you bring a fried chicken?"

Eva chimes in; "It'd be nice if we could have some ice cream but we ain't got enough money."

I feebly agreed to entertain the herd at my home, furnishing fried chicken and ice-cream.

"I must go now, the folks will want their mail."

The mob fell off the car and stood at a respectful distance. Jimmy was amusing himself with rotating the speedometer which had been carefully set with a view to measuring the gas used.

"Well, Jimmy, aren't you going to get out?"

"Oh no", complacently, "mama said I could go home with you and stay all day."—Margaret Wilson, ex—'23.

OWED TO A STOMACH-ACHE.

Billy Betcher

I never wrote a poem before.
I never will no doubt no more.
But this one simply must be writ,
So muse, please on my shoulder sit.

I will not, will not write of spring,
How with it it doth flowers bring,
Nor of the gentle rain that falls,
Nor of the robin's gladsome calls.

What shall I write of? No one knoweth,
So here goeth—
Nothing!

I guess I haven't a poet's soul.
I sure do poorly play the role.

THE COMMENTATOR

It has long been our own ambition to be able to see such little observations as occur to us as significant given a place of such importance as to assure them at least respectful attention. The opportunity has at last arrived and we are preparing to see ourselves in cold, hard print. We offer a little column of comments.

¤ ¤ ¤ ¤

No college can truly call itself an institution of higher learning when its upperclassmen say with serenity, "I'm a gonna' do this or that;" its sophomores belabor our ears with "git" and "had of". Such a college deserves the name of college simply because it cannot be called a "grammar" school.

Unnecessary slowness is the chief ear-mark of stupidity. Were it not for the inconvenience it causes, we would be content to see it not, but since afflicted people are constantly ruining the comfort of others we rise to protest. The fact that haste makes waste does not exclude all expedition in the accomplishment of work. Whether we are transacting business at the office, either behind or in front of the desk, or whether we have some special task or lesons to do, let us do it with dispatch, if we wish to escape being called "dumb" in the popular sense of the word.

Constant interference has the same effect as a nagging wife. It exasperates and leads to an attitude of sullenness. Hence our statement that people in authority should recognize the difference between efficiency and undue meddling. Nothing produces more discord than "noisiness" even though a technical right for it exists. Parents have the legal right to open and read their children's letters but morally they are committing an act of great rudeness.

People in authority should be willing to forgo a few of the privileges of their offices in order to produce harmony. Free

thought and even free speech in subjects do not necessarily mean a weakness in rulers.

This is an open column for the voicing of honest opinions. Don't keep your disapprovals to talk over with friends—print them for the good of the community.—Editor.

HAVE A GRIN.

Mary—"I'll marry you on one condition."

Jerry—"That's all right; I entered college on four."—Ex.

Freshman—When is Thanksgiving this year? I do hope it comes on Saturday so that we can go home over the week end!

Excited Soph—"A girl is entertaining a man in the reception room and all she has on is the floor lamp."

The ringer of the cow bell or one of his fellow trusties had cause to think that "the debil was after him sho' nuff" when a pan of water descended upon him from a window, and, stopping beneath the next one to shake it off, he was "plunked" on the head by an orange. He will never believe that both were accidental.

Eva Gertrude, polite, tho' sleepy, at the breakfast table,—"Miss Napkin, here's your austin."

"Did you know Frances Brooks was appointed a protem? Do you suppose that's the same as a proctor? See, here's the bulletin board."

It read—"the following are House Chairman pro tem."

"She wore a most peculiar expression. When questioned, she explained, "I'm homesick, but I can't cry. Every time I get all fixed to weep somebody cheers me up."

"When your bobbed hair sticks out that way", said Eva Gert's disdainful brother, "it looks like the south end of a northbound hen."

Jo—Do you mean to say that money we owe for Matanzas includes all those chickens? How did we get them?

Ruth—Cheep! Cheep!

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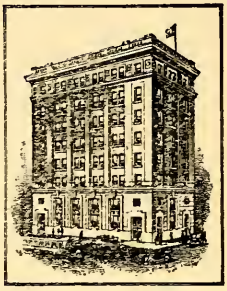

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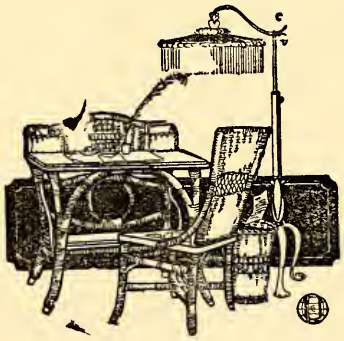

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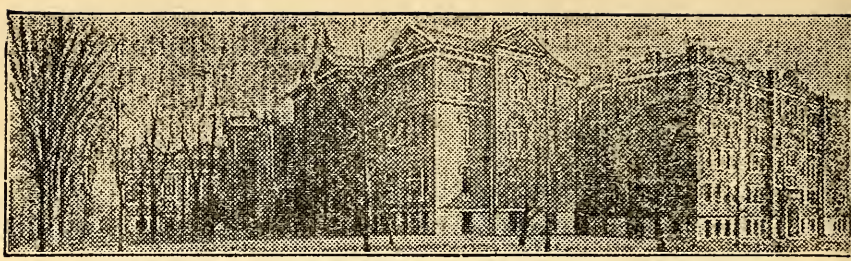

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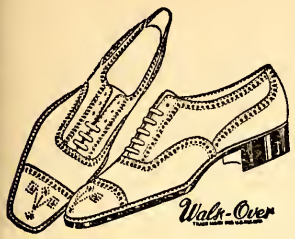

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The College Greetings

The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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WHEN GIRLS FIRST CAME TO THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

This lively sketch of life at I. W. C. about 1850 was found in an 1897 issue of the Greetings. It was evidently written by a woman who had been a student here when the college was first opened in 1847, and who wanted to show the girls of '97 that the girls of the fifties were human. The sketch is unsigned, but whoever the author is or was, we thank her and borrow her article from '97 for the enjoyment of 1922.

"When the sessions were held in the basement of the old East Charge all the girls boarded in private families, and were under no restrictions outside school hours. When the building was completed we began rooming in it. Our rooms were warmed with the old Todd stoves, and lighted with candles. The halls were as cold as Greenland."

The Height of Fashion

"School began in September and closed in July, ten months with no vacation except a few days at Christmas. Sometimes a party of eight or ten girls would be the guests of another girl during these brief holidays, making the journey to and from her home in a two-horse wagon. Once it was a wedding party, miles away in the country, when the mud was bottomless, on a cold mid-winter day, but we bloomed out in thin dresses with low necks and short sleeves. The bride's gown was of peach-blow barege, with a plain full skirt and a pointed bodice, long flowing sleeves lined back to the elbows with peach-blow satin that showed the fine white lace under-sleeves. Her bonnet was a white straw lined with puffed white silk with enormous clusters of lilies of the valley on one side and tied with broad white satin ribbon under the chin. The hair was combed down and slightly puffed over the ears.

"One girl excited general interest by appearing one morning with her hair in the regulation puff on one side, while on the other side it was brushed or "roached" straight back. She explained that she had two sweethearts, one liked the puff and the other the "roach", and she was endeavoring to please them both."

Radical Suffragettes

"Occasions of display were not frequent, and as I recall it now, the chief diversions were revival meetings. In '52, a revival of great power practically broke up the school work for several days. Prayer meetings were held during recitation hours. The influence of the revival was felt more in the College than anywhere else and resulted in the conversion of almost every student. Once in a great while a lecturer came this way. Mrs.Frances Gage, a pioneer in the suflrage movement, was one of these. At the commencement of her lecture she said: "We hear a great deal in these days about a woman's sphere. I think I lost my sphere long ago when as a girl I had to drive the cows to the pasture and in the winter carry an axe along with me to break the ice for them to drink." She won many of us to a belief in what was then a new and unpopular doctrine.

"Once in every five months we gave a public exhibition, which served the two-fold purpose of developing latent talent and of keeping the cause of the College constantly before the people. At one of these an unique conversation between an inhabitant of Earth and a visiting sister from the Moon won much applause. Even political subjects were handled. "The Dissolution of the Union" was a topic of debate so early as '54, and Dr. Akers pronounced the speech of the girl who spoke for the Union a fine one.

"Persons who still recall that commencement when Helen Wilman gave her oration on "Our Country", with its anti-slavery sentiment, and the thrilling scene enacted on the platform at the close, have not forgotten that Governor Yates said of the production that it "was worthy to have been heard in the halls of Congress."

This Might Happen Now

"These exhibitions were notable events and always drew large crowds. It was the custom in those days to seat all women whether the men were seated or not. One evening three young men came early and received seats very near the stage next to the partition, and were congratulating themselves that they were

not to be disturbed when an old lady who came late observed the three men. She walked up the aisles and began shoving in so vigorously that a young lady next to one of the young men, who was exceedingly bashful, presently found herself seated upon his lap. There was nothing for him to do but move out, followed by the other two.

"The personnel of the faculty was then as it has been since —varied.

"Miss Olin, the sister of the great Stephen J. Olin, was much advanced in years and wore a cap. She was very gentle, and was much beloved by the girls. And there were girls, even in our days, who had small capacity or no desire for receiving instruction, girls who simply imbibed a very little from hearing others recite, and never made passable recitations themselves. These girls used to try to atone to the gentle lady of the caps for their deficiencies by hugging her at the close of recitation with a fervor of inextinguishable affection."

Methods Change, But—

"Another teacher was currently reported to have been at one time "electrified." Her nerves were so shattered that at a push or touch the poor lady would almost jump out of her chair, and an uplifted finger would sometimes cause her to scream. It was a pleasing diversion among some of the girls to brush by her and inadvertently poke her with an elbow. Then there was the absent-minded professor, whose soul dwelt among such serene heights, that whenever a girl needed his help on a problem, he always went away with a new decoration pinned to his unconscious back.

"One little circumstance connected with another teacher who was very stern and exacted much of us all deserves recall. A young girl had been guilty of some misdemeanor and was about to be expelled. The teacher, of whose severity we were all afraid thought it all over—what it would mean for a girl to go home with this blight fastened upon her for all the years of her life—and she went to the president and pleaded with him to allow her to remain. She promised to be responsible for the girl's be-

havior. She took her to room with her and so nobly fulfilled her trust that she won the girl's life-long gratitude.

"Art and music received little attention. Reading was practiced daily, and we even heard lectures on elocution in those days. Spelling and word analysis gave us a valuable ground-work for clear expression in writing, which was then the graceful accomplishment of a college course. We were much given to versifying, and there was a poetical, reflective cast to the most of our effusions."

A Gentle Rap. Is It True?

"In chemistry we had a simple apparatus and learned fully as many things which we afterwards forgot as are now deemed necessary. In fact, there was not such a great difference between the course then and the course now, and it is our belief that we girls of the early fifties did more earnest, honest studying than do the student these days.

"We came to College often-times at great sacrifice, and we had a high conception of what a college education meant. Some girls came to fit themselves for teaching, the only respectable calling except house service then open to women, and even in that there was a strong prejudice in many localities against it. Many more girls came for a few months only; they came to get a general idea of what higher education meant and some practical hints for carrying their work on by themselves."

Home-making the Aim

"The girl who wished to prepare herself for a career, who had a definite ambition to do original and creative work in music, art or literature, had not been born. An education which to-day means not a great deal unless one has with it this power of surpassing his fellows in some one line of work, in those days was, in itself, a distinction.

"We had no dream beyond being home-makers as our mothers had been before us, but that, for the acquisition of which we were giving our best energies, was to fit us more perfectly for home-making, to render us dispensers of a more graceful hospitality and to add a glory, all its own, to common life."

FOUNDER'S DAY, OCTOBER 10, 1922
1846-1922. SEVENTY-SIX YEARS

Light of candles, blue and yellow;
Voices singing, words that say
How we love our Alma Mater.
That was Candle Lighting Day.

The words were those of our own students and faculty, the voices were those of our alumnae as well, who were waiting for us, sixty strong, when we came up from dinner, with their song in honor of Mrs. Harker, whose birthday made the day a double celebration.

Telegrams and letters from friends of long standing made us very happy on this evening. Some of the I. W. C. societies, at Chicago, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Springfield, also sent greetings. Of special interest were those from the three oldest living alumnae: Mrs. Alice McElroy Griffith, 91 years old, of the class of 1852; Mrs. Faithful Shipley Ebey, 92 years old, of the class of 1853, and Miss Louisa E. Vance, 93 years old, of the class of 1855.

FACTS—KEEP FOR REFERENCE.

Compiled from President Harker's Oral History of the College.

ACADEMIC RECOGNITION OF ILLINOIS WOMANS COLLEGE.

Previous to 1902 the College had maintained from its very beginning in 1846 a high standard of scholarship as compared with the current college standards. It had not, however, aspired or pretended to give the full collegiate education, but had always included at least one year of the regular collegiate course.

In 1902 the College announced that it would give 2 years of college work, which would admit it thereafter to Junior College rank.

In 1908 the College added two years more to its curriculum, thus acquiring full collegiate rank. The first graduates to receive degrees were Neva Wiley and Elizabeth Davis, in 1909.

In 1910 the College was recognized by and given member-

ship in the North Central Association and also by the University Senate of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1916 it was listed by the University of Illinois in Class A, and has since been recognized in such class by many other universities and colleges.

In 1920 it was placed on the standard list of the Association of American Universities, an honor given to comparatively few colleges.

In 1921 it was admitted to membership in the American Association of University Women, giving the privilege of active membership in that Association to all graduates of the College since 1909.

The high scholarship of the Illinois Woman's College and the unusual community helpfulness and ability of its graduates are known and recognized throughout the whole country.

ADDITIONS TO PROPERTY AND ENDOWMENT SINCE 1898.

1899—The East Wing was built.
1900—The West Wing was extended.
1901—The Lurton property, three acres on the west, was purchased.
1902—The West Front Extension was built.
1903—The Self property on the east was purchased.
1904—The Power House was built.
1906—Music Hall was built. $50,000 Carnegie Endowment secured.
1909—Harker Hall built and dining-room extension made.
1910—Addition to College cottage.
1913—$180,000 Endowment and Improvement fund
1915—$100,000 Endowment fund.
1916—Library extension was built.
1917—Gymnasimum was built.
1905-22—Purchase of surrounding property for campus enlargement.
1921-23—$500,000 Endowment and Improvement fund.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE COURT.

Miss (Margie) Hamilton tells what it feels like to belong to the faculty.

When I was called aside one day,
And asked to set in brazen print
My delicate thoughts in public view!
To state them freely without stint!
I absentmindedly answered "yes".
Alas, I realize my error!
For when I think what eyes will read
Then I am filled with mortal terror.
For should I dare commit myself
And call the student state superior,
I would confess myself inferior.
But should I laud the faculty
And praise their life the most,
(However low I rank myself)
I might be said to boast.
Yet there is much that I can say
With safety and propriety,
With due regard for everything
Nor undue notoriety.
It awes me much to grace the roster,
But really, when there's a stunt
Or we have a speaker in chapel,
—It's nicer to be up in front.
It's harder not to laugh up there
And easier to get amused.
Absence from the faculty meetings
Cannot be orally excused.
But there's a glorious advantage,
And great is the praise that it entitles.
—I don't have to study half the night
Whenever I come from late recitals!

THE HONOR SYSTEM—IS IT WORKING?

In answering this question, the average student would say one of two things. If she were in a very good humor, and all was right with her world, she would answer, "I should say it is! Why it's a hundred per cent better than the proctor system! I *like* this independence and honor line." But if you approached her after a long, sleepless night during which her neighbors next door had a feed, and those on her left had a truth party, and those on her right stayed up to study and incidentally to torture a ukelele, she would answer, no doubt, in a very different tone.

But to go back to our question—is the honor system working? It seems to me that it is impossible to pronounce a verdict on a thing so young. It is true that too many girls take advantage of the system to further their own good times. Many indiscretions arise from thoughtlessness. But young people have always been and will always continue to be thoughtless, so why blame it on the honor system?

Other colleges have honor systems. Some of them work wonderfully well, others but indifferently. Some of them have high ideals, others, indifferent ones, and their honor is generally in proportion to their ideals. Where is there a college with ideals higher than those of I. W. C.? Where is there a college president who has striven harder to instil honor into his students than our own? We have a fine bunch of girls this year, and it would seem a pity for our ideals to be judged as of a lower order because of our inability to live up to our honor system.

There is but one way to make our honor system a success, that is, *let every girl look to her own honor, and leave out the knocks on the honor of her fellow students.* When the honor system reaches this stage, we can honestly say, "yes", when we are asked if it is working.—*Sophomore.*

Junior—We'd have a circus if those two guys were here.
Frosh—What two guys?
Junior—Barnum and Bailey.—Ex.

The College Greetings

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STAFF OF THE COLLEGE GREETINGS

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Art Editor	Ethyl Keller
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GRADES ARE TOO HIGH!

The Scholarship Honors for 1921-22, as published in last month's *Greetings* provided interesting and *astonishing* reading. Practically the whole Senior class was on the list; over two-thirds of the Juniors and more than half of the whole enrollment of the school. That seems a wonderful showing. Evidently the Woman's College receives only the choicest of choice students, and brings out the best in them.

So much for the outward appearance, as noted by the indulgent eye. But some of us know better: how we "pulled" that B plus in—when "we didn't open a book all year except at exam time.." The bright and shining light of our high school class whose special forte was that particular subject, and who even "boned" all Christmas vacation on a special report, wrote excitedly from her University that she had received a B,—"and there were only about five in the whole class who got even that. You're taking it too, aren't you? What did you make?" Remember how we neglected to answer that question?

That A in Astronomy, we'll remember that; it did mean work and perhaps we did deserve it, but we never thought ourselves exceptional students, and we thought A's should be reserved for exceptional students. At least Dr. Harker in his talk to the Fundamentals class tells the Freshmen that any new girl making an average of 80 is doing very good work for a college

student. It should mean as much as a 90 in High school. Forty per cent of the Freshmen last year had an average above 85—are girls as a whole that much brighter than our president expects?

When we go home this Christmas, and discuss school papers with our friends, won't you be a little hesitant about showing those honor lists?We'll hear, "I thought I. W. C. had only 300 students. Do your honor rolls include *everyone*?" We'd rather have a B we could be proud of than an A that we feel ought to be hidden under a basket, wouldn't we? And perhaps if the grades on dizzy heights were scarce and more difficult to obtain, we might exercise our minds in obtaining them.—A Senior.

Editor's note—We will not deny the existence of courses that can be passed by a final cram as the only studying, but feel that the above article gives the impression that they are more numerous than they actually are. The main point of the article, however, we heartily support;—grades, BOTH for honest daily work and for "snap" courses, are too high.

STAFF OF THE ILLIWOCO

Editor-in-Chief	Audrey King
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Manager	Katherine Randle

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Adviser	Miss Whitmer

We welcome Ruth Harker Hunt and her husband on their visit here. The College was until the last few years Ruth's only home, and to the Seniors at least it is very natural to see her at the Harker table.

THE COMMENTATOR

OF MEN

How much we must regret that no sage has ever found and immortalized the truth that men are the root of all evil. They cause evil not only among themselves, but more frequently than anything else, break up the tranquillity of a group of naturally congenial females. One look, too interested, one phrase too kindly spoken, and the damage is done.

We write thus cynically because we are growing old. We almost believe our day has gotten to it's mid-night. And so we now take time to play the spectator rather than the actor. Yet we believe that there is truth in what we say. Has no one noticed a certain veiled "cattiness" which rivalry for men produces?

THE INQUIRING NOSE.

The figure of the neighborhood snoop is one which has always caused us beaucoup d' amusement, but when even we, the innocent Spectator, have a long curved nose, well formed for scenting scandal, thrust in at our door, we lose our attitude of philosophic amusement and struggle with the desire to seize the nose and grapple with it.

It entered into our domicile the other day. We sensed it coming and hastened to put away all written matter, don a mask, and warn our friends. And when it arrived, what a lot of cautious squirming and sniffing to catch any possible unguarded items. Oh, bring on the cayenne!

Well,the nose (as well as the mouth, eyes and ears) we have always with us. Yet what a joy it would be if *the* nose could be reduced to a normal A nose.

The main difference between students and faculty is that when faculty put in a day's work they don't feel like running around nights, but when students put in the night running around they don't feel like working days.—Ex.

SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

NOVEMBER

12-18—World Fellowship Week of prayer.
13—Maurice Dumesnil, pianist.
16—Student Day.
18—Town Girl's Entertainment.
20—Junior-Senior Party. Mid-semester reports.
27—Miss Horsbrugh and Miss Sapio, recital.
30—Thanksgiving. Dramatic Club plays.

DECEMBER

1-3—Student Volunteer Conference.
4—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar. Miss Davis' recital.

SPORT DOPE

They have asked me who is going to win the hockey tournament. I don't know, but I have my own opinion. Haven't you yours? I have always put my money on the class of '24 and usually I lose it; this year I won't. Do you know about our teams?

Now, the class of '23 used to have a dandy team; that was a long time ago before their sophomore class was split in two. No longer do they whirl in the society of success for one can not win a game now because of the length of the opponent's skirt or the awkwardness of the opposite gloved hands. The seniors, we'll admit, have the extra avoirdupois and they can absolutely fill up their striking circle with their goal keeper, Alma Blodget, and their right full back, Flo. But let us not worry about this, Juniors, because Alma never could tell directions and she may step aside and put the ball through for us. ("Huh!"—Seniors).

The Juniors, class of '24, are a good all around bunch—ask Miss Boyd about their class spirit and their sportsmanship. There are a few on the team who help the team; many help the opponent's team, and some do not help either. They play a smooth steady game at first and then gradually pep up until the opponents are so amazed at the display of goal shooting that they stand still and watch—until the score is called.

The College Greetings

If the Freshmen come to the Thanksgiving banquet with shins skinned and knees knocked, you'll know that it's because the grass was too green. This is one time when their protective resemblance does not stand well for them. Freshmen usually get along with very few fouls because they strictly observe all rules. At least Hazel I. will not be called for kicking the ball; the referee will have to watch "coaching on the field."

Our two new games this year are soccer and volley ball. Some of the soccer players can kick the ball all the way over to the cottage; others are not habitual kickers. Although Lola Lesar will soon appear on the field wearing a face guard and Vivian Pires knee protectors, such trappings are largely for looks, for the players sustain very few injuries.

Volley ball attracts our young flappers. They are all playing because it increases the size of the hands and makes one graceful. Miss Wiersema also has a peculiar affinity for the game. Do you think it is for any of the above reasons she is playing? Is it because of the ball or the position of the field?

As for tennis, the old courts do not know themselves. The new wire, the lack of leaves and the rubber soles pounding up and down please their ancient athletic nature. We have some good material this year and quite a bit of real tennis spirit. That is the spirit that gets you out of bed at six o'clock and keeps you out there playing through dinner. Marian Prout comes from the East with her real New Jersey methods. Any one who has seen her play knows she plays a dandy game. She will offer some resistance when Winnie Potter at last consents to really play. Can you tell me something? Is Winnie Potter's serve natural or acquired? Janette Meredith is putting something over on the rest of the tennis players. She gets extra practice batting molecules around at night in her dreams.

It's hard to pick out a winner so early in the season, but it's always safe to bet on the class of '24. Hockey Ball, Tennis Ball, Soccer and Volley Ball, you tell'em we're all right!

A Freshman was found the other day who thought you cool a car by stripping the gears.—D. V.

TO ONE WELL LOVED.

—After hearing Dumesnil.

A master made music tonight;
And I took each glorious tone,
And shut it away in my heart
To save it's beauty for thee.
For I hoard all things of light,
That when we come to our own
We may never know or fear the dark,
O Sharer of Life with me.

THE STRUGGLE OF CHARGING IRONSHOOTER

By Irma Sturdevant

(*A story based on true incidents of the old Rosebud Indian Reservation of South Dakota.*)

Charging Ironshooter sat in the doorway of the old log cabin as he watched the evening sun spread an iridescent glow across the western sky, and the dark outline of Rattlesnake butte reminded him of a gate between the surrounding prairie and that beautiful realm of glorious color beyond. Charging contemplated this scene, not without a stir of emotion and reverence for the supreme things of nature in which dwelt his god. In his heart there was a turmoil which caused him to restlessly shift about at times. Then he became quiet and with eyes that seemed to see beyond gazed out towards the setting sun.

The hay had been cut and stacked. Freighters were hauling supplies of coal for the winter. The grain crops had been harvested. Autumn was here. Yes, Charging knew that. The birds were starting for the southland. Crisp cool breezes rustled the leaves which were already turning to beautiful shades of red and brown. All this meant just one thing to Charging, "school". It had a sinster meaning for him and he dreaded the thoughts of leaving the lazy carefree life to return to boarding school.

The prospects of a dull winter ahead made him somber and silent. Running Bear, his old grandmother, who had taken care of Charging since he was a tiny papoose, watched him with

consternation in her eyes. He had formed the habit of taking long rides on Pinto, his little pony, and when he emerged from the path that led through the thicket near the cabin, she marked how his brooding eyes glanced into space apparently searching for something far out on the horizon. When she spoke to him he did not hear. Always, he was silent when Running Bear reproved him and she was unable in any way to discover his innermost thoughts.

Soon, the day came when Charging must leave for the government school. Running Bear accompanied him on his journey to the Southwest and stayed with him until she thought him settled for the winter.

The seclusion of the school life was oppressing to the Indian lad, but he found agreeable companionship with King Eagle Feather, another Indian of about his own age. The two would sit silent in their classes, giving no response to the patient instructors. Charging would yield neither to reason nor persuasion. It was clear in his own mind, that contrary to his own wishes he was being forced to learn the education of the white man. Contrary to his nature, he had to stay in a certain limited territory set apart from that which he loved, the wild freedom of open spaces. Now, this joyous liberty was his no more. In silent obstinancy Charging continued his tasks and lived his life at the boarding school apart from the others except for his one friend King Eagle Feather.

One morning Charging and King were missing at the morning assembly of students. The superintendent, who was acquainted with Charging's obviously permanent dissatisfaction, immediately sent out government officials in search of the two boys. With aid of a cow boy, who knew the country well, the Indian lads were soon located and brought back to school.

On his return, Charging became more and more restless. Hatred grew within his breast. Life seemed to him unfair. He was unable to determine the cause of all this injustice, or why these unpleasant conditions should become his fate.

Charging was very fond of music. He loved the lilt and

rhythm of the old Indian love songs, and the chants and weird tunes sung by the old medicine men. He sat at the piano one day, listlessly fingering the keys and transposing chords of some soft melody to a minor key. King sat nearby listening. Turning to his friend, Charging looked at him with far-seeing, piercing black eyes, and slowly and thoughtfully he said, "King, everything as it moves, now and then, here and there, makes stops. The bird as it flies stops in one place to make it's nest and in another to rest in its flight. And man when he goes forth stops when he wills. So the God has stopped." "And where has the god made stops?" asked the curious but serious minded King. Directing his gaze out through the window, Charging replied. "The sun, which is so bright and beautiful, is one place where he has stopped. The moon, the stars, the winds, he has been with. The trees, the animals, are all where he has stopped, and the Indian thinks of these places and sends his prayers there to reach the place where the god has stopped with help and blessing. Tomorrow, I shall leave this place. I have offered my prayers to the spirit of the buffalo and he will help; to-morrow and then Charging will be happy."

The morrow came with a cold wind from the northwest. The old weather prophets predicted snow. At twilight, the silent Charging walked slowly and stealthily around to the back of the building and went in. Crouching against the wall, he stole warily down the back stairs to the furnace room. There in a corner, he placed the rags and oil to which he set fire. Quickly but silently he then passed out of the building.

The fire alarm was given. The Indian boys and girls ran to and fro, unintelligibly screaming in Indian and broken English. In vain did the instructors endeavor to keep quiet among the disorderly students. The rooms were filled with a dense black stifling smoke as hot red flames leaped higher and higher. The northwest wind drove the hissing flames on and on. The partially burned walls crashed to the ground, and fresh flames burst forth creating an awful heat in the cold winter night. A mass of gleaming light came pouring out of the windows that

had not yet fallen. A dense dark fog rose up from the blaze like some monstrous black demon reaching for the sky. Its stifling odor was discerned at great distances from the source. The destruction of the boarding school was complete.

A few rods distant from the fire, away from the surging crowd, stood Charging Ironshooter. With his hands outstretched towards the heavens, he thanked the good god Tunkam for answering his prayers and freeing him from the bands that had held him. No more would he have to return. He reveled in the heat of the fire. Exultingly he inhaled that smoke. It meant his freedom. With a sense of abandonment he started towards the land of the setting sun, back to his old grandmother. He had gone but a short distance when he met King Eagle Feather. One look at his friend's usually impassive face, and King knew the cause of the destruction of the school. The light of fiendish glee in those dark flashing eyes before him told that. One look passed between the two friends, no word was spoken but there was silent understanding and they journeyed together on that bleak winter's night.

The boys had no provision and no horses, so like Indian runners of old they crossed the prairie on foot, bound eastward for the camp of Okreek which they hoped to reach by daybreak.

As they went on and on the wind became stronger and colder, the stars put out their twinkling lights, a bleak cloud spread over the heavens. White flakes began to fall through the air. The boys could not face the fierce wind that came swooping down across the prairie. They stumbled along, making little progress toward the Indian camp. The blinding snow came thicker and faster. It beat against their faces. The boys staggered forth on feet that were numb from the cold. Large drifts were beginning to form. With faltering steps they plunged through them. The wind came in gusts. The wet snow formed thin sheets of ice on their almost frozen faces.

After plunging along in the snow for hours, Charging, even more exhausted than his weary companion, could no longer face the raging tempest. The life which he had found to be so

stormy was about to end. To no avail were King's efforts to urge him on. Removing his own buckskin wrap, the faithful friend wrapped it around the body of Charging, then went on alone into the black night. The moaning wind as it swooped around in circular motion made spectral phantoms of the snow. On and on he went until in the distance he saw a faint glow of light. It was the Okreek camp. By the time he reached his destination a faint glow spread across the eastern horizon. The wind subsided, the snow had almost ceased.

King told his story at the camp. A searching party was soon formed and the horsemen made their way across the bleak and desolate white prairie. After a few hours the lost boy was found. He lay in a heap, half buried in snow. His unrelentless attitude toward the civilization of the white man had brought young Charging Ironshooter to an untimely death. Like the pitiful cry of a child was the Indian's vague feeling after unity. He could not understand.

ALPHA PI DELTA

On October 23 the new members of Alpha Pi Delta and quite a few of last year's members met in their hall. Martha Logan, the president from last year, presided. The following officers were installed in a simple but impressive ceremony.

President—Marjorie Slough
Vice-President—Frances Griswold.
Secretary—Clyde Connell.
Treasurer—Helen Wilson.
Sargent-at-Arms—Elva Becker.
Chaplain—Catherine Walker.
Pianist—Mildred Blan.
Chorister—Ruth Leech.
Reporter—Vivian Pires.

All the members are enthusiastic and anxious to make Alpha Pi Delta even better this year. November 1 is the birthday of the society and the old and new members celebrated by having a birthday party on Saturday evening, November 4, in their hall.

SPEED

By Margaret Dryden

A good description from "comp" class that will bring memories.

There were eight of us in the car. We had been at a ball game about fifteen miles from home and as we had waited for some of the players who were to go home with us, we were late in getting a start from the field and the other cars were ahead.

With a chorus of "Let's have a little speed", and an "all right, let's go" from the driver we were off. Everyone was laughing, as we had won the ball game and our nerves were still keyed up, and craving excitement.

As we reached the edge of town Jack threw on the cutout, his face breaking into a broad smile as he shouted, "Did you say speed? Here we go." He slid a little lower into his seat and pitched his cap over into the back. His hands were held tightly on the steering wheel, his eyes were fixed steadily on the road in front of him except for quick glances to the left or right as we neared some side road. We stopped talking, and sat forward rather tensely as we too watched the road.

We were by our first car so quickly that their shouts came to us but faintly as our car seemed to leap to greater speed. We passed others, getting only a glimpse of startled faces as their cars swung over to the side of the road.

As we drew near Marissa, Jack slowed down, and we began talking again, laughing at the expressions on each other's faces as we straightened our hair and relaxed into more comfortable positions. "Speed!" said Jane grimly. "I've had enough—for a while."

Ain't it terrible to have Miss Lobdell or Miss Anderson call on everyone on the roll in regular order right up to your name, then skip to the bottom and start toward you again?—D. V.

Cheek is the sub-soil of Rouge.

Ethel Morris—Charlotte, is Baton Rouge any good?

Charlotte—Don't know. Haven't tried it.

EDITORIALS

"But I don't have time!" That could, perhaps, be termed the college cry, at any rate the Woman's College cry. "I don't have time". It's an easy thing to say and it can be said without offending the other fellow, or our own conscience; but it is a cowardly thing, when you know that you have time for anything under the sun that you truly want to do, such as seeing Rudolph Valentino in his latest picture, "The Wonderful Lover."

One of the things that you don't have time to do is patronize the library magazines; no, *patronize* is not quite right, *take advantage of* is the word. Perhaps you don't see any opportunity in a rackful of magazines that are available in any public library, book shop, or drug store. The opportunity is not in the fact that they are there in your school library, but in the material that these magazines contain.

You come to college to become educated, but being educated does not consist merely of knowing that the equation of every parabola is Y squared equals 4ax, or that the Magna Charta was signed in 1215, or that Spenser wrote "The Faerie Queene". Being educated, then, does not consist of simply a fund of knowledge; we might say it begins there. Your accumulation of facts is your foundation on which to erect a truly educated person. The framework of this structure is an up-to-date acquaintanceship with a great many subjects, of which the most important are literature, art, knowledge of world affairs and world leaders. There is where the opportunity of these magazines comes in.

You get the point? You surely remember the "fifteen minutes a day" advertisement of Dr. Elliot. He asserted that fifteen minutes a day spent in reading the contents of his five foot bookshelf would give a man the equivalent of a college education. We say that a daily half hour spent on good magazines will give you a start toward being an educated person. You haven't time? But you have, if you want it. Think of the time you waste when chapel lets out early, when there are rolls for lunch and you get out of the dining-rom early, when you stand around the halls and talk and talk and talk—about whether you'd rather go to a show or stay home and get up your history notebook.

The library magazines are varied and many, and are all interesting if you take time to get interested. The "Greetings" is giving the library five magazines for the year: The American Poetry Magazine, Life, The Saturday Evening Post, The Bookman, and Vanity Fair. Among these and the regular library magazines you may find one for your particular need. Let the ultra-serious student spend a few minutes with Life, let the matter-of-fact soul turn to the Poetry magazine; do your reading with the aim of being truly educated.—*Dorothy Dieman.*

D. V. suggests that as a balance to the Commentator in which we register our kicks, we mention things to be admired. So we will now render

A Hymn of praise
To

The girl who wears her own clothes.
The teacher who cancels a test for the day after the Symphony.
The cookie that breaks in four pieces.
The room-mate who closes the windows in the morning.
The friend who returns the borrowed dime.
The teacher who realizes that you may have an individual opinion.
The maid who refills your water-glass when the mustard is hot.
The girl who answers the corridor phone.

STUDENT FRIENDSHIP FUND.

Two hundred dollars was the amount given by I. W. C. to the Student Friendship Fund for the needs of the students of war ravaged Europe, as a result of the talk by Miss Margaret Quayle, a relief worker, on October 18th. This subscription should have been much larger. Non-attendance at the meeting at which Miss Quayle spoke probably accounted for this, as it is impossible to realize the situation of these students without listening to one who has been a part of it. To have these students of Russia brought to us so vividly that we seemed to see them was of more value to us as women than all the next day's lessons which some of you stayed away to prepare. "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education."

From a letter received by the Student Volunteer Band we quote the following:

"Students who were made world citizens by the world war would do well to look to China. Here is the place to spend one's life. *For the next generation the Pacific Basin will be the center of the world.* The tides from all the seas are flowing this way, and one cannot live in China without feeling the push and pull of these world influences. Having a part in this developing civilization brings zest and excitement hard to be equaled at home—really equaled only in a few of the biggest jobs in America."

If I were a man,
I'd put on my oldest pair of corduroy pants,
And a disreputable flannel shirt,
And take a walk,
And let the air and the tobacco calm my nerves.

But I'm a girl!
So I relieve my nerves
By hauling my clothes out of the closet,
And taking them down to the cookerie,
And banging them viciously
With an electric iron.

DON'T YOU?

I think that life is quite a bore
Don't you?
But yet I want to live some more,
Don't you?
When lessons pile up, and I know
The grades I'm pulling are quite low
'Tis then, in thought, I homeward go.
Don't you?

Yet when I'm home, I think of school.
Don't you?
I really hate to be a fool,
Don't you?
So now I study night and day
And raise my spirits in this way.
I think that life is now quite gay.
Don't you?

—Ruth Muirhead.

Sarita, looking for rotifera under the microscope in biology lab, cries out in excitement, "O, Miss Whitmer, I see one! I see a Rotarian!"

Elly Dowd—"I heard he was dreadfully soft."
Christine Cotner—"I shouldn't be surprised. He's awfully fat."

The elephant's a crazy beast
He's anything but clever
He never needs a stitch of clothes
But packs his trunk forever.—Ex.

D. V. makes a motion that we award a gallon of blood and sand to the inspired Junior who, in reading "Two Gentlemen of Verona," called Valentine, one of the characters, Valentino.

A weiner—A hamburger in tights.

PARSONAGE SKETCHES

Lena Bennett

Friday evening, no lessons, and a book. I had just settled myself comfortably before the fire, when the door was opened and in walked Mrs. Hamlin.

"No—No—dear—don't get up. I just stepped in to see your mother about the Ladies Aid meeting."

As usual, she had just stepped in without ringing the bell.

"What, reading again? You will ruin your eyes, and—Oh, does your father know you have that book? Girls of sixteen should be reading "The Elsie Series" and not works of Hardy or Kipling. I suppose your father hasn't time to select your books, but I should be glad to help you. I have several suitable for a girl of your age. No thank you. I don't care for candy, especially chocolates. Seems to me I told your mother that chocolates would ruin your complexion and health. It would not hurt you to be a little slender any way. You come over tomorrow and I will let you have "In His Steps", and "Pilgrim's Progress". Yes, I know your father has "Pilgrim's Progress", but I have underlined my copy and that helps so much. I will pick out some— — Why, good evening, Mrs. Bennett. I was just suggesting some books for your daughter to read. Have you the material for the quilt? We must see about the cotton, and take— — ———."

A fire in the grate was pleasant, but my room appealed to me more.

That door bell again, and my hair is all up in curls! It seems to me that curlers and doorbells always come at the same time.

I go down stairs wondering who is to admire my disfigured head this time. The Sunday School Superintendent was the last lucky one. Perhaps this is Mrs. Lane after the spoons for the coffee they are serving this afternoon—you know they are raising money to repair the church. Or is it Mr. Hendrix? He always leaves his hat in the church Sunday evening, and then

comes to borrow our key Monday morning. He hasn't been here yet.

But my guesses are wrong. This young gentleman isn't after the church key surely, nor can he need the spoons. I do not know him, but I do know why he is ringing our bell. Such intuition comes with living in a parsonage.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning. Does Rev. Bennett live here?"

"Yes, but he isn't in just now. Will you leave a message?"

"Yes—er—will he be here by three this afternoon?"

(By three o'clock! That tells me they are leaving on the four fifteen train).

"Yes, he will be here."

"Very well then—we will be, or I mean,—I will be here to see him at three-thirty."

"Good day."

I take the steps three at a time. This looks like a ten, and Dad has promised me the next fee.

REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES AS TO THESE CLASS OFFICERS

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JUNIOR—President, Esther Purl; Vice-president, Luto Anderson; Secretary, Carrie Dyarman; Treasurer, Mary Lois Clark; Adviser, Miss Whitmer.

SOPHOMORE—President, Ethel Morris; Vice-president, Harriet McOmber; Secretary, Belle Irelan; Treasurer, Zola DeHaven; Adviser, Miss Anderson.

FRESHMAN—Chairman, Dorothy Randle; Adviser, Miss Powell.

A freshman from the Amazon
Put nighties of her Gramazon.
The reason's that
She is too fat
To get her own Pajamazon.—Whiz Bang.

Gee, but Freshmen are intricate!
Recalling our early day we
Encounter great difficulties.
Each class grows stronger as we advance,
Toward cap and gown. How
Indugent the authorities grow each year!
Nothing restrictive is added and much is taken away which
Gives undue feelings of superiority.
Such ain't becoming, you know.—2 from '23.

Miss Wakely—"In looking back on my college days I don't see how I ever survived College Algebra."

Alma Blodget (in all good faith)—Some of us wonder that too, Miss Wakeley.

The autumn leaves are falling,
Are falling everywhere;
They are falling thru the atmosphere
And likewise, thru the air.—Whiz Bang.

DID IT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Tomorrow is my twenty-first birthday, and I feel it. Yes, I feel as if I would be able to go forth and conquer the world now. There will be nothing that I will not know. I shall know all science, all literature, all art. I shall be able to sit down and write more beautifully than any one else, and as for composing verses, there will be no one I cannot excel. All magic shall be as an open book to me. Anyone who ever tasted my cooking will die of hunger afterwards unless able to continue to be nourished by food cooked by myself. My embroidery will be so exquisite that it will dazzle the eyes. I shall be master of all languages and whoever hears me play upon any instrument whatsoever will be unable to refuse me anything I desire. I shall win the national championship in all sports, both land and water. And I shall have all men at MY feet.—Selah!

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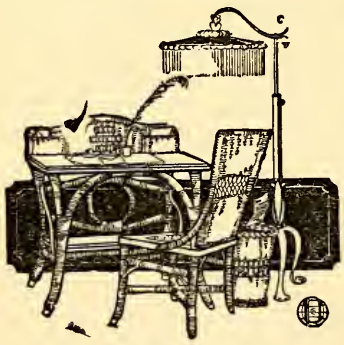

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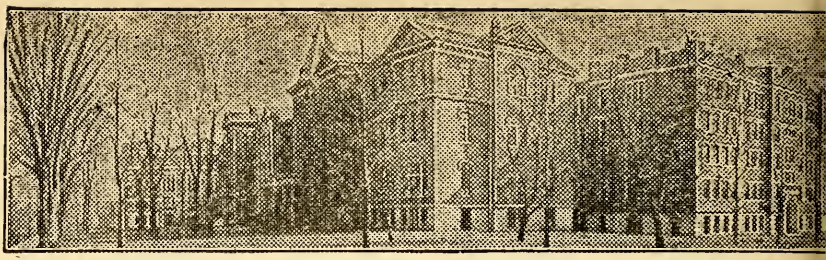

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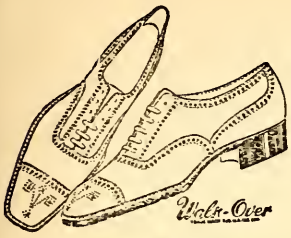

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The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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NIGHT POEMS.

By Audrey King, '24

I am an alchemist.
The moon is my slave.
She is silver or gold
As my fancy chooses.
When I am gay she gleams yellow with gold.
When I brood, she is pale, of white silver.
The moon is my slave,
Yet am I a kind master:
The moon is ever beautiful.

The Moon And The Mist

The moon is a cold, pale moon.
She lies in the sky, like a tragic pale woman.
The moon is the mother of mists.
From her do they get their white grayness;
From her do they inherit their weirdness:
Like her are they cold, wan, and stifled.

The moon has bewitched the wind.
He lies bound by her spell and his breathing has ceased.
Now the mists creep fearfully from the fens
Where he has beat them.
They approach her as curling monsters a sorceress,
And the pale, cruel moon loves the mists.

Night Mist

I am at the edge of the world.
Beyond that farthest tree,
So dim is mist I only sense its being,
Begins Infinity.

Infinity is grey—
A grey impenetrable to human eye,
Infinity is a sea, heavily calm,
Sluggish with the burden of the souls
Which slumber there.

PROOF

The advertising sign did bring a story,—an unsigned one, but charming.

There was plenty of snow that Christmas eve, heaped white and billowy over everything. It had started early in the afternoon, pelting down thickly—the first snow of the season—and all the thoughts of Christmas seemed to be crystalized and precipitating furiously with it. Holly covered with snow gained an elusive enchantment, persons powdered with it turned clowns and scooped through the inch-deep whiteness of it gaily. "Merry Christmas!" with a new ring now the snow had come.

The same zestful spirit caught Bob of nine years, Buddy, seven, and Freddy, four, to such an extent that they came in for supper looking like little fat snow men; Bob and Buddy as a result of a snow ball fight, Freddy because of "making angels." Supper was rather a boisterous meal, with many a wild speculation as to what Santa would bring, how he would come and the hundred other things which small boys can ask about that one important Christmas figure.

Manda, colored general maid, knew the danger signal in such rapid chatter and such bright eyes. "Ah reckon it would be a good thing to let Bob and Buddy play on the front po'ch foh a li'l while," she advised, and Mrs. Burr with a hundred things yet to do before Christmas day, consented.

A half hour on the front porch had made parts of it shiny as glass and terrifyingly slippery. Bob and Buddy, having their fill of sliding, now were "gathering diamonds" which consisted in scooping up great handfuls of snow from spots where it glittered in the light from the windows, and stuffing it into little pockets (where later on it would melt).

"Do you think there really is a Santa Claus?" asked Bob suddenly in the midst of this game.

"Why—" was all Buddy could answer, neglecting his diamonds completely—and then Mother opened the door to call them in.

Half an hour later three funny little figures in pajamas-with-feet bundled into bed solemnly promising to go right to sleep. The door closed and immediately conversation started softly.

"What did you mean when you said that—you know—that on the porch?" asked Buddy, trying to keep the question above the head of Freddy sitting bolt upright in his little bed.

"You'd see," answered Bob darkly, "you'd see if you'd stay awake tonight. *There isn't any!*"

"There is too!" Buddy was really defiant. "I'm going to stay awake and see if there isn't."

"F'eddy stay 'wake too an' see," came an eager little voice from the other side of the room.

"I'll tell you what!" Bob exclaimed with some excitement, "we'll all stay awake. We'll tell stories, Freddy first an' then you, Bud, an' then me."

"Awight," Freddy answered cheerfully, always glad to be included no matter what the penalty. Immediately his crooning story-telling voice began.

"Once upon a time a long, long time ago" (Freddy always began his stories in this manner) "there was an awfully bad li'l boy. An' so a dwagon ate him up. An' the dwagon's insides were made of fiah, so the li'l boy didn't like it one bit. No sah he did-'nt" (here Freddy copied 'Manda's best style) "an' so he just jumped around in the old dwagon's insides an' "—

"Listen!" said Bud suddenly. Sleigh bells sounded and drew nearer—passed—faded away, while three little boys listened intently.

"An' so," went on Freddy.

"Your story's no good," interrupted Bob severely. "I'll tell one."

Freddy lay back placidly; he hadn't wanted to tell any story in the first place.

"Once there was a train," began Bob with great directness, "that was big enough for boys to get in and run, and it didn't haf' to have any tracks, so you could run it right on the sidewalks. It had a engine with real fire and you could put real coal in an' everything, an' you could run it. An' it had real chairs inside that you could sit on with velvet seats. You could have a engineer an' you could take up tickets."

"Freddy's asleep," interrupted Buddy disgustedly, and, tribute to Bob's superior gift of narration, Freddy *was* asleep.

"Good," said Bob. "He's too little to go down stairs anyhow. Let's go down now—it must be awfully late."

"It *must* be awfully late," agreed Buddy with a thrill and the two slid quietly out of bed.

Silence and a long black stair,—the last step and a light showing under the portieres. A mysterous sound of rustling paper and subdued voices. Slowly, holding their breaths, Bob and Buddy peeped in. Mother and 'Manda unwrapping packages,— —and no one else.

"See, I told you!" said Bob, "I told you!"

Buddy didn't answer,—just stood there looking, peering in anxiously.

Neither of them had seen Freddy's slow struggle down the stairs one step at a time, nor heard his little panting breaths, yet here he was suddenly, his round little eyes wide on the scene before him.

"Whe's Santa?" he asked in a loud husky whisper.

Bud immediately clapped a hand over the inquiring little mouth and horror stricken he and Bob looked in to see whether they might be discovered. All within the room was quiet as ever, excepting that 'Manda now began to speak.

"'Pears to me Santa would be back soon," she said. "He went upstairs to see if the children was asleep. Good thing they is," she chuckled, "or ah reckon he'd come right back an' take all these here presents an' things here all 'way. Yes sah he would. Reckon if they *was* out of bed the best thing would be for them to git right back in foh Santa finds it out."

The three little culprits stole back in haste lest Santa should discover them. There was no more talking. Bob and Buddy followed each his own interpretation of the scene downstairs. Freddy hadn't any thoughts and sleep came soon to all three.

"Wake up, it's Christmas," called Freddy. "I's been downstairs an' they's a Christmas tree an—"

But Bob and Buddy were halfway down, sniffing oranges and pine-tree,—the fragrance of the season. It had been their plan to wake their parents with a song, 'Manda had thought of that,— but in their excitement they forgot it. The glittering tree with its wonderful burdens absorbed all their attention for a few minutes. Too tense they were for even a sound.

"Ha!" said Buddy suddenly, his eyes shining. He had been puzzled over a slip of paper for some minutes.

"What?" asked Bob, and then still carrying his skates walked over to read the slip of paper attached to Buddy's gun. Slowly he made it out: "You got out of bed last night. Santa."

"That proves it!" cried Buddy triumphantly.

"Proves what?" asked father, just coming in with mother.

"That Santa is a kind man," answered Bob slowly.

"Oh, we fo'got our song!" cried Freddy at the sight of his parents.

"Well, sing it now, then," laughed Dad. "What was it?"

"Oh Christmas twee," said Freddy with great seriousness.

And so they all did sing it, with Freddy screwing up his face over all the hard words.

."Oh Christmas twee,
Oh Christmas twee,
How faif-fu' are thy bwanches."

THE EXPECTATIONS OF A BASKET-BALL.

The hockey stick leaned disconsolately against the wall of the athletic store room. He was cracked, his varnish was gone, and he sighed. "Now for a good winter's rest, and next year who knows, perhaps I may again send the ball thru the goal in a deciding score."

The big fat basket-ball smiled so broadly that he nearly burst a seam. "My time is just coming," he said. A few more days and hundreds of anxious eyes will follow my path down the floor. It's such fun to tease them,—to run around the rim of the basket and make them think I'm going to fall outside instead of in. And the best thing about it is, that whichever way I do fall I'm sure of approval from at least half of the spectators."

"When my manufacturer shipped me off to a Woman's College instead of a university, I was 'just killed.' But no freshman boy straight from loading wheat could whack me harder than some of these frail sisters when they get the spirit of combat. And all of the sisters are not frail, either. Sometimes when they fall on me I'm nearly done for. But anyway" (and he almost bounced in expectation), "anyway, its glorious."

"Don't talk so much," growled the base-ball bat, blinking a sleepy eye. "I'm not due 'til spring and if I don't get some rest I won't be able to make one girl tear her hair net fishing the ball out from under the south hedge."

The College Greetings

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ARE GRADES TOO HIGH AT I. W. C.?—NO!

Was it a Senior who had been making A's from very hard work throughout her years of toil, or was it a Senior who by little work and some bluffing had made A's, who said in last month's Greetings that grades were too high at I. W. C.?

No matter in which class of the two she belongs, the grades of I. W. C. are not too high!

One reason for this bold statement comes as a result of the number of girls who were ineligible for society this fall from the present Sophomore class. Eligibility requires a general average of 80. Out of the entire class one-fourth were ineligible. Was this the fault of the grading? No!

Grades at I. W. C. averaging from 85% to 100% are very difficult to obtain. When a grade is made honestly by hard work, whether it is high or low it is one to be proud of, and personally we believe that there are very few A's given without hard work and individual thinking.

When we spend a little thought and time in looking over the Honor List of last year we see that the majority of the names are those who are the steady, dependable girls of I. W. C., the ones who really study for what they have obtained.

Then why should we object to such a large Honor List if it stands for what it is named?—A Couple of Juniors.

DO GRADES MEAN ANYTHING?

Take your mid-term report. Rid yourself of prejudice and think it over. Your musings will be something like this:

"That A,—ridiculous! This A,—I earned that. That B,—should have been B plus. The things that class have given me aren't the things that show up. That C,—deserved."

The honest student evaluates her work according to her own standard of value and her own knowledge of the amount of work done, and respects or fails to respect her grades accordingly.

CONCERNING GRADES

The article in last month's "Greetings" stating that the grades given in our College are far too high for the work done by the pupils has been causing a great deal of comment. Many students who have been doing honest and conscientious work resent even the suggestion that we as a student body are "pulling" our grades.

Of course we do not expect to be classed as the "choicest of the choice students", but we do contend that we are average students, studying under conditions a little better than the average. The majority of the students live in the dormitory. This close connection with our Library and Classroom should be a great aid to careful study. Because of the size of our school most of the classes are comparatively small, affording excellent opportunity for the members of the faculty to know the individual abilities of each student and make a fair judgment of her work.

In proof of the amount of work required from the students one might list the number of times girls are too busy to work on a committee, to attend a meeting or to get a little fresh air. Of course not all "light pers" are used for study, but practically every privilege is taken advantage of; and, we know absolutely that girls are getting up at five or five-thirty morning after morning to put more time on their lessons.

It seems impossible that girls, coming to College (as many of us do) through the sacrifice and careful planning of our parents should prove unworthy of the best grades it is their ability to obtain. B's, B pluses, and even A's surely are not out of the reach of any serious minded, conscientious College student whose primary aim is to receive a thorough education, and I insist that we do "exercise our minds in obtaining them".—*Another Senior.*

The sun is a great ball of fire,
Of flaming orange fire
In somber sky;
A glorious, passionate sphere
That drops slowly behind the grey horizin
Veinly trying to arouse
A cold and busy world
With its splendor and vivid glory.

—*Dorothy Dieman.*

The Train

A sudden whistle penetrates the murky night,
And spreads like ripples in a placid pond!
Now in the stillness I can hear
The somber, steady onrush of some train: ,
A clanging, firey monster in the dark;
Yet with the thrill of mystery, it bears
Countless people on and on
In lighted coaches thru the countryside.

—*Dorothy Dieman, '25*

A. A. U. W.

Former student, present student of the Illinois Woman's College,—see if you fit in any one of the three classes of members in this article. If so you are eligible or will be eligible to the A. A. U. W., which Miss Austin here explains.

The American Association of University Women is an old organization under a new name.

About forty years ago a group of women representing half a dozen colleges of high academic standing, met in Boston and formed an organization which they called The Association of Collegiate Alumnae. It's purpose as stated then, was to "unite the alumnae of different institutions for practical educational work, for the collection and publication of statistics, and other information concerning education, and, in general, for the maintenance of high standards of education."

Some of the more important lines of work carried on by this association have been educational legislation, help for foreign students, vocational guidance for college graduates, the award of fellowships for graduate study in American and European Universities, and the stimulation of scientific research among women. Much important legislation has been secured. Foreign students have been aided in getting the best in the educational opportunities of this country and in becoming acquainted with the most significant phases of American life. It was largely through the influence and help of this organization that the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupation was formed.

Very soon other colleges and universities sought admission to this association. A special committe was appointed on the Recognition of Colleges and Universities. It has since been the duty of this committee to examine the standards of the colleges seeking admission and to pass upon the eligibility to membership.

The Association has used as its standard for academic rating the list of colleges recommended by the Association of

American Universities to foreign universities. This list contains not only those institutions on the accepted list of the Carnegie Foundation, but also those which are certified as of equivalent standing but excluded for other than educational reasons.

Additional requirements for admission include a "reasonable recognition of women in the faculty and in the student body" of coeducational institutions; women on the Board of Trustees; a dean, or adviser of women, who is counted a regular member of the faculty; and adequate provision through halls of residence, or other buildings, for the social life of women students.

Because of the exclusiveness of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, the Southern colleges organized into a separate association known as The Southern Association of College Women. Its standards were much the same and the existence of two such organizations seemed unnecessary. In the spring of 1921 these associations agreed to unite, but under a new name, The Association of American University Women. The chief reason for the change of name was the fact that the old name had been greatly misunderstood by the European members of the International Federation of University Women, the term *Collegiate* being interpreted by them as denoting an institution of secondary rank. The new name corresponds to that used by similar organizations in other countries.

Through the persistent efforts of President Harker, Illinois Woman's College was put on the accredited list of the Association at the annual meeting in April, 1921. Our alumnae are now eligible to membership in any Branch of the Association convenient to their place of residence.

There may be three classes of members in any Branch Association:-

First, National Members—those who hold a degree from a college on the eligible list of the National Association, including those who received their degree before the date of admission of the college to the Association.

Second, Local Members—women who hold approved degrees from any college or university not on the accredited list, but, recognized by the sectional committee of the Association.

Third, Associate Members—women, not eligible to national or local membership, who have had one full year of academic work in any college or university on the accredited list either of the national association or of the sections, and who are invited to become associate members in a Branch. This does not include undergraduate students. Academic work is interpreted to mean such as would be accredited for one full year's work leading toward the B. A. degree, although not necessarily taken for that degree.

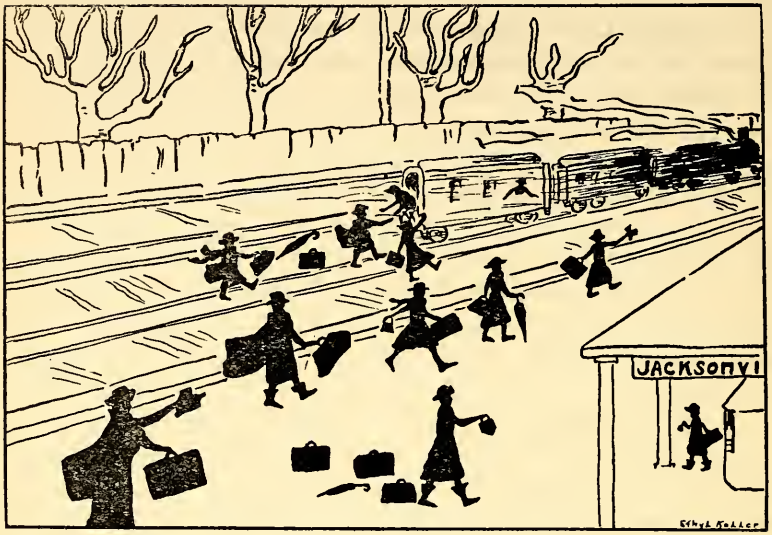
The Jacksonville Branch of the Association of American University Women was organized last year and admitted to the National Association at the annual meeting in April. Its list of national members now numbers more than eighty degree graduates of recognized institutions. It has also a growing list of local and associate members. Although organized less than a year ago, it has already proved itself of distinct educational and cultural value to the community.

It is our hope that all alumnae of Illinois Woman's College on the eligible list in any one of the three classes of members, will avail themselves of the privilege of becoming a member of this great organization of college women, and will seek membership in the nearest Branch Association. It affords an excellent opportunity for service in the cause of education, as well as for congenial association with other women of culture and high ideals.—*Olive L. Austin.*

Soph; (at table) "She never asks in exam for the points you'd expect."

Miss Johnston: "Then why don't you skip those points in studying?"

Soph: "I did. She asked them."



Dec. 21, 1922

"Will you please tell Ethel Morris that she has a phone call?"

"O Boy! This is she. I'll be right down!"

Blithely she tripped down the stairs. On the precious little slip was a number. It was a perfectly unknown number. Thrills! Shivers!!

"Hello!Does someone there wish to speak to Ethel Morris?" (In her most dulcet tones.)

"Yes, Miss Morris, This is the Public Library. You have a book three days over-due. Please return it, with the fine, as soon as possible."

"Joe, don't risk a fall out of the window while you're playing that uke. Remember, it belongs to your room-mate."

"A third floor Sherlock believes she has discovered who was deliberately jumping up and down during quiet hour. It was a dishonorable steam pipe.

DON'T BE WHAT YOU AIN'T

By Martha Mayo, '26

Don't be what you ain't,
Just be what you is,
For if you is not what you am
Then you am not what you is.

If you're just a little Senior,
Don't try to be the school.
If you're just a little Freshman,
Don't try to act the fool.

If you're just a Sophomore,
Don't try to be the town,
If you're just a little Junior,
They'll surely take you down.

Don't be what you ain't,
Just be what you is.
For the guy that plays it square,
Is going to get what's his.

I hate with a righteous hatred:

The soap that slides gaily under the bath tub when I'm bathing.

The seven o'clock bell.

The girl who whispers during a recital number.

Cold Toast.

The girl who "heard just a *dandy* joke for Greetings, but just *can't* remember it to save her life."

The over-zealous student who reminds the instructor that she's "already assigned that lesson."

Washing stockings.

But all of these are whipped cream compared to my love for the person who doesn't bring back my electric iron.

I. W. C. IN 2000 A. D.

Last month you read an account of I. W. C. life in 1850 and the Student Association stunt also portrayed the early days. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed between that time and the following.

It was a fall morning in 2000 A. D. when our heroine awakened, or rather, was awakened by being gently but firmly deposited on the floor. The mattress, which had been tipped sideward, gradually replaced itself, and steel hooks made the bed by drawing the covers into place. The automatic rising machine controlled from the power-house, with attachment to every mattress in the building, was working perfectly, so that the hundreds of students arose, or rather, were raised, simultaneously.

The windows were closed, so that the room was warm. Were they likewise controlled from a central source? O, no. Her roommate had awakened early, and had closed the windows while still in bed by mental suggestion. Mental science and the power of mind over matter had developed to a stage whereby one could pull down a stubborn window, but not for several centuries would it be strong enough to compel one to arise when sleepy.

Our heroine stood in her night-dress and pushed a button in the wall, and instantly the automatic dressing machine came down from its attachment on the ceiling. It was a metal cabinet, and after the customary argument with her room-mate as to who should use it first, she stepped in. Steel claws clothed her carefully with garments that she had placed in it the night before, and she emerged clad in the costume of the day—a short sleeveless jacket, short trousers, rolled hose, (a revival of a century old style),and hair in waves to her shoulders. But her face had a most peculiar appearance. Her cheeks were pale, her nose a deep and passionate red. "That dumb machine," she exclaimed looking in the mirror. "It has the rouge and the powder mixed again."

"Machine nothing!" declared her room-mate with the sympathy and tact which was still characteristic of that species. "You put 'em in the wrong compartments yesterday, when you put in the fresh supply."

When both were dressed they did not as was customary in days of yore, dash madly down the stairs and into the dining hall. They took from the shelf a black canister labelled "BREAKFAST, WEDNESDAYS", and each took therefrom a small pill.

Our friend then withdrew to a corner of the room with pen and paper. (Pens at this time were non-leakable, and generated their own ink.) She had to write a poem for comp, and she wanted quiet, so that she could summon to her aid the spirit of Robert Burns. She would have preferred Shakespeare, but the big and powerful universities had first option on the spirits of the greatest poets. Milton, for instance, responded only to the call of Yale. He would never have considered allowing his spirit to roam in a woman's college. But Bobby Burns just doted on it. The girls never found him hard to summon.

Our students at the ringing of the bell stepped out of the door onto a narrow carpet spread along the hall. From every door issued others who stood in line on the carpet. The floor beneath then began to move. Thru the halls they passed without a motion of their bodies, each one stepping off as she came to her respective class room.

So we find our heroine seated on the front row of a history class, not in a harsh wooden chair, but on a pillow strewn divan. Educators had decided that class-rooms should be made livable.

"Has anyone heard the radio this morning?" inquired the professor. "If so you were probably interested in the campaign that the opponents of the Harmful Drink Prohibitionists movement are putting on. Those of you who have studied ancient history will recall that when prohibition of alcoholic drinks was passed an attempt was made to legalize the sale of beer and light wines. Now the opponents of the Anti-Coffee act are trying to

legalize the use of cocoa and green tea. We predict failure."

"But they're having a hard time trying to enforce the Coffee Act," volunteered our heroine. (She did not know her lesson, and was trying to side-track the instructor.) "Yesterday federal agents confiscated three coffee-pots right here in Jacksonville."

"Is that so!" exclaimed the teacher. "But we must get to the lesson. The assignment today was the League of Worlds, and the reasons for its failure. Gladys, will you give us first the terms of the treaty that ended the War of Planets."

From class the moving carpet took them to chapel. It was a college sing that morning. "For the first song," said the leader, "let's sing that old quaint folk-song called 'Stumblin.' You will think it crude, but it is appealing in its dumb simplicity, and some of the unpleasant parts of the tune can be explained by the fact that it belonged to that early Jazz period in musical history. So-called "jazz" music was used frequently at the old-fashioned dances of the time, when they danced in couples instead of yielding themselves individually to the music, as we do now."

After chapel our heroine rushed to her room and turned on the radio. It was the time for news from home. Always some member of the family was at the home station to tell her that Aunt Mary was sick or that John had a new girl or that they just couldn't wait until she came home. Then she switched to another station and prepared herself to receive from Paris the radio translation of her French lesson.

But she was interrupted by a fellow-student who stepped over her engaged sign as students have been doing since the year one and will continue to do until the doors are locked as well. "Have you heard the scandal?" whispered the intruder. "Lorene is is campused for going flying without a chaperone, and you know how she gets those rides. She simply PICKS THEM UP by sitting on the roof and flirting with the aviators!"

A. B. Wise in American Lit:—"Miss Powell, didn't Homer translate the Iliad and the Odyssey?"

WHAT THE COLLEGE NOW NEEDS.

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By pledging some gift, no matter how large or how small it may be. By persuading your friends to pledge. Let's make the present student body 100 per cent for endowment and a bigger college.

Mildred E. Waldron,
Endowment Chairman.

DEAR D. V.—

Just read about the stingiest man on earth. He had a toy balloon vulcanized.

MINK.

TRIOLET.

No more I'll waste my time away
And try to bluff my courses thru:
Mid-year exams begin today.
No more I'll waste my time away.
Again, remorseful, do I say,
—Tho this resolve is far from new—
No more I'll waste my time away
And try to bluff my courses thru.

Santiago, Chile, Nov., 1922

Dear Sarita:

It all seems a great big joke to think of you and a cold Christmas. You poor people up there! How can you have a real Christmas without a warm, golden sun, without lots of flowers and birds?

Here, days are getting lovelier and warmer each day and we expect to have an ideal Christmas. Mother is making a lovely green organdie dress for me. You poor thing! And to think you'll have to wear a coat!

The children are already much excited. They are all thinking about the many varied things they would like to have and are wondering whether the child Jesus will approve of their choice. They all have figured out where they are going to hang their stockings and leave their shoes.

While the children sleep and wait for the Child Jesus, we are planning on doing what the rest of the older folks do. We shall visit the churches, for the custom of representing the Child in the stable, etc. has not changed.

Everybody seems to be busy preparing their presents, and the store windows are all beautifully decorated.

We all wish you were here to enjoy our family reunion on that day, but we hope you will have a real Christmas, even if it is on an icy day. The spirit of Christmas is the same anyway whether you are in the torrid zones or in the arctic regions.

We'll write you a long letter soon. This seems to be just a chat on Christmas, but that is all one hears everywhere, so I had to talk to you about it.

With much love,

Maria.

Mugs—"Billie, we need something for Greetings. Do you know any good jokes?

Billie: (in a downcast mood.) "Yes. Me!

"THIS FREEDOM."

Hutchinson's latest novel "This Freedom" deals with a question that is of great importance to many American women. Can a woman have a business career and still do her duty by her husband and children?

In this novel an English girl marries with the understanding that in all things she will be equal with her husband, that there will be a "perfect equality". She makes a success in business but her three children all turn out badly while her husband feels deeply the lack of "home life". Then after she has seen the terrible failure of her children she tries to atone by giving up her career and caring for her grandchild.

Mr. Hutchinson seems not to have definitely settled in his own mind the question of woman and her career. In the first section of the book he shows the unsuccessful and sordid life of the woman who stayed at home caring for her family, while in the second section he sets forth the failure of the business woman in her home life.

Several competent critics have declared this book to be a great exaggeration of conditions, while others equally competent have called it pertinent criticism of woman's position in the world today.

This book seems to me, an inexperienced critic, to be decidedly exaggerated. The results arising from conditions are too overwhelming. Because a talented woman who conducts her household with smoothness and success chooses to take up a business career she is condemned to suffer for it. In the postcript the author deliberately smoothes over the calamities which he has brought upon the parents and declares—"They're all right now. Their little grandchild is looking after them."

Whether or not the novel itself has any value, Mr. Hutchinson has succeeded in bringing into still greater discussion the subject of woman and her career.—*Eloise Calhoun.*

Hazel Moore says that she used to be thin, but that college has made her a well-rounded girl.

Who is D. V.? Well, who has a joke for every occasion—and every person. Here are a few. D. V. doesn't remember where they came from, but thinks them very appropriate:

Chaperone: "What do you mean by letting that young man kiss you? Part of the performance took place right under my nose."

Kentucky: "Then what are you kicking about?"

Miss Teague to Esther Purl:

"Now, Esther, don't you think you had better turn the page? You have already translated the first ten lines on the next one."

Wa Wa (a local celebrity) "I call my girl snap shot, because eveywhere I go she has to be taken."

B. P. O. E. (another) "Is that so? I call mine film because she is so well developed."

SOLILOQUY OF A FRESHMAN

'Tis with tired and aching muscles,
That I lay me down at night.
Our gymnasium is so strenuous
We can hardly stand aright.
Lois is so spry and agile,
But she's suffered through it all.
She's now teaching us the "ox dance",
And oft times we get a fall.
Our class is large in number,
And we sometimes are a sight
When we all move incorrectly,
Hardly knowing where we light.
When upstairs our way we're wending
Slowly climbing one by one
The many steps before us,
My, we're glad when day is done.

L. S. —'26

OUTSIDE THE ART STUDIO

A girl was gazing at a picture,
Completely

Absorbed

In contemplation.

O rare artist! Nothing less than
Sacrilege

To disturb

Your meditation!

In haste I drew back around the corner,
But I could

Stay there

Only a short time.

Slowly, then I went on to the studio.
The girl stood

Before

The same great picture.

Startled, she turned from her thoughts of the picture.
On hearing

My slow

Footsteps approaching.
Then, turning back to the picture,

She finished

Powdering

Her nose

In the reflection.

—A. F.

Flo was limping down to dinner after the hockey game with the Juniors. "That Lucille Vick," she moaned, "played a regular jazz tune on my ankle."

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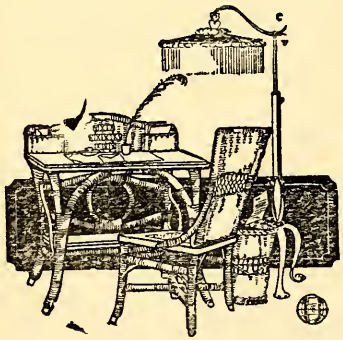

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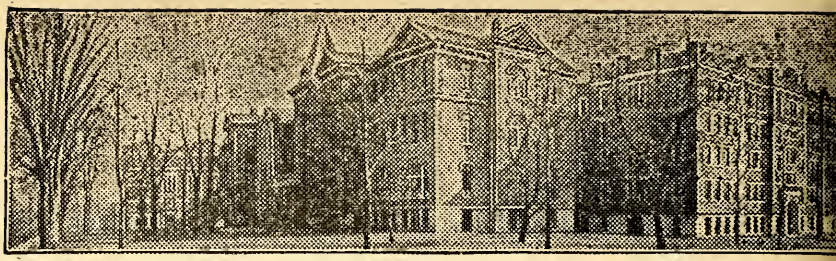

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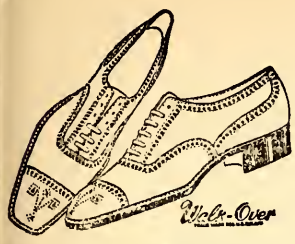

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ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

Are women people? Well may anxious souls who take to heart the welfare of the race debate the question. Look back on the past. The negative will run up many points. The affirmative may secure notable individual cases, but the story of the past as a whole supports the other side.

In Homer's time Trojan women ranked high as wives and mothers, but in the disposal of the spoils of war they were collected with the rest of the booty to be apportioned by lot among the victorious Greek warriors. The Greek women were no better off. Iphigenia was sacrificed by her royal father to secure favorable winds for the voyage to Troyland. Penelope, accounted a widow because of the continued absence of Ulysses, was beseiged by suitors and had to resort to stratagem to put them off. At no time did she question the fact that she must eventually marry if Ulysses did not return.

The Roman women of the early period were under the dominion of men. A father had absolute power over his daughter until he gave her to her husband. Giving and receiving involved possession. There developed a very considerable degree of freedom for women in the later periods but at no time were they accounted the equals of men, capable of taking an active part in the government.

From the Old Testament may be collected a long list of notable women, but the oriental idea prevails. Women were objects to be given, bartered, exchanged at the will of their owners, men. The tenth commandment would be an insult to every thinking woman today if she did not realize that in classing a man's wife with his other material possessions (and not even first) it refers to conditions over three thousand years ago which happily do not now, as a rule, exist in our Western world. But we must not forget that there are millions of women in eastern countries who are accounted mere females, the possessions of men.

Christ treated women as the equal of men and His just and humane example has done much to aid the cause of womankind,

but Saint Paul's injunctions, revealing the ingrained, oriental influence, have gone far toward nullifying the liberal teaching of his Master.

In our own country when the Constitution was drafted in 1787, "We, the people" meant We, the men, for no one dreamed of women taking an active part in the affairs of state. The struggle to open to women equal educational advantages with men even more than the long fight for equal political rights shows how hard it is to break the age-old bonds of custom and precedent, even in a country where ideas of liberty and equality prevail. Since it took nearly a century and a quarter to win for women of the United States that political recognition which admits them to full citizenship, it is clear that many years must pass before other less enlightened countries can be educated to appreciate the necessity of extending common justice to their women.

We are living in a man-made world, and the fighting spirit rules. The military idea is the standard of measurement of all things. Women are not by nature warlike. The mothers of the race intuitively stretch out their arms to protect mankind, their children. The world needs their protecting care, and slowly but surely woman is winning her way to work, not fight, shoulder to shoulder with her partner, man.

Work, co-operation, not *fight, competition,* must be the world's objective. Creation, not destruction, is the destiny of mankind and thus far the race has strayed from its path. Is it not because one half of its personnel has been looked upon as inferior?

Women are people. We know it; but it will be many a weary year before the world at large so considers them. They need much training to get them out of the narrow groove into which they have been pushed for centuries. Illinois Woman's College is doing her part in teaching the girls that come under her care to feel their responsibilities and in preparing them to take an active, intelligent share in the work of the world.

—F. E. Wakeley.

BALLADE

Prince of Romance, Keeper of Youth,
A natural subject I live 'neath your sway,
Filled with a love of adventure and mirth,
Heart for music and blossoms of May.

Sourness and sadness and drabness of soul,
Primness and staidness I abhor with a will.
If age creeps upon me, as age surely must,
Let age increase laughter and keep me young still.

Prince of Romance, Keeper of Youth,
Preserve me a spirit bold and gay.
Save me a love of adventure and mirth,
Heart for music and blossoms of May.

—*Audrey King*

"'TIS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE—"

By Mary McMillan, '26

Mrs. Bluffs, moist and uncomfortable, was spending the hot August afternoon in the shade of her lovely porch. Being fifty and weighing not less than two hundred pounds, she could not exert herself on such a day as this. Mrs. Bluffs was amusing herself by looking over the cards of thanks she had received this last year from five brides to whom she had sent wedding presents. She always gave such lovely presents! In fact, no one in town had such good taste as she.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bluffs," called a merry voice from the street.

"Why, how do you do, Katy? Are you coming up to see me this hot afternoon?"

"Yes, for just a few minutes. We're all just dreadfully busy getting ready for the Sale. You know, it's to raise money for the library."

"And you want everybody to give something, I suppose. I have a beautiful tray, all gilded and decorated with the most beautiful roses. You may have that."

Katy shuddered slightly. "Oh, thank you, so much. We shall appreciate everything we get."

Mrs. Bluffs ceased fanning, and pointed to the cards in her lap.

"I was just looking over cards of thanks I got from Marian, Helen, Ruth, Dorothy and Marcia. You know I received invitations to all their weddings. Yes," she smiled serenely at Katy, "I'm quite a favorite with all the young girls. And I do so love to give them presents, things by which they can remember me always. Do you remember that handsome vase I gave Marian? Oh, my dear, it was really quite expensive, but I got it at a sale, and saved forty-eight cents on it. You know what it was like; all bulgy at the bottom with a short, thin neck, and then quite spreading at the mouth. It seemed so- so- well, I guess I mean Oriental-like."

Katy nodded. Yes, how well she remembered that vase! What a torture it was to even look at it. Marian had always kept it in the attic.

But Mrs. Bluffs was continuing:

"And that beautiful luncheon cloth I gave Helen! I got that down at Stevens for a dollar-ninety-eight. It was such a bargain! It was just *covered* with large pink roses, and yellow and purple butterflies. I always was kinda partial to pink roses and butterflies. They just seem to go together somehow."

Katy remembered what laughter the opening of that package had elicited. Helen had said that she was going to keep that near her all the time, and if she ever got to feeling despondent, she would get out that luncheon cloth and have a real good giggle. "Yes, one look at that thing would give you either the giggles or hysterics," Marian had said. "Why it's even worse than my vase!"

Mrs. Bluffs picked up another card. "And what did I give Ruth? Oh yes, that trinket-cabinet done in beautiful French

gilt. Now that was a real present. I always had a hankering after one of them myself."

"Ruth would be only too glad to loan it to you, if you ever need it, I'm sure," suggested Katy. She knew only too well how delighted Ruth would be to get that horrid thing out of the house. Even the maid had failed to appreciate it when it had been put into her room.

"I gave Dorothy a lamp, didn't I?"

Katy groaned inwardly. She hoped that she would never have to look at that lamp again. But Mrs. Bluffs was still reminiscing:

"Yes, a lamp. It was a bronze figure of Venice, or Cupid, or some one of those heathens holding the top part which had a lovely cerise velvet shade all covered with beads and embroidery. Yes, that was quite a beauty! I've never seen anything like it."

"No," said Katy, and to herself she added, "and you never will."

"But what did I give Marcia? It wasn't candle sticks, was it? No, I decided to keep those for myself."

"I think you gave Marcia one of those water-colors you did while you were studying art, didn't you?"

Mrs. Bluffs smiled.

"Why, so I did. It was that one of a sun-set, wasn't it? Why, I remember. That was really the most artistic thing I ever did. I think I must have had divine inspiration for that."

Katy was sure the inspiration wasn't divine.

"And the blending of colors, and in the foreground that lovely little calf against a flaming, burnished sky. Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

Katy was choking, gasping for her breath. "N-n-noth---nothing, thank you. All I need is a drink of water." She went to the well to get a drink, and when she returned, was quite her controlled self.

"I think I must be going now. I have to see quite a few people before dinner. I'll call later for your tray. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Katy. Come again, won't you-"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Bluffs, and do come call on mother soon. She'd love to have you." After carefully closing the gate behind her, Katy hurried off down the street.

It was the evening of the White Elephant Sale. Katy, dressed in a pretty white organdie, was rushing here and there arranging last minute details, and persuading people to buy as many articles as they could. Suddenly she espied Mrs. Bluffs, who with a bit of urging ought to be a good customer.

"Oh, Mrs. Bluffs, you're going to buy something at the sale, aren't you? Please buy as many things as you can."

Mrs. Bluffs smiled aimably, "Why yes, I'm going to buy some. When does the sale begin?"

"Immediately. See, they are starting to sell now."

Mrs. Bluffs pushed forward into the first row. She was going to see something of what she was buying. Of course, the packages were wrapped, but perhaps she could guess by the shape of them what they contained. Maybe some of the things would do for gifts later on.

At the end of a half hour, everything had been sold. Mrs. Bluffs, hot and disheveled, but triumphant, nevertheless, pushed her way to a chair, with her arms full of packages. She sat down and began untying the packages. As the first article came to view, Mrs. Bluffs gave a little cry of surprise; when she had opened the second package, she gave a snort of anger, and with the disclosing of the contents of each succeeding package, she approached a state of rage. As she opened the last, she arose with a surprising quickness, threw the articles roughly on the ground, and stamped out of the room, with her head held high. The people who had stood near her were watching curiously. Katy, struck with a sudden thought, hurried over to the chair where Mrs. Bluffs had opened her packages. Yes, they were all there! Stooping, she gingerly picked them up, and laid them on the chair: one vase, oriental in design; one luncheon cloth, decorated with pink roses and butterflies; one trinket cabinet, gorgeously gilded; one lamp of strange and intricate design; and one most colorful water-color, depiciting a lonely little calf against an exceedingly gorgeous evening sky.

WARBLING FOR DOLLARS

Bee Hasenstab started it all by talking to a man on the train. He was a Reverend, travelling for the Anti-Saloon League, so that it was perfectly proper, although Bee probably didn't know this in advance. At any rate, she told him about Endowment and he gave her a dime for her card. The rest of the I. W. C. homeward-bound crowd had gathered around by that time, ten in all, Ruth Webb, Gertrude Jacquith, Lucille Winn, Lois Wiersema, Ruth Kelly, Myrtle Lord, Mary Thompson, Miss Whitmer and Miss Swanson.

Then the inspiration came,—an Endowment Concert!

Miss Whitmer led, so of course "Yon Yonsen" was on the program. But first the passengers on the night C. & A. were startled by a plea for "Sociability." "The Hungry Dog" was rendered with feeling, and "A Man Without a Woman" brought down the house. "By Stately Elms Surrounded" was a fitting climax.

Then Bee's kind friend made an announcement, and they all passed the hat. Dimes, quarters, dollars! Said the kind man, "Let's go to another car!"

Stage fright seized the young prima donnas, but the sight of silver inspired to further effort. One more car was entertained, and then the smoker. Total result $24.00.

"It must be $25.00!" said the man.

"What's all the racket?" inquired two men, coming from the diner.

They were promptly informed, and a result the sum became $25.50.

"Did you get that fat Irishman in the next car?" asked one. "Go after him."

The fat Irishman had already contributed, but being fat and Irish he allowed himself to be relieved of fifty cents more. Net total $26.00!

So here's to Reverend Yule who managed the little tour and here's to the ten lusty warblers. May their voices always be silver!

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

With significant world events taking place like a three-ringed circus, so many and so fast that if you stop to hear the British lion roar you miss the performance of the Turkish juggler, I. W. C. felt that it just couldn't keep up-to-date and at the same time get its history lessons which give the foundation of these events. So as a supplement to its classes the department of History and Social Science has organized a History Club for the discussion of present affairs. Membership is limited to those in the department. Professor Lobdell is adviser, and Thelma Pires president. There have already been several good meetings. The Greetings congratulates the department on its vigor and the college on the possession of a new organization with a real function.

A LETTER FROM MIRIAM

Dear Marg:-

Why is it that humans are so distractingly interesting? I believe with Edgar Guest that there is nothing quite like "just folks" to keep up one's interest in this old worn-out, thrill-exhausted world. If people only knew how much more entertaining it was to hold down a job dealing with "folks", instead of juggling stocks and bonds, automobiles and silk, all for the filthy pelf—well, I'm afraid there would be a rush for my job, and I like it too well myself. So don't spread it too widely, if I tell you, how fascinating my work is among the alumnae. It isn't work, Marg,—its a twelve reel cinema, shown daily.

You see I ring the honorable door bell of some good alumnae matron's door and tell her maid, that I (including my full title of Alumnae Field Secretary of the Illinois Woman's College, to show her how important I am) have arrived. I have previously memorized this lady's name, her maiden name, the year of her class when she was in college, and even looked up the name of some other person in that class so I can intelligently reminice (is there such a word?) with her. My hostess appears and

honestly you'd be surprised how glad she is to talk to me. I don't take that eagerness personally, of course, for I know that it is prompted by a desire to recall old days at the Woman's College. And again you would be amazed how the years between us fall away, as that dear old soul, flapper of '68, chats on with me of our beloved Alma Mater. Yes, we swap gossip like two good "roomies" after Christmas vacation. I tell her that even Freshmen go now to the movies without chaperones, and she holds me fascinated with lurid tales of stolen spreads and pranks our "Age of Innocence" would never think of. Then I tell her of our Alumnae plans and how anxious we are to find every one and keep accurate record thereof, and of our coming 1923 Alumnae directory. She helps me out by remembering the present address of her old roommate whom we had had on our casualty list "reported missing" for years maybe.

So we chat along for an hour, and then because it's about four o'clock, and she knows girls, she has her maid bring in tea and honey cakes and salted almonds, and my enthusiasm for this Alumna waxes higher and higher. Can you blame me? Well, I've earned those honey cakes, Margaret, for the questions one can answer in a day are pretty nearly countless. I must know everything in and about Illinois Woman's College that has happened for the last fifty years, and be ready to make it sound convincing too, when I tell it. Imagine these broadcasted at you in as many minutes:

"Well, who is dean down there? I remember once when when Miss Weaver—;" "Are dear Dr. and Mrs. Harker well?" "What are your endowment plans for next year?" "Is Miss Knopf still wearing blue and does she make the freshmen cry as of old?" "You say they are using the honor system—how does it work out?Listen,do the Belles Lettres still have the picture our class gave?" "Don't tell me little Georgie Metcalf is a big boy in High School! Why how old is he now?"

I haven't any idea, but you may believe I guess!

Oh of course not each visit I make is similar to the one of

which I told. They are all colorfully different. That is what makes it so interesting. In one day I have called on: a young thing, newlywed, of the class of '20, who showed me all over her new house and asked about you and everyone; a dear little lady in a wheel chair, who told me of days "before the fire"; a smart young matron just rushing off to a club who has only a minute to spare; the daughter of the Governor at the Executive mansion next; a busy mother proud of her three darling children, who talks to me about the time when the oldest daughter will be ready for I. W. C.; and finally a portly madam who entertains me in her bedroom where two maids are curling her hair.

Yes, it's heaps of fun, visiting these alumnae of mine.

This friendly little note is also to warn you of the coming rival to your beloved Greetings. The Illinois Woman's College Alumnae News is going to grow this year into a thriving magazine of universal fame, Marg, believe us.

In fraternal friendliness,

Miriam McOmber.

Blink—"I hear your auto was stolen."
Blank—"Yes, but I got it back. I put an add in the paper."
Blink—"What did you say?"
Blank—"I said, 'Lizzie, come home. All is forgiven.' "

—Ex.

Carol R. to Eloise C.—"Why are you knitting with your mouth open? To catch the stitches you drop?"

Reporter: "And in what state were born, professor?"

Prof.: "Unless my recollection fails me in a state of ignorance."

Reporter: (scribbling): "Yes, to be sure, and how long have you lived there?'—*Baker Orange.*

MORE RECOGNITION FOR MISS KNOPF.

"The John Herrin Art Institute of Indianapolis has asked Professor Nellie A. Knopf of Illinois Woman's College for the privilege of exhibiting her painting "From the Top of Mount Manitou" at their annual exhibition of American paintings to be held during January. This picture is now on exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute in the thirty-fifth annual exhibition of oil paintings by American artists. The Omaha Fine Arts Museum has asked for her painting "Pike's Peak" for its annual exhibition to be held next month. These two canvasses were painted in Colorado last summer, where Professor Knopf spent her vacation."—*From M. E. Board of Education News Bulletin.*

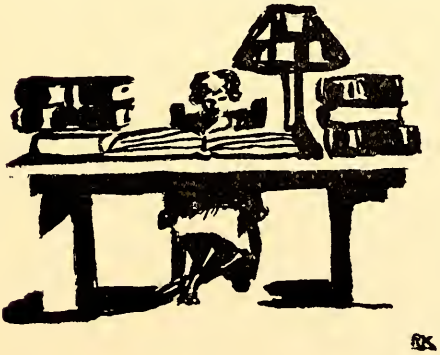
SOME DAY

Some day I'm going to be quite bold and bad. Some day when I have something important to do, like an exam, or an announcement to make, or a part to take in a stunt, I'm going to fool them! I'll get on a train for somewhere and get off at nowhere in particular, and spend the day. If the town has a movie I'll go. If not, I'll eat a ham sandwich in a restaurant and enjoy myself thinking what a stew they are in trying to find me.

Then when I go back I'll walk in quite casually. And someone will say, "What did you think of the exam this morning? What? You weren't there?" And I'll meet somebody who was to be in the stunt and say, "Will the stunt be given tomorrow?" And she'll look surprised,—"Why, didn't it go off in good shape today? By the way, why didn't you come? I had to take your part. It went off all right, tho'." And you'll feel flat, like a balloon with a pin stuck in it, and you'll creep meekly away to study, and resolve to stick around in the future, so they won't find out you're not indispensible.

By One who goes in the elevator first.

Study, study, little girl,
'Til your brain is in a twirl!
I can see your shielded light
In the sma' hours of the night.
Fuddled is your curly head,
And your eyes are growing red,
And the little mouse that likes
To frolic in your room o' nights
Has to stay beneath the floor,
Thinking, "What a deadful bore."
Little lady,
Silly dear,—
Study daily
And don't fear.
Cramming never gets one by,
And it's just no use to try.
Put your curlers on your head,
Say your prayers, and go to bed.



The College Greetings

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MORE OPPORTUNITY

The subject of "Opportunity" has been talked at this generation so often—almost from the day they entered school—that the college student generally resents the mention of the word. I realize this and sympathize, yet I could not but help but translate something that Doctor Harker said in Chapel a few mornings ago in terms of opportunity. He was, you remember, quoting the words of Christ, when he said, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh!" In my mind I put it this way: Take advantage of every opportunity as it presents itself, for the time will come when there will be none.

The great number of clubs and organizations here in school are so many opportunities. Look about you in the class room or at a recital. That girl in front of you is studying voice, she has ambitions to study aboard some day. The girl to her left is a whiz at foreign languages. While the person sitting next to you is majoring in English, with already, they say, something accepted by one of the magazines. There are very few whom you could not classify, for, altho not many people are geniuses nor many more blessed by much talent almost everyone has a natural inclination for something or other. This school, like every school, has realized the fact and has encouraged all organizations

that aid the development of these inclinations. There are the Madrigal and the Glee Clubs for the singer, the Spanish and the French Clubs for the girl interested in languages, the History Club for the world citizen, Scribblers' Club for the would-be-writer, the Dramatic Club for her who likes to act, the Y. W. for the social service and girls' welfare worker—on and on down the list of a great many organizations that we have in school.

It has been said that college places its students in an artificial atmosphere. Like a castle, it protects its inmates from assaults and assailants that would have to be met outside—the hard knocks of life and experience. But to carry the analogy farther, this castle has in it rooms, in which one may take down a sword from the wall and learn to defend oneself from a friendly opponent in anticipation of a more hostile one later on; there are rooms which are hung with armor, lances, and battleaxes, with which one may engage in practice fray; there are rooms where one may wrestle; courts where one may ride. In short, within these walls one may try out one's strength in order to be entirely ready for what one will meet outside when the castle gates are opened and the drawbridge let down. In our analogy, these rooms are the clubs and the organizations here. While you are yet in college, you will probably never meet with real experience; but you can be prepared to meet it by pitting your talents against the talents of those who are interested in the same lines that you are. Take advantage of another of your opportunities.

—D. Dieman.

The Alumnae News, edited by,—well, I've just been trying to find out by whom, and as no one person will plead guilty, I'll name all concerned,—Miss Esther Davis and Miss Genevieve Mount, frequently helped by Miss Miriam McOmber; they can share the glory as they share the work. We have heard it called a "satisfying" paper, and know from personal observation that it is simply "gobbled up" by news-hungry alumnae. It ranks well with other alumnae publications with which we are familiar. The Greetings extends its heartiest good wishes.

OBSERVATIONS OF OPHELIA

In the second violent epidemic of bobbed hair which has hit this institution, it seems as if even the staid and sober souls like Elaine Rosness have fallen from grace. The only thing for the extremists to do now is to have theirs shingled.

The reason that Ethel Morris sold that ton of coal she drew in the Gift Campaign lottery was because Charlotte refused to live with her if she stored it under the bed. Charlotte said that Ethel is a brunette so perhaps it wouldn't have bothered her much but that coal and blondes don't mix.

Sarita said the other day she wished that she were twins, and that one of her had staid in South America while the other came here, so that when she went home she would know what she'd have been like if she hadn't come.

$223 from the Secretarial Dept. dollar signs is a good record and Genevie Blankenship was clever to think of all those ways to get that $20, but Ophelia thinks she can go one better. She herewith submits the following suggestions for endowment money-raisers:

Turning off electric lights.

Polishing the handles on the bureau drawers.

"Fishing" tooth brushes out of the lock-up.

Telling "what the lesson is" at the rate of 5 cents per lesson if it's a chapter, 10 cents if you have to give the pages.

Collecting toll from those walking across Harker Hall bridge after 10 P. M.

Reading and answering a friend's correspondence.

But most renumerative of all would be to establish an agency for dates. I'd suggest 25 cents for a Sunday night, and knock off 10 cents if it included going to Epworth League. Shows ought to be good for 50 cents. We are told that a Date Bureau has actually been established at the University of Chicago.

Martha Logan wrote the play that the Spanish Club presented, and those who were invited say it was the sparrow's lingerie-clasps for cleverness. But Martha told me once she intended to be lawyer, and she ought to be warned that law and play-writing mix about as well as cocoa-cola and chewing gum.

Ruth Webb was telling us how they warbled for endowment on the train. "They handed us *dollar bills,*" she said. One man said, 'It's a good cause', and another one answered, 'It's a *righteous* cause." Amen, brother!

—*Ophelia.*

IN A SOPH'S SCRAP-BOOK

Are found the following bright bits.

"The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
And all the fluffy little geese
Are in the Freshman class."

Never mind, Freshmen—
The cat alone can mew.
The lion is all that roars,
But when it comes to crowing
Just hear the Sophomores!

—*Greetings*

Virginia Gentry (to Miss Merriman in sewing)—Do I gather the sleeve into the arm-hole or the arm-hole into the sleeve?

Miss Abbott—What are the clauses?
M. Slough—Something that grow on cats.

Miss Lobdell—For what is Switzerland famous?
Billie Betcher—Swiss cheese.
Miss L—.O, something greater,—more impressive,—
Billie—Limberger!

—*'Snuff, Soph. Thanks.*

ATTENTION! LES ELEVES de FRANCAIS et ESPANOL

Note: An American printing press lacks accent marks, so the reader must supply her own.

Presque, Mais Pas Entierement

—Et toi, on ne t'a pas demandee en mariage?

—Presque . . je veux dire qu'on s'est deja informe plusieurs foir de ce que je pouvais avoir de dot.

—*L'Illustration.*

Aujourd' hui en Allemagne

—Monsieur, mon bon monsieur*** la charite, s'il vous plait—Donnez-moi deux ou trois cent mille marks pour aller dejeuner?

—*L'Illustration.*

Le DROMADAIRE

Avec ses quatres dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

—*Vanity Fair.*

Miss Esparza to Gertrude Jacquith—Va usted a su sala de clase.

Va usted a su sala de clase.

Gertrude—Si, senor.

Miss Esparza—Pero no soy senor, soy una senorita.

Gertrude—Es que la maestra, la Senorita Johnston, nos ha dicho que las ninas bien educadas deben decir siempre: Si, senor.

Martha Logan—Y para que yo preste a Ud. esa cantidad,; que garantia me propone?

Audrey King—No barta la palabra de una senorita.

Martha—Desde luego; pero, donde esta esa senorita.

IT'S ALL IN HER DAILY ROUTINE.

By Ruby Jensen

A dong-g dong-g dong-g of a bell broke the peaceful silence of the early morning. Gradually there was a scurry and scuffle in the different rooms of the girl's dormitory. There was the banging of doors, and the slamming of many windows for the weather was cold.

In one room alone was stillness. Here Elaine slept peacefully undisturbed by the ringing of the bell or the noise of her neighbors. More banging of doors, and the various neighbors ran by her room on their way down to breakfast. The clock ticked forth the minutes, but still the girl slept on.

The sleeper was hidden under a mass of quilts. After a while the downy covers were shoved upward. Then a curly head was revealed.

"Br-r-r-r it's cold. Wonder what time it is?" drowsily murmured the girl, and with that she blinked one eye, shifted over, put the covers once more over her head, and in a few minutes was fast asleep again.

The clock ticked on. There was more banging of doors and the sound of footsteps through the corridor, for the girls were returning from the dining room. Someone rapped on the sleeping girl's door. There was no answer. Someone turned the knob, but the door was securely fastened.

The clock ticked on. At length there was a loud knocking and rapping on Elaine's door. This time the sleeper stirred. The curly head was again revealed. She finally sat up, rubbed her eyes, and after a few minutes became aware of the sound. "Who's there?"

"It's me," replied a voice—an answer as helpful as it was grammatical. "Do you know you have only fifteen minutes before your English class begins?"

"Honest?" demanded Elaine. With that she sprang out of bed and grabbed frantically for her clothes.

There were no buttons where they were supposed to be.

The stiff piece was off her shoe lace, and it was with maddening haste that she was endeavoring to lace them. She seemed to get nowhere.

Her hair was stubborn, and of course she had to further delay herself by spilling a bottle of ink. There were no blotters handy and a hurried attempt to open a drawer caused it to fall on the floor, spilling its contents.

By the time Elaine was dressed, she was not in a very favorable mood. Again there was a rapping at the door. This time four of her friends entered.

"Are you almost ready?" they demanded.

"I'm slammed together somehow," answered Elaine.

"Got your English book?" asked one of the girls.

"Get it on the shelf for me," ordered Elaine who was dabbing powder on her nose and crunching a cracker.

"There was the bell," called one of them.

With this they rushed off and said, "See you later, old dear!"

Elaine finished buttoning her dress, while dashing down to her English class. Great was her surprise when she reached the classroom to find herself the first one there. She sat down and began hurriedly scanning her lesson, for she had attended a movie the night before and had made no preparation.

After a few minutes, she wondered why her classmates did not appear. And then it dawned upon her with disgusting realization. It was Sunday.

The color has faded from cheeks once so red.
Sharp pains are shooting all thru my head.
I feel as if I were nearly dead.
But what do I care if my cheeks lack red,
Or for billions of pains shooting all thru my head,
Or for feeling as if I were really dead—
My French is translated!

—Lena Bennett.

PRIVILEGES

What do you think of the privileges at I. W. C.? Your attitude toward your college is determined to a great extent by your idea of the privileges you are given. You cannot be satisfied in your work if you always think that you are being mistreated, and that someone has made rules just to spite you.

Girls, we are the ones who make the rules. Our actions determine whether the privileges shall be many or few. If we think we do not have enough liberty let us work and show that we are deserving of more, and that we will not abuse it. It is hard for anyone to decide where the line should be drawn, and we should not make it harder by finding fault. When over two hundred girls are brought together and are forced to abide by the same rules, some mistakes will be made of course, but it is better to have the rules a little too strict than to have them too lax. Our rules are not too strict and our privileges are not too few. If you do not believe this, take our brown book and compare it with such books from other schools. You will feel that we are very fortunate. I have investigated and have asked questions, and have found that in the average woman's college the girls are allowed to go very few places without a chaperon; in fact, they are often not allowed in town alone. Here we are trusted and we should feel the responsibility. Girls, let's not crab because there are some rules that do not please us, but think of the many privileges we have and be glad that we are fortunate enough to be I. W. C. girls.

—*Kathleen Shirley*

Mrs. Prof.—"Are you quite sure you are true to me?"

Mr. Prof.—"Why of course, dear, what an absurd question."

Mrs. Prof.—"Well then, kindly explain who this Violet Ray is you are always talking about."—*Ohio Northern Review.*

Ruth—"Do you like indoor sports?"

Dorothy—"Yes, if they go home early."—*Baker Orange.*

JOBS FOR THE SENIORS.

"Go West, young woman!" shout the Seniors. They are inspired with the pioneering spirit, and are preparing to make a charge on the western high schools next fall, armed with their diplomas and teacher's certificates.

Flo has the route studied out on the time-table until she knows just where on the Santa Fe road she is going to purchase a newspaper. Ruth Webb and Billie practice nightly shooting at a bulls-eye. Alma gets out in the hall with a lariat and tries to lasso the drinking-fountain. Flossie Weber can't decide whether to offer her services to Wyoming or Arizona, and with her usual reckless nature she will probably flip a coin to decide. Eloise is collecting pictures of cow-boys. And really, with Helen Massie with a position already, although it isn't in the west, and with Ada and Dorothy Mae taking the Home Ec. Civil Service exams at Springfield, it begins to look as if jobs for the Seniors might be more than talk.

Gert Unversaw is the most troublesome rebel to the Western policy. She has an office job at Washington, D. C. as her aim. Well, perhaps we'd better let her go, so that the East will know that there is a class of '23, while the rest of us are invading the Golden West..

—*M. F.*

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE WEST

By Irma Sturdevant

The Round House

The "Round House" is a typical Indian dance hall on the old Rosebud Sioux reservation. It is, as the name implies, round and constructed of logs.

There is so much to observe, that upon first entering the room, one's mind seems to be conscious of nothing more definite than a confusion of noises, colors and odors.

The old squaws sit upon the floor on one side of the hall. Although the time of the year may be midsummer and the heat

most intense, nevertheless the squaw will be wrapped in her shawl with only dark shiny hair and bright black eyes showing above the gaily colored raiment. Most of the Indian women may be puffing at the stub of a cigarette while they endeavor to quiet the restless children.

Standing on the opposite side of the room from the semi-circle of women and children are the old chiefs disdainful of their surrounding but conscious of their own most picturesque and ornate dress.

On a long bench apart from the others, sits a group of coy Indian girls, chattering and laughing while their bright roving eyes glance around at the window where groups of cowboys are watching the progress of the dance.

In the center of the hall a small group of Indians is congregated around a tom-tom which emits a muffled tattoo. To this rhythmic beating, a number of the tribal host sing in wierd voices a monotonous tune which increases in volume and speed as the dance progresses and the gestures of the performers become wilder and more free.

Between the dances one of the old warriors advances toward the center of the room and proceeds to give in full detail the exploits of some Indian hero.

The dance continues until daybreak. The crowd then disperses and each family leaves for its own place of abode.

The Broncho

The eager crowd thrilled with the excitement of the day's sport. With breathless anticipation, it waited for the next broncho and rider to bound from the chute into the arena.

Nightmare, number three on the programme, was a small gray pony. Fiery black pupils shone in the large whites of his eyes, eyes which glittered with temper and defiance.

There was a sharp cry. Cowboy and pony sprang from the chute. Like one body the crowd arose in the grand stand. A low gasp passed over the throng. The people held their breaths.

With a reckless cry, the cowboy waved his hat over his head and dug the spurs into his horses-flanks. The pony reared and bucked. White foam dripped from its mouth, and blood from the gray flanks, where the spurs had pierced. The horse leaped forward, suddenly lowering its head, and finally succeeded in pitching his exhausted rider to the ground. The pony then bounded over near the grandstand and leaped the fence, which surrounded the arena. Cowboys, Indians and other onlookers fled in every direction to escape the path of this desperate outlaw horse. When the spectators turned, they saw the cowboy being carried from the field.

Those who had traveled great distances to see the contest felt that they had had ample introduction into the ways of the west. They had seen an actual western drama, enacted on western soil. The actors had lived their parts and the play had progressed without prearrangement of plot or outline.

SEALED BIDS

The Hon. H. C. Vise is president of the National Bank, owns the Lindell Hotel and over a thousand acres of land, and lives in the nicest house in town. He is always interested in the community, and uses his time and money freely for any worthy reform.

Dr. J. H. Boster, a retired doctor, is president of the Peoples' Bank, owns a farm or two, and lives in the largest house in town. He too is interested in the welfare of the people, but it is because he can not allow Vise to receive all the praise. When the subscriptions for any drive are taken, Boster always waits until Vise has made his pledge so that he will be able to subscribe fifty cents more. In private life he is a confirmed tight-wad. He considers it useless to spend money, or help people when such aids will not be known to the public. There is always some current joke about him. They say that as he was driving in from the farm last week a man asked him for a lift. He studied a moment and

said, "Well get in. I don't suppose it will take any more gasoline."

Vise and Boster, for the last ten years, have been trying to buy the same ten acres of land,—Vise, to finish out a section, and Boster, to keep him from finishing that section.

The plot of ground was put up for sale last week to be sold by bid to the highest bidder. The people were excited about the sale, not because there were so many bidders,—there were only two, but because of the quality of them—the two most be influential citizens.

Boster gave his bid first. He took a pad from the table and wrote in heavy figures as if the land already belonged to him, $501.00. He had heard, in some mysterious way, that Vise was going to bid $500.00. He was very much pleased with himself. He tore the sheet off and handed the pad to Vise.

Vise prepared to write. There, impressed on the paper, was Boster's bid,—$501.00. With the business man's conscience he wrote $502.00.

Boster cannot understand what caused Vise to bid $502.00. Vise in confiding to a friend said, "I may explain to him some day."

—*Lena Bennett.*

MY TREE

All beauty of the world
Is summed up in my tree.
'Tis winter, and my tree
Is warring with the cold.
His giant muscles swell beneath the bark.

He knows that he must die,
But fears not, since he knows
His beauty is enshrined
Forever in our hearts.
May our lives, too, be worthy of remembrance.

—'26

EXCHANGES

We have tried to lengthen the Exchange list this year and to include in it the publications of various kinds of schools. We are going to add a few more names to the list before the close of the year. At present we are exchanging with the following magazines:

The Smith College Monthly.
The Mt. Holyoke Round Table.
The Kentucky Cardinal of the University of Louisville.
The Purple Parrot of Rockford College.
The Daedalian Monthly of Texas College of Industrial Art.
The Frances Shimer Record.
St. Mary's Chimes of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame.
The Dearborn Independent, the Ford National Weekly.
The New Student.

Mildred Brown (relating Christmas experiences)—"O, the weather was perfectly wonderful while I was home—the nights were perfect—and the *moonlight*—! (Pause) Heavens, but my lips are chapped!"

Sarita—If I take this train what time will I get to Indianapolis?

Miss Johnston—O, some ungodly hour.

Sarita—I don't want that. I am no heathen!

Catherine Stephenson approves of cold plunges. She thinks that they are "easier than washing your face and hands, because you don't hesitate so long over them."

Johnny Atherton—"Grand-daddy Harker, where is that thing they say is on top of your head? That *bald* they say is on top of your head. I don't see it!"

Miss Neville—"When you get a new pair of golashes everyone will know of it, or rather they will hear of it."

"CANDY, MISTER?"

Say, collegians, can't you remember way back—

When you as a youngster used to say that when you got big you were going to own a soda fountain or a candy shop so that you could have all the good stuff you wanted to eat,—when you used to even envy the "barkers" who with their carefree "two fer a nick, five a dime," used to pass through the crowds that had gathered in the Court House yard to hear the weekly band concert—'cause they could eat whatever candy and popcorn they didn't sell?

Of course "them days is gone forever." But remember the Saturday night just before Christmas when a gang of us sold candy in the movie houses for endowment? Could you ever forget how deucedly cold it was when you dared to even so much as stick your nose out of the door? That night my ambition of a life time was realized! I had become a candy barker,—not at a summer band concert or under the "big top", but on the streets of Jacksonville, with the snow just beginning to fall fast enough to keep one moving if he wished to avert being turned into a snow man, and not only moving but talking. People like to be kidded, and the more you kid them the more they buy. Perhaps my experience as one of "those wild traveling women" did brace my nerve, or maybe it was just the cause. It was cold, but say, we did sell that candy! though confidentially, I'd hate to do it for a living. But I'd prefer it to taking in scrubbing. And anyway, "The first hundred years are always the hardest."

—*M. E. Logan, '25*

Mae Virgin suggests this motto for I. W. C.:

"Boost, and the world boosts with you,
Knock, and you're on the shelf;
For the world gets sick of the one who kicks,
And wishes she'd kick herself."

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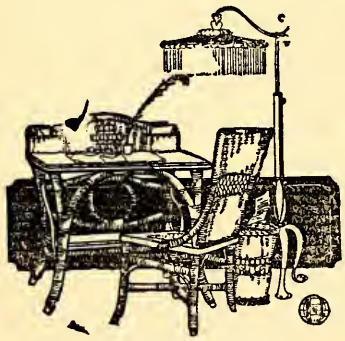

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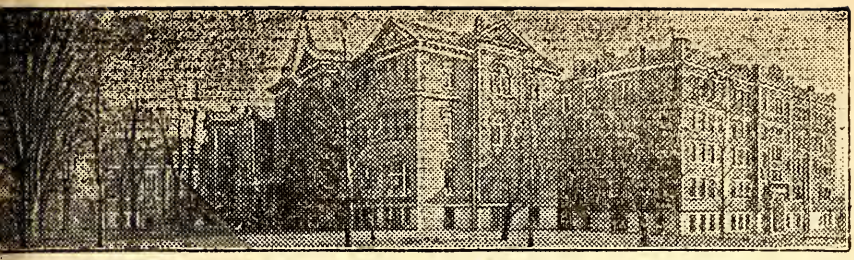

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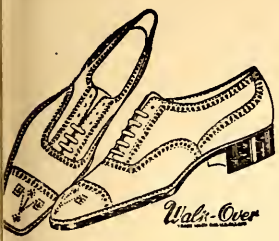

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—*Mt. Union Dynamo*

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Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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ACUTE PERSONITIS

I have often wondered how Noah felt during those seven months when he had to live with all of the animals that were ever created. The timid little earthworm, the arrogant lion; the bashful little squirrel, the forward skunk; the beautiful peacock, the homely owl; the graceful but treacherous snake gliding along its path, the awkward but good-hearted hippopotamus grunting and thumping along—all were there. Yes, all the forefathers of the generations to come were there, and Noah had, I suppose, to adjust himself to their moods and individual virtues.

Every time I think of this world of ours, that fact—the fact that Noah had to go through a regular patience training school, comes to my mind. Each of us is a Noah, and at the same time, one of the animals in God's ark. We each have to put up with so many different kinds of specimens unlike us, and each and all of them have to put up with us.

In this little world of ours you find the elephant with his striking personality, the gay little butterfly, the slow turtle, the sly fox, the proud rooster, the greedy wolf, the impertinent hyena, the loving doves, the self-sacrificing pelicans,and so forth. But—I wonder if Noah deserves, after all, as much credit as some of us? I wonder if *he* had to put up with any animal suffering from what I call "Acute Personitis"—a disease so common in some of the human species.

When trying to be nice and sociable, did he have to just sit on deck and listen to the heroic and sublime deeds of one of the members of his menagerie, or of one of its relatives?

Can you swim a hundred yards?Why,*she* could swim two hundred when just fifteen years old!Does your mother miss you? Oh, her mother simply can't live without her and wants her to come back home. Do you have a picture of a lovely and magnicent mountain? Oh, she wishes you could see the Rockies! When *she* was there—and then follows an endless array of details. Have you a date? Oh dear! She was so busy she turned down two.

And then her family! If you should remark that your father saw, in some museum, the socks which Washington wore when he became President, she is liable to tell you *her* father saw the sword with which Adam killed his mother-in-law!

Well, if Noah had any such specie, I presume he threw it overboard and thus got rid of it, but we, the descendants, have to suppress our desires and to do our very best with a sickly smile and an occasional: "Well."—"Isn't that nterestng!"—"Well." "Oh, wasn't that nice!"—"My, did you ever!"—"Well— —"

—Sarita.

THE OPEN MEETING

Miss Mary Johnston recalls a neglected tradition.

President Wilson of Princeton once said that a custom of four years' standing is established in the undergraduate mind as inviolable tradition. Similiarly one finds that a custom once discontinued passes into ancient history, a part of the past and totally dissociated from the present. One of the one-time traditions, the lost customs, of the Woman's College is the Oper Society Meeting. The undergraduate of today has never seen one, and listens to accounts of them with the polite deference accorded to things of a dim and distant past.

The Open Meeting! Dates were fixed far ahead. The program was planned and prepared for weeks and months in advance. The thought was an incentive to higher standards of work on the weekly programs. Week by week the programs for the regular meetings were posted, read by the crowds passing in and out of the old chapel door, criticised,produced and discussed. "We had such an interesting paper" or "That was an exciting debate" was then a common enough remark at the Tuesday dinner-table. Meantime, Sig and Phi held their regular meetings, open meetings, the Joint Debate. The night of an open meeting on The Hill an anxious society president has been seen dash-

ing through the corridors down here, ordering out her girls. "I can't help what you have to do, and I don't care! We've got to have a crowd out for those open meetings, or Sig and Phi won't come to ours!" So they went, to listen critically during the program and compliment their hosts politely as they left.

On the appointed evening the chapel stage was set with the table belonging to the society, with the usual two chairs behind it. Two pianos were out, and the music stand in sight. The anxious ushers, youngest of their society, dressed in their best gowns, were moving up and down the aisles. The president was not yet in sight, but was watching the crowd assemble. Her own girls came in, in evening dress, to sit down in front. The proper formal invitations had been sent to the other societies down here and on The Hill. The other girls came out in force—they wanted a crowd for their own meetings later. Most of the faculty were there. Dr. Harker of course was there, interested as usual in everything the girls did. Some faithful alumnae were out, and—yes, there came the boys, and the house was well filled. The boys sat strung out across the rear, except the few daring souls who went to sit down in front right and left of the center group.

Eight o'clock. The president came out to take her place behind the table. Just behind her came the secretary. With this occasion in mind a handsome girl was always elected for recording secretary. The two were so pretty and so serious that the audience applauded. But the president rose sternly to pound the table with her gavel. "The meeting will please come to order!" It did. In due form the chaplain took charge of the devotional exercises. The minutes of the last open meeting were read and approved. Then the program really began. The president rose. "The secretary will call the first number on the program." The secretary rose. "Violin solo, Miss Blank." Miss Blank rose from her seat below. "Miss President." "Miss Blank, ladies and gentlemen." Miss Blank and her accompanist proceeded to the platform. Of course she was their star, musical-

ly, and they had worked on this number for weeks. The program was clicked off neatly and smoothly. There might be no debate this time, perhaps, but their best writers had done essay, short story, poem and sketch. The best of their readers read her best selection. The last number was music again. At the last open meeting of the year before another society had put on a piano duet and a vocal trio. So now the secretary called four names. That was why two pianos were out! The eight-hand number was a grand success. In due form they voted to dispense with the business meeting, and the meeting was formally adjourned. The other presidents had been mentally reviewing or revising their programs, and even as all rose for the society song one was radiant with a sudden inspiration. She would have two girls put on a chalk-talk, a poem illustrated by cartoons! Everyone congratulated everyone else, and the open meeting was over.

OBSERVATIONS OF OPHELIA

Won't some organization please publish an I. W. C. dormitory directory? After chasing clear to the end of Miss Miner's corridor after Dot Dean I find she has moved to third Harker. A list of new room-mate combinations with reasons for changing would no doubt be appreciated by the persons concerned as well as their curious friends.

"What is the college coming to?" shrieked the Atlantic Monthly and the National Geographic when the magazine stand was moved from its place in the center of the library to make room for reception furniture. "Never before in history—" "Yes, once before," groaned the magazine stand as it was hauled away. "Make yourselves as heavy as possible my dears, so that this time will be the last."

Wasn't the reception lovely? How strange it was to walk in evening dress down corridors, where one had that morning hooked up on the way to an eight o'clock class, and to see ferns

and a davenport where the garbage can had been. And everything went so smoothly,—my room-mate's cousin's friend did not send red roses, as I feared, but a delicate shade that blended with my yellow gown, and Miss R. S. V. P. and her mystified escort met without undue difficulty.

Dr. Brummitt told us that a subscriber wrote to him demanding that the Epworth Herald eliminate its jokes and use the space for prayer meeting testimonies. We hadn't thought of it before, but perhaps Greetings readers are similarly dissatisfied. Just tell Ophelia if you are, dears. She has a pull with the editor.

Dixie Bly thinks that the reason more Freshmen than Seniors leave school to get married is because by the time they reach the last years "the marrying kind have been weeded out." Surely it is not the weeds that are first plucked!

"What did Kipling and Dr. Brummitt say about broken dinner-knives?" challenged the Soph as she deftly mixed salad with a shoe-spoon.

—*Ophelia*

AT I. W. C.

I pull at it and bruise my fingers. I put all my strength against it and still I am too weak. I coax, I rave, I talk to it. The time is passing—soon the last minute will be here and all my efforts will have been useless. Still, I will not give up! Unmindful of my tired arms and failing breath I try again. No use—my skirt band will not meet. I have gained.

—Vic.

MR. PETTERDON'S FIRST SERMON.

Young Mr. Petterdon sat in his study, working on the logical sequence of the points in his sermon,— his first real sermon, in his first parish, for the next Sunday. Over his desk was a print of "Christ in the Temple". At his elbow was Ward's "Fundamentals of Doctrine".His Bible lay open at the concordance, where technical little markings tried to make logical order out of a beautiful chaos of thought. Mr. Petterdon looked the scholar as he knit his brows and set down his points on paper,I. a. b. c. (1), (2). Conscientiously he strove to clarify and build a solid case for his thesis, the necessity for unswerving righteousness. He would do this by telling the world plainly what the Bible said about Sin and its wages, Death.

A most defiant "honk" broke in upon his pondering. Looking from the study window, he saw a motor truck jammed with merry-makers on their way to the country, bursting thru the sunshine of the quiet street. He knew the type by observation. They would come home at night, shrieking songs, men and women piled upon one another in half-drunken indifference. It was with real concern that Mr. Petterdon watched them whiz by. Then he prayed, earnestly, that he might bring such people to see the error of their ways, and lead them thru the acceptance of Christ to become holy. And the God he prayed to was an anxious-eyed God who gave sinners understanding thru punishment, and tried them with stern laws.

He returned to sin in the abstract, and his sermon. He brought his arguments to the point, and piled evidence on evidence. It was a straight-forward talk,—he did not mention the boundless sea or the beauteous heavens during the course of it. He did not quote a poem at the end. But one versed in human nature, on reading the manuscript, could have seen the flaw.

Mr. Petterdon's parents had had family prayer every evening; half of the prayer was for the heathen, one-fourth for civilized sinners, and the remainder for the immediate family that

they might be spotless. Once in his youth Mr. Petterdon had "swiped" an apple, when on his way home from school. His conscience hurt him when he ate it. It hurt worse that night; by the next day the act had grown into a crime. He put a nickel in the farmer's mail box. He still felt stained. The scripture reading that night was about "whited sepulchres", or those who though outwardly rightoeus had hidden guilt. The boy went to the farmer and confessed. The fact that he was laughed at and given two apples did not lessen the great mental relief.

At the age of eighteen he had gone to visit relatives in a near-by town. His young cousin "got him a date" with a young damsel of the neighborhood and they went buggy-riding. In those days one could jog cozily along in the dusk without the danger of being knocked off the road by a touring car. Mr. Petterdon was an absolute blank on the subject of women. The prospect of the "date" had dismayed him, but that was nothing compared to his horror when on reaching a quiet road his cousin in the front seat put his arm about his companion and gave her an emphatic kiss. It that was horror it was positive terror when his girl, a round-faced,crude little thing,snuggled close and gazed at him coyly. He looked at her as one would a dirty child who got too friendly, and moved over to the edge of the seat. She was not desirable, it is true, being over-confident and smug, and odorous of cheap perfume. So the one path by which Mr. Petterdon might have escaped from his extreme righteousness was cut off by unfavorable circumstances. But even had the element of cheapness been eliminated from the situation, I doubt if he would have fallen—then.

All of this history accounts for the fact that Mr. Petterdon was seeking to eradicate sin by denouncing sinners. He had never been one.

It was the Friday night before the Sunday on which he would make his public denouncement of unrighteousness, and his debut into the clerical world. Mr. Petterdon dressed himself carefully, not from personal pride, but to uphold the honor

of his profession, and betook himself to the home of Mrs. Black, the wife of a church pillar and the strength that upheld it, who was giving a reception for the new pastor. In spite of his conscientious seriousness he made a good appearance as he stood beside the hostess and greeted the guests. His hair was black and sleek; his head was well-shaped, coming down at the back in the curved line that betrays a sensitive refinement. His nose was straight—his eyes dark and severe.

Mrs. Black was in her element. Beamingly she marshalled her guests by the guest of honor, who was playing his part nobly in his first encounter with a receiving line.

The Misses Carters, the inevitable old-maid sisters of any congregation, had just gushed by, and there was a lull. Mr. Petterdon raised his eyes. On the wide stairway stood a vision! The soft, silky whiteness of its gown gleamed against the dark stairs. The soft smooth whiteness of its hand rested lightly on the mahogany rail. The lustre of pearls shown in its dusky high-piled hair. Its lashes were black against its white cheek. There was an exquisite outline from firm chin down the graceful neck to bare white shoulder. The vision descended, one lovely slippered foot floating after the other. Mr. Petterdon closed his eyes. He could feel it coming, and held his breath.

Mrs. Black was saying his name. He opened his eyes,—he was gazing into two soft gray ones that were like a caress. "Mr.Petterdon,this is my dear friend from the East,"--the name he did not hear. His throat said something, and his mind told him after she had gone, that her hand was cool and soft and her lips were red—red—

The evening passed. The new pastor conversed, nibbled Nabiscos, listened with appreciation to the little Griggs girl's trembly little violin solo. But the mind and spirit of Mr. Petterdon were in a tumult, for never before in his thirty serious years had he met a truly fascinating woman. She was standing in the dark doorway,—her skirt in the fashion of the year, was

short, her foot was tiny,—her ankles—the word "ankles", hitherto very abstract and in vague bad repute in his mind, now sought to fit itself in with his vocabulary,—her ankles were —sweet!

That night a strange Mr. Petterdon laid him down to sleep, —one who had forgotten all about right and wrong and his approaching crusade. All night long he was floating over valley, hill and stream, pursuing a vision with white limbs, red lips and dusky hair—

In Mrs. Black's guest room the vision and her hostess were discussing the evening.

"Does Mr. Petterdon always blush when he meets people?" asked the vision, winding the dusky hair on cruel-looking curlers.

"I think, Gladys, that he was very much taken with you. Now dear, you are still a bit of a flirt, I know, but don't waste your time on Mr. Petterdon, because he is a very sober young man and no woman could make much of an impression on him."

"Oh," said the vision sweetly. But the caressing eyes twinkled as she screwed the last curler into place.

Mr. Petterdon went mechanically thru his morning watch, then walked to his desk and picked up some papers lying there. She was from the East—what spot on earth was worthy of such a goddess? What was this he was fumbling with anyway—O yes—his sermon to be sure, his sermon for tomorrow—and she would some day return—yes, his *first* sermon—he must declaim it again; "My text this morning," said Mr. Petterdon to the study wall, "is Psalms 50: 22,—'Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces.' "

That night they sat on Mrs. Black's porch; Mrs. Black, with her cheerful, contented gossip, rocking violently in her favorite chair, Mr. Petterdon on the steps, not lounging gracefully, but feet side by side, hands clasped, a humble worshipper of the vision, who reposed regally in a camp chair, gazing at the neophyte beneath dusky lashes.

"Mrs. Black," spoke the goddess, "before I go home you must tell me the magic herbs you use in making lemonade. No one back East makes it as you do."

This having the natural result of removing Mrs. Black to the kitchen to work with mint and lemon, the goddess looked at Mr. Petterdon and curved her lips in a slow, sweet smile. Two minutes later they were under the trees to see the moonlight thru the branches. She couldn't see him plainly enough on the porch to see if he were really stirred; she didn't really want him to yield completely,—just enough to know that if she wanted him to, he would,— just enough to be sure that she could still play her game: his profile was so stern, there in the moonlight. Perhaps he wasn't—if she could only see his eyes—

Mr. Petterdon was bewildered. He wanted to look at her, but this strange tenseness made him turn away. She was coming up to him—she was there beside him,looking into his face—how unspeakably lovely, the whiteness and the sweet nearness of her, the tenderness of her lips—a strange Mr. Petterdon to the surprise of the old Mr. Petterdon reached out and took her in his arms.

"You must—let me go," the vision gasped. The new Mr. Petterdon bent to her lips. "You fool," she said tensely, "I'm married. Let me go!" He jerked back. "See!" She held up her hand to show the plain gold band.

A moment when time stopped. Then,—*"I don't care!"* cried Mr. Petterdon, and took one glorious kiss. Then he walked straight out of the gate, down the street, and into the country. He sat down by the side of the road and remembered how it felt to kiss her. Then he closed his eyes and tried to forget all about himself by thinking of paving bricks and Wall street and other impersonal things. Then he opened his eyes and thought about himself again and it came rushing over him from the back of his mind where he had it all dammed up that he, a professor and teacher of The Law, had coveted his neighbor's wife. He thought of the morning and his sermon on righteousness, and

got up and staggered down the road a bit. Then he lay down on the grass and buried his face in it and lay there for a long, long time. Toward morning a very pale Mr. Petterdon went home.

The congregation gathered promptly that bright Sunday morn. There was an eager interest in the air.

"Young Petterdon looks scared," said an usher to the presiding elder. "Not that I wouldn't be."

The rather wan young pastor gave the prayer and announced the hymns tremblingly. But when he stepped to the pulpit for the sermon he looked more calmly into the attentive faces. The firm, stern line of his mouth was gone, but in his eyes was a shy friendliness. "My text is Psalm 103, verses 15 and 16." Then with a kindly confidence, " 'He knoweth our frame,' " read Mr. Petterdon. " 'He remembereth that we are dust.' "

—Margaret Fowler.

The simple and dignified letter of appeal read to us in chapel the other morning is a cause for thought. When one who was a member of our college family is in need of the fundamentals of life,—bread, meat, shoes,—with the income of 5000 marks from his estate worth seven loaves of bread, because of the colossal wreck of his country, the trouble of Europe seems near. Something that the eye cannot see goes with the more substantial message from Jacksonville, Illinois to Professor Otto Soldon, Hellmundstrasse 38, Wiesbaden, Germany.

"Illinois Woman' College
View North Along Hedge."

"Our country is a Garden, but such gardens are not made
By singing "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done;
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one."

From **The Glory of the Garden.** —Rudyard Kipling.

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NEEDED—EFFICIENCY

Service! That's our motto! Shine? Shampoo? Sandwiches? Dressmaking? Delivering? Doughnuts? Cleaning? Curling? Candy? Everybody's working! Formerly fastidious females besmire themselves with shoe polish. Those who mometer stand around in awe waiting for a chance to shell nuts get on the Honor Roll but who perhaps never saw a candy ther- or fold boxes for their friends who talk so familiarly in cooking terms. I. W. C. is after Endowment! It is a great educational process, for an unquestionable purpose, and is, incidentally, fun because it is novel.

And therein lies the danger. A college campaign must avoid being like a sky-rocket, that goes off in a flare of glory and fizzles down to a dead stick.

There is enough energy, ability, and real devotion to our plans here to keep us humming with activity 'til we see the thing thru. Put yourself behind your particular endowment job with all your heart, yes,—but use your mind, too. Conserve your energy. *All* your time for endowment *now* means all your time for neglected lessons later. Effort,—*steady, efficient* effort! That will give us a glorious victory in June, 1923.

THE SOCIETIES: A PROBLEM.

An unnamed contributor revives an old problem from a new view-point.

The Societies here in school claim the interest and curiosity of the new students more, perhaps,than any other organization. Yet we who are members of them realize how little reason they have to promote such interest.

Doubtless they were started with firm purposes and strong ideals, altho both seem now to be irrevocably lost. I surmise that literary study and fellowship were prominent in those first aims, but at present there is only a passive interest in the former and the latter seems to be entirely lacking. There are oil and water personalities, as there are oil and water politics, and the two will not mix. Society does not promote congeniality, as it is taken for granted that it does. The greatest place for that is at the dinner table, and yet we all have spent many weeks at the table with some girls who, on account of the difference of their tastes and ideas, would never be more than acquaintances. Throwing people together will not necessarily make them friendly.

The societies are now almost useless institutions. What is the remedy? We have been told that when there was rushing and unrestricted bidding many girls had their college lives marred and some even left school because they did not "make" a society; yet does one go home because one does not get on the Honor Roll? Surely personality should be put on the same basis as brains. Nor should it be a disgrace not to fit into a particular group of people. The world would certainly be a monotonous place if we were all in the same crowd. Still, as this is a trait of human nature, it must be taken into account. The solution might be found in instilling strong purposes once more in the societies. We must take into consideration the fact that people cannot be banded together successfully unless they do have a purpose in mind. It may be only a social one or it

may be a serious constructive one, yet the *purpose* must be there. In the case of the societies here, the purpose would not be social, for a social purpose is the outgrowth of fellowship, which we have not; rather it would be educational, perhaps on the order of the purposes of the women's literary clubs or drama leagues. The question now arises whether we want any more organizations added to the list of those that we have already, for the societies would become merely organizations in such a case.

There is one more light in which the matter might be viewed before we abandon it entirely: let the number of the societies be increased so as to correspond with the number of outstanding and individual groups in school. Then there will be society types and cliques, you say, which are evils to be guarded against. But are they evils? There will always be cliques. Girls of like tastes will always gravitate together. Why should it be more wrong that these groups be termed 'societies", than that they merely exist? The advantage would be three-fold: such societies composed of girls who would, under any circumstances, seek each other's company would be the strongest of ties between the students and the school; they would be internally congenial (which they are not now); and they would be outwardly useful (because congeniality creates useful activity).

Societies as they are now are admittedly a failure; as they were two years ago they were likewise unsuccessful. In this progressive age, failures are to be left behind, not carried into the future. Let us abandon societies or make them a success.

—S. O. S.

Do you agree? Silence gives consent. Put your opinion in the Greetings box for the March issue.

Vivian DeWitt (to Grace Walker who is drumming on the piano this Saturday night)—"Can you play 'Tomorrow'?"

Grace—"No. I don't play on Sunday."

LOCALISMS

The persons mentioned are guaranteed guilty.

Miss Abbott (illustrating construction in English comp.) " 'If the milk disagrees with the baby, boil it.'What would that be?"

Madeline Lowther—"Murder."

Gladys Madden (in Psych.)—"Mrs. Weber, do you think people ever grow crazy worrying about things?"

Mrs. Weber—"Why, yes."

Gladys—"One time I worried until my head began to buzz."

Mrs. Weber—"Well, did you stop?"

"What language are you going to teach your children, Sarita? Spanish or English?"

"Both. We'll talk Spanish in the day time and English at night—and we'll go to bed early."

Freshman in sewing class—"The Industrial Revolution? What was it? Who won?"

Dorothy Mae is reading her dietetics paper to Ruth Webb for the latter's education and enlightenment. Looking up, she catches Ruth in a yawn.

"Can you understand it?" asks D. M. sternly. "I have just mentioned 'obesity'. Do you know what that is?"

"It's what I'm not," replies Ruth.

"Yes," says D. M. "You're the opposite. You're emancipated."

There are jokes on the advertising pages—read them — *and the adds too.*

SPECIALS

The corridor phone had jingled ever so many times each day, and June who lived next door to it, ever conscientious, always answered it if she were anywhere around. Very frequently the voice at the other end of the wire said, "Will you tell Mary Evans she has a special delivery letter?"

Or sometimes it was Marion Iles or Frances Percy who were so favored, and once in a while it was someone else, but never had it been June Black. Once or perhaps twice when she answered the phone, the voice had said, "Will you please tell June Black that she is wanted at the office?" but the thrills vanished when she found she was wanted to pay a music bill or get a book.

In fact June had become so pessimistic over the subject of any good coming out of a telephone that she had resolved that, if ever she had a home of her own, a telephone would have no place in it. Furthermore, to avoid listening to its ring, so pleasant for some people, she adopted the practice of studying always in the library, far off from such disturbing noise.

The subject of "specials" still bothered her. She frequently had to see them piled upon the desk in the office; and while she strove womanfully to keep her glance away, she couldn't help wondering if the girl in the office would some day say, "June, did you get your special?"

The first weeks of school passed on into months and Christmas came without even one special to enliven the whole period. Why didn't her friends and relatives realize that they were college necessities?

On the eve of her return to college after the Christmas holidays, she rose and thus addressed the gathering of friends and family who had dropped into the Black home for a final visit:

"I have an ultimatum to make unto you. I like my college very much, and am quite willing to go back there and stay—upon one condition—that occasionally some of you present me

with a special delivery letter. I desire to be waked up on Sunday morning with the pleasant news, 'You have a special. Shall I get it for you?' Now all of you remember: unless I receive what I desire by the end of this semester, I return unto you!"

And the family agreed. "All right," they said, "We'll remember."

The first Sunday after the holidays, June woke early to listen for the telephone's ring. Not that she was going to answer it herself, for then no one but her room-mate would know she had a special. But all day long she listened, and though the phone rang many times, there was no call for her. Her letter home that afternoon was a jumble of desires to be haughty and disdainful, and pleas of "Please send a special." All during the week her eyes strayed to the pile of "specials" upon the desk, but the pile always melted away into other people's hands.

"O, what a family I have," she thought. "Do you suppose they don't want me to come back second semester?"—the awful idea left her dazed. "I'd no idea I might have to stop school, but I won't go back on my word," and June almost cried herself to sleep that night.

Mother's letters during the week were as cheery and newsy as ever, but no mention was made of the special delivery letter, nor did Dad mention it when he sent a check.

The end of the semester drew nearer, and the longed for letters did not arrive. Nightly tear baths did not agree with June's eyes or her disposition the next morning.

"Did I ever desire to stop college?" she wondered. "Why it's the only place to be. And the family must expect me to come home or they'd send at least one letter. They didn't want me to come much last fall—would rather I had stayed at home this winter. Maybe they think if I don't care more about coming back than I do about a Special, I won't have to. But I want to!"

And her room-mate groaned as she turned over in bed.

It was Thursday of exam week and only two more days

until the end of the semester. Her mother and father had mentioned neither coming home or staying. What should she do? After two early, fervent appeals, she had not said anything more to the family. What were they expecting her to do? The worry was not especially conducive to good examinations.

That afternoon after the English History exam, and when only Math was left to be dreaded, June went for a stroll. Just as she was going out of the door she met Jean Blake, a Junior of whom she stood much in awe, and with whom she had little communication, except to return laundry which was invariably mixed with hers. They started down the street together, chatting about the usual things,—exams, between semester recess, and home.

"You know," Jean said, "I've been getting the queerest specials from home the last few weeks. Whoever wrote 'em would usually say, 'I haven't time to write much, but hope just the special will satisfy you.' I couldn't make out the postmark, but I'm sure it wasn't from home."

June breathed a deep sigh. "I wish the folks would send me a special sometime, but I guess the St. Ann post office doesn't sell special delivery stamps or know what they mean."

"Do you live at St. Ann?" Jean demanded. "That's what the postmark on my letters looked like, but I'd never heard of the place, and wasn't sure. Maybe those letters are yours! Here's the last one I got."

June breathed a deep breath of gladness—It was hers!!

"I thought the writing didn't look just like mother's but she runs her letters together so queerly one can hardly read them," Jean remarked casually, unmindful of the effect of the letter on June. "I heard you weren't coming back next semester. You are, aren't you?"

"Am I?" June forgot her awe of the Junior. "Say, wild horses couldn't keep me away!"

—Alma Blodget.

JIMMIE AT THE BASKET BALL GAME

Jimmie, aged seven, was leaning over the rail in the I. W. C. gym. He was visiting his sister Nancy, and, though he had been until the present moment awed into silence by the preponderance of females (with the elevator as his only consolation), it was now necessary for sister to clutch his coat to keep him from pitching head-long into the inter-class finals.

"Say, Sis, who are those two girls in the white ring? Why does one look so mad at the other?"

"The other always gets the toss-up, Jimmie. Do sit still."

"Why does the big one get the toss-up?"

"She's taller."

"Why doesn't shorty get her a chair to stand on. O, look at that girl on the line. Why does she try not to fall over the line?"

"Because she's a side-center."

"Why do they call her a side when she tries so hard to stay in the middle?—Haw! Haw! Haw! that fat girl fell down.Haw! Haw!—why can't I laugh? It's funny. Say, is that your room-mate tryin' to get the ball? Lookee that girl wavin' her hands in front of your room-mate when she's tryin' to get the ball. Why doesn't your room-mate slap that girl for botherin' her so? O lookee, lookee, she's got the ball, your room-mate has! She's throwin' it at the basket!Aw—it didn't go in." (Deep disgust.) "Get it! Get it! O gee, she's got it again. Aw sis, leggo. I won't fall. Put 'er in! Put 'er in. Horray! she did!! Horray for our side!! Ra! Ra! Ra!— Sis, WILL you leggo my coat-tail?"

Uncle—"I hear you are going to school now."
Bobbie—"Yes sir."
Uncle—"What part do you like best?"
Bobbie—"Comin' home."

—*Mt. Union Dynamo.*

A PROMISE

I have always been fond of the colored people, particularly the women and the children. Their funny way of expressing themselves, their whole-heartedness, and their endless imitation of white people interest me. Down in Birmingham, Alabama, two summers ago, Mary, of the real southern "mammy" type, used to come up to our room in the hotel to get our clothes.

When she returned with them she would proudly place her bundle on the bed, carefully remove the pins which held the newspaper, and disclose the garments. You may imagine my surprise the first time on finding that she had scattered talcum over the handkerchiefs. That was evidently her idea of "the finishing touch".

Mary and I became fast friends. It was my special delight to get her to talking about herself. The following conversation took place one evening:

"Miss Alice, I sho' do like to wash yo' close. Dey's got such a good odah and looks so nice when dey's clean and ironed. And dey've got de best smell anyway. What kind of perfume dos yo' use, honey?"

"LaTrefle. Here, I'll put a few drops on you." And I sprayed a little over her dress and hair. She sniffed so hard that I feared for the membranes of her nostrils.

"By de way, Miss Alice, I was gwin' to say that if you all's got any close you all don't want to carry back up no'th with you I could use 'em. The ladies I wash for has always been so good to give me close. I rarely evah buys 'em myself."

I explained that having come only for a two weeks vacation I had nothing but necessities with me. Then to produce further conversation I asked, "Have you a husband, Mary?"

"Yes'm, I'se got a husband."

"Do you get along well together?"

"Yes'm, only he gets kind of feverish sometimes."

"Feverish?" I asked, not quite comprehending her meaning.

"Yes'm, feverish."

Her brow was begining to wrinkle in puzzled lines when my mother who had been listening said, "I guess you mean 'peevish,' don't you, Mary?"

"Oh, yes'm, dat's the word. I done heard de white folks use it once an' I guess I disremembered it."

I could scarcely keep from laughing and I guess she perceived my mirth for she looked reprovingly at me and, shaking her finger, said, "Now, Miss Alice, don't you all go and tell de white folks up no'th dat I said dat. Now promise you won't." And I promised.

—*Alice Barwise, '24*

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—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

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—*West Virginia Wesleyan Pharos.*

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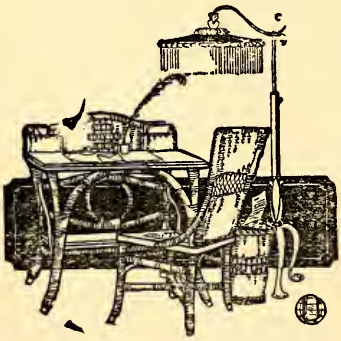

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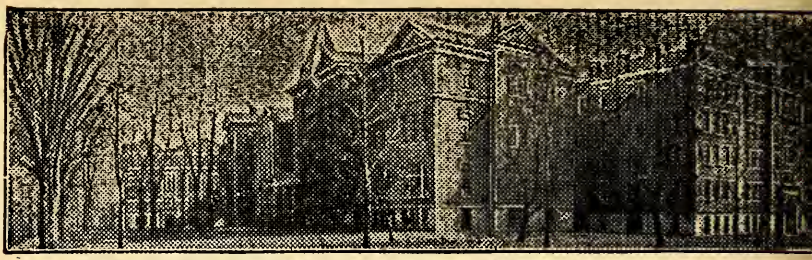

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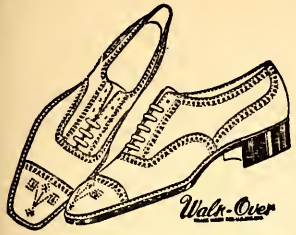

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HANDS.

By Dorothy Dieman—first place in Poetry Contest.

Everywhere hands stretch out to me:
Numberless hands,
And behind them—from the void—voices beg
"Come play with us."
Strong hands and tender hands are there,
Artistic hands with long slender fingers,
And hands accustomed to thumbing pages,
Numberless hands which seem to call:
"Come, come with us—
Thru the fields that lie white under the first snow;
Into the halls where music swells and quivers into silence;
Within the books of love and romance;
Down the great highway of adventure."
I cannot decide.
I would clasp them all.
But I have only my two hands.
I cannot decide.

* * * * *

I have waited too long;
The hands are gone.
I am old.

GREETINGS

By Fannie E. Wakeley—second Honorable Mention

I sent my heart asailing
On the sea of time and space,
In the little ship called Memory
Sped by God's winds of grace.
I put aboard as lading
My love so strong and true,
And a host of Easter greetings
Each one addressed to you.

MOON SKETCHES

(*The last two of a group of four by Audrey King*)
Second Place

The moon is a lovely lip
Which curves in a smile.
It is a silver lip
Over which passes a breath
Silvered in the passing.

Wealth! Wealth about me!
This silver dust that fills the air.
Enough to fill my coffers.
Enough to please my soul.
I cannot grasp it.
It fills the air.
Why are they empty, my hands!
Empty of silver!
How cruel!
'Tis the moon mocking.

TO A SELF-SUFFICIENT YOUNG MAN.

On Passing Him on the Street

I think that I admire you so because you seem so free.
You swing along, you wear your clothes with such a jaunty air.
It's what *you* think of *me,* not *I* of *you,* for which you care.
I wish that I could half so careless be.

It "fusses" me to have you stare so quite appraisingly,
But a saving little doubt with me abides.
This seeming unconcern of yours,—it's possible it hides
"I wonder what *she's* thinking now of *me?*"

SERENADES FROM THE OUTSIDE

To the Editor-ess,
College Greetings:

Your request, the other evening, for a contribution to the Greetings, almost completely floored me; however, when I recovered from the shock, I was sensible of the great honor done one so unused to the ways of the world as I.

Of course, a serenade, as seen from the outside, (*heard* would suit the case better!)—would be a novelty to most of you girls, but as this is a subject with which I must confess my familiarity, I gladly comply with your request, although you may wish you had asked me demonstrate, rather than write.

To begin with, a serenade sounds best to us when accompanied by the patter of many hands. We appreciate the moral courage of those who bear with us in order to gratify this longing of ours, all of which reminds me of the last time "we" were down. There were two of us who braved the Jacksonville Police Force—yes, both of them, to the extent of stopping en route to play to the Lady on the Monument, but finding her unresponsive, we left her in peace. As it was early Sunday morning we didn't stay very long, but we enjoyed ourselves, nevertheless.

Being human, we naturally enjoy a midnight lunch, and candy goes mighty well, no matter when it is served, but the thought that you have missed us warms us like hot tamales on a winter night. Why haven't we been heard from lately? Well, it is not good for our instruments to be taken out in the rain, but Spring is here at last, and we'll be around again when it gets a little warmer, because we enjoy serenading,and appreciate the sweet things dropped from the windows, whether they are boxed or spoken. You notice I said "sweet things",—it was a great shock to some of us to find that girls throw water, but as I was under the arch it didn't cost me anything to learn.

Shoes!—well, French heels will do damage if carefully aimed, so if you promise to keep things where they belong, we'll be back soon.

Yours in the interest of Soothing Serenades,—

—*Roger W. Carter.*

TO MY DEAR L. B.

(*A Love Sonnet*)

'Twas such a day as this on which we met,
And I had hoped to be his friend for aye,
So well together did we work and play;
Oh! that this love had kept alive! and yet
He oft consoled my feelings when I'd fret,
Such words of love and truth to me he'd say.
Yet I could answer naught but always, "Nay".
Great Caesar! him I wish I'd never met.
As in the swing he sat for many an hour
To me he'd talk, yet I could not conceive
How slowly were the hours passing by,
Some on the porch and some in garden bower.
Ah, many a hard look did he receive!
Such times we've had, my Latin Book and I.

—*Leah Griest.*

At the reception—"Miss Madden, may I introduce Mr. Rubendall?"

"How do you do, Mr. Dall,"

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Mad."

Editor—"This is a good joke; do you think they will get the point?"

Alma—"They ought to. You do."

BROTHERS.

Brothers are interesting specimens. I have six of my own, some older and some younger than myself. But, since I can't go home very frequently, I like to watch the brothers of my friends whom I go to visit, and see how much they are like mine.

There is of course, the little brother. He's interesting because he is little and cute, but a girl at that age would be just as attractive. More interesting is the brother about twelve or thirteen. When I go home with his sister Maude she prepares me for a not very warm reception.

"Mother says she'll try to keep Bud out of our way, but he'll probably be there anyway. He wants to know why under the sun I'm bringing home another one of those females from that Woman's College. I'm bad enough myself. It'll be awful if there is another girl hanging around."

I go quite prepared;—my brothers of that age display the same spirit toward my guests.

We arrive at Maud's to find dinner waiting us. The family greet Maude affectionately and make me quite at home,—all but Bud, who doesn't appear. Finally Maude drags him in.

"Sue, I'd like you to meet my brother Bud."

"How d'ye do," he says, sticking as close to the door as possible.

I nod at him and reply, "I'm glad to know you. Maud's been telling me about you."

"Say, I could tell you lots about her if I had a chance." A reproving look from his mother partly stops him. "Well, can't we have dinner now?"

"Why yes, as soon as the girls are ready."

In the dining rom, Bud busies himself with his food, and when he thinks he isn't being watched, he observes me. I am properly sized up, and I know the estimation is not very high. He makes few additions to the conversation, and the meal ends peacably. Maude and I help with the dishes and visit with the feminine members of the household, while Bud wanders to

the living room and starts the family radio. There is a knock at the door and Bud answers it. He admits two young men, and then turning kitchenward yells, "Here's you beau, Sis, and Tommy Brown for that girl."

Having existed thru Saturday evening without further reproof from his mother, Bud breathes easier on Sunday morning. He asks all sorts of embarrassing questions and makes remarks likewise uncomforting to his sister. He is not addressing me;—I may as well not be there for all the attention he seems to give me, but I know he is talking for my benefit. Finally, to the great relief of Maude, her father puts down his paper.

"Bud, you've talked enough."

And Bud meanders to the radio. Soon father departs for more quiet regions and Maude leaves. Bud and I are left alone. When he realizes the situation he too tries to escape, but I stop him. "How far can you hear on your radio?"

"O, we can hear Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and once in a while we get Schenectady."

He is moving toward the door. Unnoticing this, I go on, "That's further than my brother Ralph gets with his set now. He wants to add something so that he can hear further, however."

"What sort of a set is his?" (Thank heavens he doesn't wait for an answer!) "If it's a crystal set like mine, he can get —"

I try to look intellligent, while he explains very lucidly, no doubt to him, all the whys and wherefores of a radio set. I hope I look intelligent, for I know that by my bearing in this crisis am I made or lost in Bud's opinion. Finally, he explains it all (—I guess, for I have been long lost—) and goes on to some other topic. I breathe easier. Perhaps I have made a good impression. But no further indications do I have of it until time for us to depart. Bud comes to see us off; and when I tell him good-bye, he says, "I wish you'd come see Maude again. I wouldn't mind having her around if she were more like you."

Yes, they all say that, my brothers as well as yours. Isn't it a shame that they don't appreciate their own sisters more?

Then there is the brother ten or twelve years older than Bud. He's the one that has been described to me until I think he must be a god. But without being told, I know that when Peg's mother told him Peg was taking me home with her, that he said, "Good Lord, can't Sis leave a fellow alone? One would think all I was good for was to be nice to her friends. Well, she need'nt expect to see me Saturday night. I've got a date."

Brother Dick meets us at the station, delivers us at the house, and disappears for the rest of the evening. The next morning the family straggles down to breakfast. Dick is last; and finally apears after mad stepping around upstairs and slamming of doors. He slides into his place with a "Pardon me", and then he looks me over. I hope I have my nose properly powdered, and that all the curl isn't out of my hair; and then I wonder why, for I know he thinks I'm only one of those little fools from the Woman's College.

Once in a while he forgets to be patronizing, and I feel that perhaps he thinks of me as a *somebody*, not a thing in the way. But no, those moments pass, and when I depart, while he says, "I hope you come again," I know he is thinking, "Happy day, she's gone!"

I know too that he whispers in his sister's ear as he seems to bid her an affectionate farewell. "Sis don't bring home another girl soon. Margie's sore at me already because she sees me with so many of your friends. She thinks I have something to do with bringing them here. Heaven forbid."

Sue doesn't tell me this, but I can imagine from her expression, and his of "having done my duty", and I recall what Bob used to say to me when I took a girl home. Brothers are all alike. —*Alma Blodget.*

In our Latin America class: A llama is an animal between a camel and a sheep.

Two Spring Poems

By Miriam McOmber, '22

March

I'm on a hilltop, in March,
I'm exalted, I'm wind swept, I'm free!
The heavens above make an arch
Of unlimited distance to me.

The winds tear the clouds, fury bent,
Trees stagger and moan like the sea,
But I dare this mad March 'til its spent,
And I—I laugh in sheer glee.

Let the fury winds tug at my skirts!
Let them buffet me—pull me about—
Let the wind take my breath 'til it hurts,
'Til the pain of it makes me cry out!

I'll stay on a hill top in March,—
I'll bathe in its clear stinging wine
'Til my heart which the sins of earth parch
Has been cooled—and healing is mine.

April.

The world is gold,—perfumed.
The rain clouds lifted for a day, and all the world
Burst with the sweet of escaped spring.
Birds twittered,
Pirouetted on the swaying branches
Or splashed chattering
In the gold-filled pools of the muddy roads.
Grass, flowers, leaves
Pushed eagerly out of their wintery bonds.
Men, women, boys and girls
Are filled with the wild intoxication that nature has aroused.
The world is drunk with the perfume of April—
That blue and gold, mocking, dew-eyed maiden, April.
More blindly than those who followed the Piper of Hamelin
Does the world follow April through this day
Recklessly—breathlessly.
No one sees the low line of glowering clouds in the south.
They wait patiently but jealously.
Perfume and gold shall have their day.
Smiling mocking April keeps the secret
From shining in her eyes.

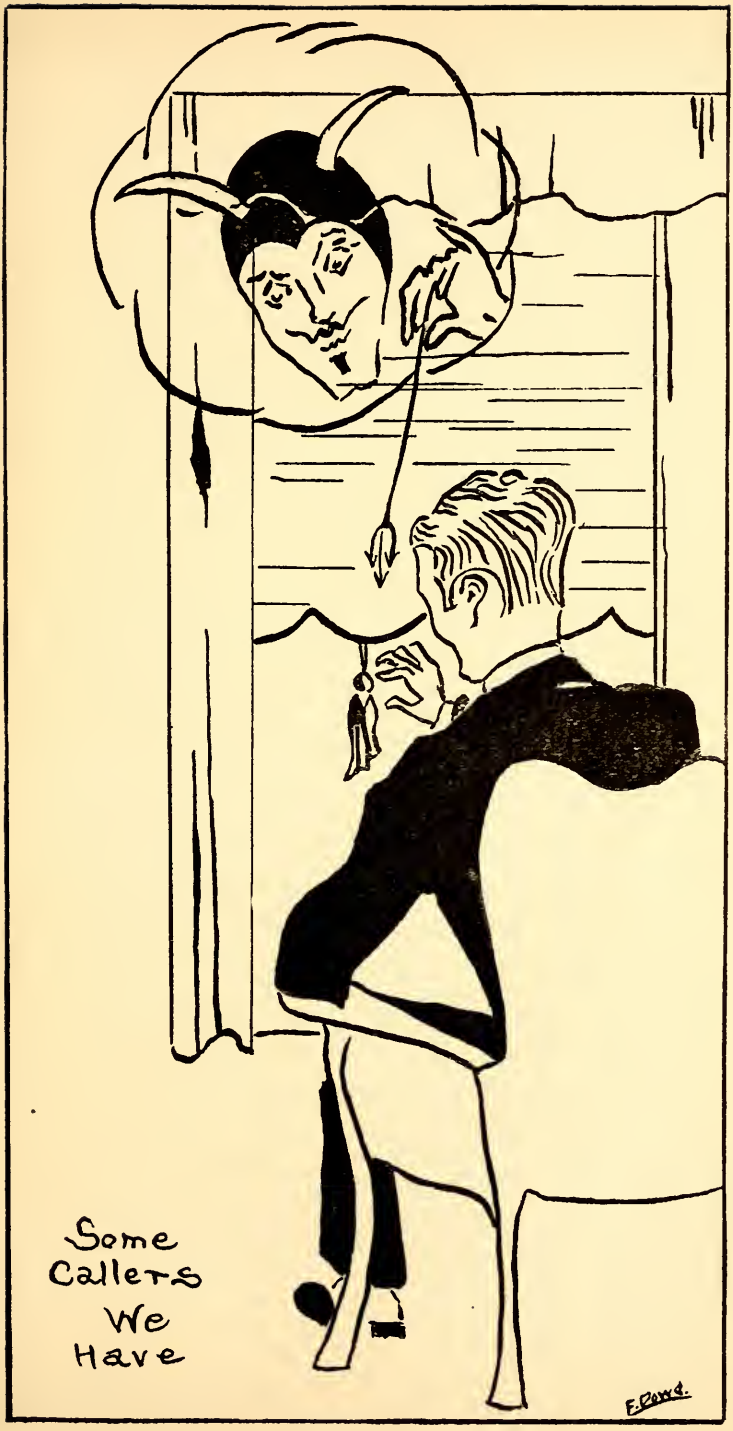
At last
The sunset pales, the gold is tarnished;
And impatient at their delay,
The storm clouds rise, careering,
And as the Hun
Creep unsuspecting on the innocent glad world.
April has betrayed her love.

OF DAYTES

A man hath great freedom. For, when he desireth the companie of a woman, he must needs only first look with the utmost care into his purse, to determine if the necessarie riches are there wherewith to purchase choice foods and gayety. Then, if it seemeth to him not sufficient for the expence, he must be at great paine to borrow from some friend who is a man of vertue and will not therefore practice usury. Then he betaketh himself to the telephone, and asketh of Central the number with all due humility, whereon, after *tempus* hath exceedingly *fugited,* he heareth the gentle tones of the maiden. But on the contrairie, a woman, inquiring oft and with due diligence at the office if perchance there may be a phone call for her, is able only to hope and wait with great anxietude, as it befitteth not her modesty to give evidence of boldnesse or a desire for a dayte. Though in truth, when she is at last in his companie, she beareth in mind the words of Solomon, *He who can complete one dayte without allowing himself to be caught for another, that man is fitted to rule a kingdome.*

ONCE MORE.

We'd be glad to let the question of high grades alone since receiving our last report card, but people keep pestering us about it, so back to the colors,—though again we remind you that we did not write the original article. This time the Divernon High School paper says that our criticism of grades has shattered their young illusions in regard to the ability of faculty members to estimate the students' work. We will tell them immediately of a statement which Miss Johnston showed us in her *Indiana Alumnus;* of the 2000 students enrolled in the College of Arts and Sciences last year, only 20 were able to do straight "A" work the first semester. How many high schools and colleges will that percentage fit?


Some
Callers
We
Have
F. Fox 4.

The College Greetings

Vol. XXVI. *Jacksonville, Ill., March, 1923* *No. 5*

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SOCIETIES—A FAILURE?

It seems peculiar that some of our number who are impatient with the present society system in the Woman's College should spend their time in criticizing this system rather than in remedying in their own societies the conditions which are so distasteful to them. The present system, we all admit, is not entirely satisfactory, but far from being entirely a failure, it certainly does not deserve any remarks such as appeared in the article of last month's *Greetings,* "Let us abandon societies or make them a success".

Success in the sense used in this quotation is success in a narrow sense only. When cliques of girls organize and determine to to stick to "their type", the result is not success but a very selfish attitude and an immense egotism. No "type" is sufficient unto itself. A crowd of congenial people is a very pleasant thing, but the people will not remain congenial unless each member comes into contact with outside people, of different ideas, and so is broadened.

The beauty of the present system lies in the variety of types with a common interest. If the old "society" spirit is passing, a better one of achievement and friendliness is taking its place. If any society feels itself failing, the trouble lies in the society and

not in the system. If its members are not big enough to overcome petty personal feelings until a more satisfactory system can be found, that society deserves to fail. The story of the King's son who, seizing the sword which a quitter had thrown down, fought his way to victory, illustrates the point very well. Let those who can see absolutely no use in continuing societies unless they can be "cliques", stand aside, poor dears. There are other members equally fastidious, who find it possible to work peacefully and pleasantly and effectively with people who may differ from themselves somewhat, in looks, resources, tastes,—in a word, in "type". —*A Contributor.*

CONTEST RESULTS

The Freshmen took all places in the Short Story Contest, but upper-class girls seem to express themselves in poetry.

Short Story Results—Eleven submitted.
Father Prescribes by Mary McMillan, first place.
An Interrupted Deal by Birdie Arbuthnot, second place.
Mary Jane by Claude Craigmiles, first honorable mention.
Dream Boat by Rhoba Phillips, special mention.
Granny Martin's Secret by Edythe Hall, special mention.

Poems—Twenty-one submitted.
Hands by Dorothy Dieman, first place.
Moon Sketches by Audrey King, second place.
Luna Moths by Rhoba Phillips, first honorable mention.
Greetings by Miss Fannie E. Wakeley, second honorable mention.
A Primeval Meeting by Claude Craigmiles, special mention.
Woodland Courtship by Frances Griswold, special mention.

The winning poem *Hands* and those of the *Moon Sketches* that have not been printed before are in this number. The Freshmen winners will appear in the April number which they are editing.

The prize for first place in each contest is $5.00, for second place a free subscription to next year's Greetings. We congratulate those who placed, and all who entered, on an excellent contest.

A NIGHT OF IT.

Spencer strolled dreamily down the street. "Ah-h-h", he cooed tenderly to the church steeple, "Your eyes are like deep pools of cigarette smoke."

He beamed radiantly down on the leafless lilac bush and was just ready to put out his hand to touch its silky fineness when he bumped square into some object. It seemed stationary enough but rather out of place and while he was absently wondering what could be annoying him so a rather surprised voice pierced the stillness.

"Why, its Spencer, good evening, my lad,"etc, etc. Spencer recognized his good friend the pastor on his way home from one of his many charitable errands.

"To be sure," said Spencer, unaware of what the minister had asked him. "I'll be right over."

So he left the poor man looking after him and suddenly shaking his head.

From force of habit formed by three months turning in Spencer followed the walk up to the door of his boarding house. Indeed, hadn't Majorie's eyes opened sweetly when he told her that he was going to be a dentist? He'd work now harder than ever and begin plans right away for his office. He placed his forefinger firmly on the left lateral surface of the mandible of the keyhole and murmured professionally, "Open wide, please." But the keyhole didn't open wide, and neither did the door. And how could it? Fool! Of course he'd forgotten the key. It was up in his desk now. This was the first night he'd stayed out so late for a long time. Why couldn't a man keep his head even if he were at a dance with Marjorie. She probably wasn't even thinking of him,—but O boy, he wished he knew. She didn't look like the kind of a girl that'd forget a fellow the minute she lost sight of him, especially a dentist. "Of course," he sighed to the porch rail, "If I haven't a room or a bed, I've always got you."

Why couldn't he get up stairs anyway? He wouldn't wake up the mater if he had to stay out there all night, for she

frowned like a thunder cloud the last time and said he'd disturb all the boarders. Still he couldn't sit up all night and there wasn't even a door mat to lie on. If he tried to climb up the rose trellis he couldn't do any more than pull the whole business down on him,—and Marjorie would be so sorry when she came to see him in the hospital and perhaps she'd even—

"Fool!" he commanded himself, "Shut up, can't you? Quit acting like a sentimental ninny and step to the bat like a man." Stepping to the bat in this case meant placing one foot on the trellis and beginning the upward accent. He saw just how he could do it; first, climb to the roof of the veranda, then walk slowly across the slippery shingles, span the chasm between the porch and the window ledge and swing himself in.

With this line of progress in mind up he went. He did not stay long in one place for the trellis swung and swayed under his heavy weight. He was thankful when he got over the last board and on to the firm surface of the roof. The strain of the climb, the thrill of the conqueror and being so near the stars rather stirred his poetic nature, for even a future dentist can have one. "Just to be lifted," he composed, "As I have shifted, Toward the sky." What could have made his gaze shift too was strange, especially with such lofty thoughts. But it did, and down there on the star-lit grass was a great big black bulk with a small flash light. If the flash light had remained where it was everything would have been peaceful, but it didn't. It went playing around over the side of the house and finally rested on and almost blinded Spencer's eyes;not enough however so that he could not see the big revolver leveled at him, held in the big bulk's other hand.

"Now," the star badged individual commanded in a gruff voice, "Right this way, my friend; we'll have no second story men around here."

"You great big nut," glibly muttered Spencer as grasping the situation he waxed warmer and warmer. He turned himself around and came down four or five steps. The policeman, quite pleased, calmly pocketed his revolver and brought out his hand-

cuffs. But he was mistaken. Spencer turned square around with his back to the trellis. Still clinging with an overhand grasp to the top board, feet together, knees held high, he gathered himself for a forward dismount. As he had intended it his feet came in contact with the person of the cop, but he did not understand just how, for they both went over. The policeman was temporarily knocked off his feet but Spencer was quite still.

"I didn't allow for the wind," he was muttering as the cop finally got him on his feet, "or the pressure of the night air." The kindly policeman allowed Spencer to wipe away the dirt from the side of his face before he put on the hand cuffs. Of course it did not take Spencer long after a good night's sleep in the police station to explain the situation to the group of good natured officers. He jammed his hat as far down over the right side of his face as he could get it and took the back way home. When he was about a block away he saw his landlady out sweeping off the front steps. He gave his hat another downward pull, straightened up as well as sore muscles would let him and walked briskly into the gate.

"Why, good morning, mater," with a rather one sided smile, "there's nothing like a hike in the morning air, is there?"

"That there hain't, Spencer, me laddie, and you're always the one that'll be knowin' how to keep your self bright and fine."

Spencer opened the door and laboriously dragged himself up to his room. "O gosh," he groaned as he savagely stuffed a key in his pocket and held tenderly one side of his face, "O gosh, my tempo-mandibular articulation."

—*D. Dean.*

"You know that cat I was so familiar with."

"Yes."

"I am sorry to say that in Lab. the other day I was forced to cut him dead."

—Ex.

THE GORILLAS WIN

Like a sky-rocket on a quiet night the basket-ball tournament lighted up the last dull winter days. The first we heard of it was when Miss Boyd presented the teams to us in chapel. "Dinsmore's Demons"—Dinsmore, Thompson, Hasenstab, Bradley, Steadry and Hall; "Gilpin's Gorillas"—Gilpin, Keyes, Meredith, Potter, Agger, Bly and Betcher; "McPherson's Fearsomes,"—McPherson, Roark, Moore, Pfendler, McOmber and Dowd; "Murphy's Monkeys,"—Murphy, McKinney, Lesar, Vick, Munson and Rodgers.

The first game on March 6, played by the Gorillas against the Demons was won by the Gorillas with a score of 32 to 16. The Fearsomes won from the Monkeys 15 to 11.

The next night the "Faculty Fumblers" defeated the "Faculty Flappers" in a most unusual game. The line-up was, "Fumblers,"—Hamilton, Davis, Tickle, Graybeal and Thompson. "Flappers,"—Swanson, Jewell, Morgan, Kirby and Anderson. Score 17 to 13. The Monkeys beat the Demons 14 to 9.

An excited crowd was present on the last night to see the championship game between the Gorillas and the Fearsomes. There have been other see-saw games, but none in which there was such rythmical regularity, or such an accompaniment of shrieks. The Gorilla end of the see-saw was in the air at the end with 31 to 26 in their favor. As a fitting reward, the victors were given a ten-cent purchase at the Phi Nu grocery.

Room—"Set the alarm for two, will you?"
Mate—"You, and who else?" —*Exchange.*

Miss Austin—"The Student Volunteer Band will meet at one o'clock in the social room."

A Freshman of one week—"Oh, I'm so glad we have a band here. I can keep time beautifully."

A WORD TO WOULD-BE WRITERS

Pasadena, Cal.

To You of the Greetings:-

One bade me write, and since The Greetings is a common bond between would-be writers I shall think of it now as a clearing house for personal experiences.

I wrote my first book when I was a child. It was a weighty book written with much mental agitation. It was not written at one sitting—rather at varying intervals, but always at white heat. A chapter was added whenever I judged that I had been abused or misunderstood by my family. The purpose of the book was that it might serve to guide me when I should be grown and have a little daughter. It was to enable me to get the child's viewpoint at all times, a thing I was very sure my own parents did not get. The book was destroyed by its author during a period of teen-consciousness, but you can readily see that it is a loss to all students of child psychology as well as to literature. Had it been preserved I might rank with delicious Daisy Ashford or the questionable Opal.

Later I fared forth in the Greetings and I still feel a loving tenderness for those fragmentary sketches. Nor do I blush to say so, for as I reread them I find that they savor far more of Miss Stevenson, Miss Neville and Miss Tanner than they do of me. Be that as it may, they served to show me that Literature was my chosen field.

Added to these early promises was the compelling face that looked at me from every magazine I opened assuring me that others had made hundreds of dollars while taking a few correspondence lessons in magazine writing and that this opportunity awaited me. Did I dare bang such a door shut? After forty lessons were completed I was rewarded by being told that I showed promise—unusual promise—in fact the very type that needed an advanced course to fully develop it. Much did I learn. I know the proper form to present a scenario, how to seek interviews with famous people, how to approach an Editor either by letter or by person. I know the psychology of

having a stamped envelope ready and waiting, addressed to a "second choice" so that a returned manuscript can be sent out again before the depression of its return takes hold upon one. I know the value of getting into a magazine through the by-ways of a household discovery, a recipe, a feature article though one wishes to be known as a writer of essays. Armed with such knowledge I decide to succumb to potboilers, yet something disturbs my decision. There comes to me the message of an old Chapel Talk, a cry of accomplished purpose—a setting out for the Land of Canaan and a coming into that land. There comes, too, another call and I can see the glowing face of John Burroughs and hear his calm voice admonish, "Be honest with self. Write what is from life and your own heart." Is it not after all but another case of "to thine own self be true"?

You thought that I was a writer? I am not, I am merely a cook and a housekeeper. If I depended upon my literary efforts, I fear me the ravens would have to feed and clothe me, too. Instead I draw a monthly check for services rendered. Fannie Farmer is my favorite author and my daily goal three meals a day.

To you of today, heed my warning, follow my childish instinct. Commence now to write a book on the feelings of college girls so that in the future when you are asked to write Greetings' letters you will have the very viewpoint of a college girl—and don't destroy the book.

Sincerely,
Arlene Hammell, ex '15.

Miss Wakely—"Have any of you been to Alaska?"
(Class is wreathed in smiles).
Miss W.—"Well, that is not impossible, I hope to go before I die—but I'll have to hurry—!

Mary Lib looks up from her physiology text. "Kentucky, am I a vertebrate or an invertebrate."
"I always thought you had plenty of back-bone, Mary Lib."

THE MASCULINE ELEMENT AT I. W. C.

My Sis wouldn't look at a man when she was in high school, so when she went off to college, she just naturally went to a Woman's College, the one at Jacksonville. I bet she knew there was another college there that wasn't just for girls.

Anyway, as soon as she got there she started writing home about the men she was meeting. Al Blodget was on the train, and he promised Sis he'd help her get acquainted around Jacksonville. Billy Betcher and Joe Rink met her at the station, and she was awful keen about 'em both. When mom read this, she said that Sis had better be careful how and where she met her friends.

The next day Sis said she met a couple of freshmen, Clyde Connell and Claude Craigmiles. I suppose they were from the other college. She went down town with them and to Ehnie's for something to eat. Sis, who couldn't have one man at home, walking off with two!

Sis just mentioned these five for a while,—they lived near the Woman's College, I guess. But pretty soon she began raving about another fellow. It was Vic this and Vic that until you 'most thought Vic ran that Woman's College. He made speeches at chapel, he auctioned things for endowment, he even went to a dance with Sis at the college gymnasium. When mom read the letter to the minister when he called she didn't read about the dance,'cause he said once that one thing he approved about the Woman's College was that they didn't let the girls dance with men. I guess times have changed since he heard last.

Next Sis fell for a guy named Tommy Dieman. She didn't say so much about what he was like, so I guess she didn't see much of him; but he must have written her a lot of letters. She was always tellling how wonderful he could write. He even wrote her poetry! Sis said he and his roommate could write about the best poetry in school. I wonder if all the fellows sent poetry to their girls. They must be far gone when they do that. I know I'm never going to write poetry for any girl!

There were some more Billy's Sis raved about,—Billy Hall and Billy Wagner. And once a Bill Bain came to a party, and Sis thought he was grand. He graduated the year before, Sis said. I guess he was from the other college, too.

What I don't see is how those people that run that college expect the girls to get anything done, when they let the fellows hang around the way they do. I'm anxious for Sis to come home and bring pictures of some of those men so I can see what they're like. I'll bet those who write poetry are sissy looking

OBSERVATIONS OF OSCAR.

(*Shh! This is just Ophelia under a new name so she can slip into the Masculine Number.*)

I was pawing around in the old bound volumes of the *Greetings,* and was delighted to find that 20 years ago, in March 1903, the basketball teams of I. W. C. were named "Harvard, Yale, Princeton," etc. And in 1923, the Fearsomes are pulling the Monkeys' tails while the brute strength of the Gorilla is pitted against Demoniacal cleverness, interspersed with faculty Flapping and Fumbling.

In this same number, 20 years old, was an article titled "A Girl's Finances." "Do you think," it inquires, "that $600 will overestimate the actual expenses of the college girl for one year? This seems a great deal but with this (in addition to regular college charges) I have allowed her society, athletic dues, church collection and class fees." Which reminds me that movies twenty years ago were called "nickel shows". And she probably always had her reserve book down on time.

Thinking in terms of expenses, didn't they look stylish and prosperous,—the old girls who came back for the banquets? One did not feel like exclaiming, "Lo the poor school-teacher," but rather, "there's a good time coming"! Then I thought of my present wardrobe,—and of Spring coming with a vengeance. Perhaps, however, last year's hat isn't entirely incorrigible.

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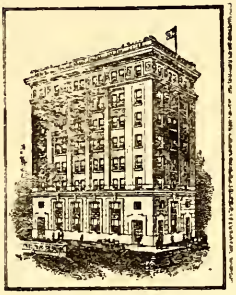

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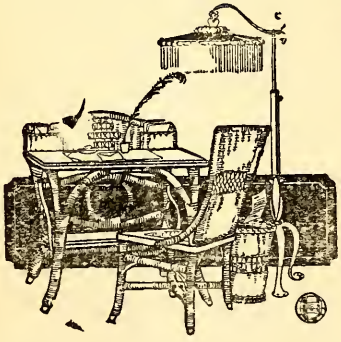

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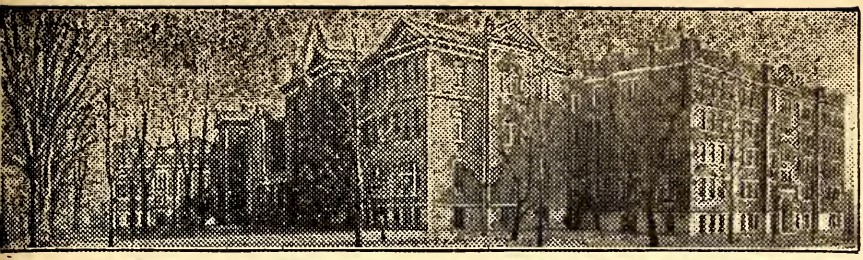

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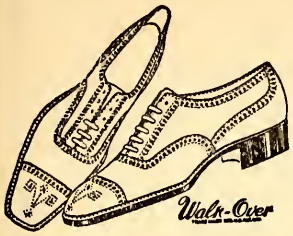

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FATHER PRESCRIBES

By Mary McMillan—First Place in the Short Story Contest.

It was a rather chilly spring evening. Mr. and Mrs. Vandeveer were seated in front of a big open fire in the lovely living room of their town house. Mr. Vandeveer, a short, heavy-set man of about fifty, was reading the evening paper and smoking, and his wife was fussily arranging the books on the table. Suddenly, she sat down and began some needle-work, but she soon put this aside, saying, "William, I guess I might as well confess it. I simply don't know how to deal with Marjorie."

Mr. Vandeveer looked over the top of his newspaper at his wife and then carefully knocked the ashes from his cigar, "Well, what has she done now? Eloped?"

"Oh, William, you never do take her seriously. If you only—but, William, look, you have dropped some of those ashes on the rug. My dear, I do wish you would be more careful. But, as I was saying about Marjorie, she is getting more unmanageable every day. What do you think she has done now?"

"Well, what?"

"She went down to the hairdresser's this morning to have her hair marcelled, and when she came back—" here words failed her.

"She hadn't had her head shaved or anything like that, had she?"

"No, but, William, she had taken a henna bath, and I wish you could see her! You know she had such a fair complexion, but now she looks as if she had been in Africa for the winter and there got covered with just *layers of tan.* I really doubt if you'll know her."

"Well, that's not so bad. I wouldn't worry over a little thing like that. I suppose the stuff wears off?"

"Yes, but William," she was almost tearful, "suppose it wears off in streaks?"

Mr. Vandeveer chuckled. "That would be a good joke

on Marjorie. But is that all the little rascal has done?"

"No, it wouldn't be so bad if that was all, but it's not. It is their society—but here she comes."

A gay little laugh was heard in the hall. The door opened, and Marjorie entered the living room, followed by a good-looking youth of about twenty. Mr. Vandeveer looked at his daughter, this new complexioned daughter, and smiled.

"Come on in, Speedy. You are acquainted with Mother and Dad, aren't you?" She turned to her parents, "Please keep Speedy from getting into mischief until I get back. I'm going to change my dress, and then we are going over to Harriet's and from there to a dance at the Club. We had a most wonderful time this afternoon, didn't we?" She laughed and vanished from the room.

"So you young folks are on another tear, tonight, are you, Richard? Did Marjorie say it was at the Club?" asked Mr. Vandeveer.

"Yes, sir," Richard Stevens answered. "Harriet McAndrews is giving a dance to initiate their new society."

"Their new society?"

"Hasn't Marjorie told you about it? Their crowd has organized a society—just girls—which they call "The Nut-Brown Maidens", and their purpose is single—to see who can originate the most startling and amusing fad in order to make things 'peppy'. They began by being 'henna-ed'. You know we do get tired of just going from dance to dance all of the time."

Mrs. Vandeveer smiled faintly, "Oh you young people, what will you think of next?"

At that moment, Marjorie entered the room again. "Ready, Speedy? How do you like my new healthy color, Dad? It's quite the snake's shimmies, I think. Bye-bye, Mother. I'll be in early this evening, maybe. C'mon, old top."

Laughing and talking, the two young people hurried out.

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Mrs. Vandeveer.

"I think Marjorie needs to visit Susan and Elizabeth for three or four weeks. I'm sure she would find them quite the snake's shimmies." He laughed softly to himself. "I'm sure Marjorie would enjoy going to bed at ten o'clock every night, getting up at six in the morning, helping get breakfast, washing dishes, making her own bed, and especially, going to all the funny little 'sociables' they have in that odd little old-fashioned town."

Mrs. Vandeveer looked astonished. "Why, William, she wouldn't stay. And imagine, no young people, no dances—" she was too surprised to say anything more.

Her husband laughed, "Oh, yes, I think she would stay And think of the good it would do her." He had a mental picture of his two prim spinster sisters. They were not old, Elizabeth was thirty-six and Susan thirty-eight. Their brother could never understand why they insisted on being so old-fashioned and peculiar.

"We'll consider it settled then," he announced finally."Marjorie leaves day after tomorrow for a prolonged visit with her aunts in New Bedford. We'll just send them a telegram to let them know she is coming, but they do not need to take the trouble to meet her."

Mrs. Vandeveer nodded her head in agreement.

Friday morning found Marjorie on the train which was hurrying her away from all her friends, their dances, and their house-parties to three weeks of imprisonment.

"Why did I tell Dad I would go?" she asked herself. "But he always has been able to get promises from me. I'm going to stick it out. I expect to get a lot of kick out of this small-town life. Aunt Susan and Aunt Bess will be such 'pals' with me too," she added, sarcastically. "But what if I can have a good time? I will, I will," she said with vengeance. "Imagine me washing dishes and going to bed at eight o'clock." The idea was too amusing. She giggled and immediately felt better.

She looked about her at the other passengers. There was no one who interested her. She opened a magazine and began, to read. She became so absorbed in the story that she didn't notice how fast the time was flying. Suddenly, in the midst of a thrilling account of the meeting of two lovers after they had been separated two months, she heard the conductor call, "New Bedford. New Bedford."

On alighting from the train, she looked about her for someone she knew. No one was there, so relying upon her memory of the last visit to her aunts six years ago, she set out to find their house. It was not far to the old-fashioned red-brick house in which the two spinsters lived. She walked up the clean brick walk, up on the porch, and pulled the old-fashioned knocker. Almost immediately the door opened, and Marjorie found herself face to face with Aunt Bess.

"Hullo, Auntie, how is every little thing?"

"Why, Marjorie, I'm so glad to see you. Come in, child." She gave her niece a little peck on the cheek.

"I'm rather dirty, of course, after riding on that old train for so long, but, otherwise I'm all right. Where's Aunt Sue? Let's find her and go up stairs and clean up."

As they started to Marjorie's room, Susan appeared at the head of the stairs. "Oh, hello, you old dear," cried Marjorie, dropping her suitcase, and bounding up the stairs to kiss her aunt.

Elizabeth, with surprise, picked up the suitcase which her niece had dropped and carried it up the stairs. When she came to the door of the room, she found her sister running the water for Marjorie's bath, while the girl was telling of her journey. When Marjorie saw her aunt with the suitcase, she stopped her narrative long enough to say, "Oh, here you are. Just set them down, you dear thing. I suppose they have to be unpacked. Auntie won't you please take out a few things for me right now, and I'll do the rest later? Just hang up the dresses, and put the

rest of the things in the bureau drawer. You are such a sweet thing to help me so."

Rather dazedly, Aunt Bess did as she was told, while Marjorie disrobed and went into the bathroom, talking all the while. "Oh, Aunt Sue, it's just great of you to get everything ready for my bath, and, Auntie, would you mind making me a little hot chocolate and cake? I'm just starved. You can make the *best* chocolate, and your cakes are delicious."

By the time Elizabeth had completely unpacked the suitcases, Marjorie was ready to have her bobbed hair curled. "Auntie do you suppose you could curl my hair? It's really lots of fun to do it, but I'm so dead-tired."

Elizabeth was just going to suggest that she had unpacked the suitcases, and it might be well for Marjorie to try doing something for herself. She looked at the curling iron and at Marjorie's lovely hair and decided she would like to curl and comb that beautiful fluffy mass. Marjorie showed her how it was done and then began telling about the wonderful times she had been having.

"Auntie, you haven't told me how you like my new complexion. I had a henna bath, and see what a healthy color I have now."

Elizabeth looked shocked. "A henna bath? Why did you do that?"

"Now, Aunt Bess, you know I look lots better, don't I?" She shook her finger at her aunt's reflection in the mirror. "Oh, I wanted to ask you, are there any young people around here?"

"No, there isn't a decent young person in this town. As soon as they are old enough, they always go away to school and never come back here to live."

Marjorie looked disappointed for a moment. Then she brightened. "Oh, Auntie, I have the most wonderful plan. Lend me your ear just a minute." She pulled Elizabeth's head down and began whispering in her ear.

The aunt shook her head vigorously. "No, we can't do that. We haven't done anything like that since—well, for a long time."

"Now, Auntie," Marjorie said coaxingly, "do it just to please a bad little girl that likes you awful much. Won't you please?"

Elizabeth hesitated. Should she? She began to get excited over the idea, although she was mentally calling herself a silly old woman. "Well, we'll see Susan about it. Here she comes now with your chocolate."

While Marjorie sipped the hot chocolate and ate a large piece of delicious caramel cake, Elizabeth, with the aid of her niece, told Susan about the plan. She was rather apologetic about it, as though she knew it was an unusual thing for them to do. Much to her surprise, however, Susan was very enthusiastic.

"Why, yes, I think it will be fun. I really believe we'll enjoy it, Bess."

Marjorie carefully set her tray on the table, and jumped to her feet, throwing her arms around both of her aunts, kissing first one, and then the other of them.

"Oh, you darlings," she cried, "let's go get ready."

Mr. and Mrs. Vandeveer found the old house very lonesome with Marjorie away, and the two days that she had been gone seemed like months to them. Sunday morning the lonely old couple were eating breakfast when a messenger boy arrived with a telegram. It was a night letter written by Marjorie the evening before. Hurriedly Mr. Vandeveer read:

Dearest Parents:

Am having a perfectly gorgeous time. Eight of the crowd are here. My aunties consented to being chaperones for a week-long house-party. They are enjoying themselves as much as we are at the dances, taffy-pulls, etc. You would never know them.

Much love,

Marjorie."

Mrs. Vandeveer looked at her husband in dismay. "Oh, Father, as a person for meting out punishment, you are simply unequaled."

Her husband laughed sheepishly. "Well, maybe I didn't succeed in doing much for Marjorie, but think of what she has done to Elizabeth and Sue!"

LUNA MOTHS

By Rhoba Philips—First Honorable Mention.

The moths that fly above the moonlit stream,
On graceful wings of palest, softest green,
See not the moon that shines above so fair,
But come to seek the light reflected there
In water clear. Not moths but fairies they.
Hear their low song as in the light they play.

"'Twas long ago
That this pure light
That shines below
So clear and white
Came from the night
With us to dwell.
Goddess of white!
Our love for you
We cannot tell,
We only view
And wish you well."

Like us, these foolish fairies of the wood
Are always blinded to the source of good.

THE PRIMEVAL MEETING

By Claude Craigmiles—Special Mention.

The wind blew, and the clouds
Tossed through the murky heavens,
As huge monsters chained—

But not subdued.
The gloom and blackness
Split asunder
As lightning flashed
Like signals from a diety
To his followers.
Deafening peals of thunder
Rolled through the mountains
Of clouds, and reechoed
On the planet called Earth.
Men, the inhabitants of this sphere,
Were stricken with terror,
And groped with fear in the darkness.
Wild shrieks pierced the ether,
But penetrated not to the clouds.
Agony and terror engulfed the Earth,
When in the tumult of the clouds
Two souls met.
'Twas but a thought—but from the vastness
Of the universe
Stole peace, and joy, and calm.

WOODLAND COURTSHIP

By Frances Griswold—Special Mention.

He sought her in the wood,
Ah! there he spied her
Resting on a mossy bank
Alluring, fair, and charming.
Enchanted sat he down beside her,
Whispering gentle words of love
Until submissive to his charms
She was his own,—
She,—a modest tender violet
And he, the passing wind.

ADVICE TO THE NEEDY

I have given this page over to I. W. C. girls because I have so many letters from them that I am not able to write each one individually.

Mdme. I. M. DeVorced.

Dear Mdme.:

I need your wise advice very much for there is a matter which, being only a Sophomore in I. W. C., I do not feel capable of dealing with.

A young gentlemen who is attending I. C. has been paying me considerable attention and says he cares for me a great deal. He is my ideal of a man—handsome, with truthful black eyes and a convincing manner. I feel guilty when I doubt him, but I overheard a Freshman say that he was feeding me a line. I'm not sure just what she meant but think she must have been making insinuations against the veracity of his statements.

I hope you can council me in this matter.

Worldly Unwise.

Worldly Unwise:

Yes, you need advice as I can plainly see. In the first place, never believe what a man, much less an I. C. man, tells you. You know that being in a town where there are so many girls will eventually make an efficient prevaricator out of the best of men.

Perhaps the Freshman was casting some slight reflections, but I am sure that she did not intend for you to hear them. Dear little girl, if you could only realize that what this young man tells you now he probably has told other girls times unnumbered! Don't let that disturb you, however, and if you can believe him I am sure you will be much happier. So just close your eyes, and your ears, and go your way.

Dear Mdme.:

I have been interested in the advice which you have given others and wonder if you cannot help me also.

I am a Freshman in I. W. C., as good looking as the average—maybe even better looking. I am engaged to a man back home, and we will probably be married a year from this June. He gave me a wonderful diamond Xmas, and I have his frat pin. He is far away, and I am lonesome. Do you see anything wrong in my having dates with a clever young man here? I've had a few dates with him, and I see him at Ehnie's frequently. It isn't necessary to tell him I'm engaged is it? I don't think it would be kind to tell my fiance that I am having dates here because he might worry or think it would be all right for him to do the same, don't you think so?

Hortense

P. S. Should I accept the frat pin of the friend in town—until June?

Hortense:

Now, my dear,do you think you are quite fair to the young men? You I. W. C. girls go by the policy of "what he doesn't know won't hurt him", but this is not the attitude you should take. Of course you are lonesome, and think it very nice for the young man to entertain you. If you accept his frat pin don't wear them at the same time, as that would be a slight breach of etiquette. Also it would be better to wear your diamond on your right hand, when out with him, and tell him you received it for graduation.

Be true to your fiance and above all things don't forget to tell him in the Sunday night letter, which you write just before the friend arrives, how much you wish he could be with you.

OBSERVATIONS OF OPHELIA

Big Sister can't come down and talk to you today, so she told me—her little sis, to entertain you. I hope I won't tell any family secrets, as they say little sisters always do, but if I make any mistakes or break any rules of etiquette you'll excuse me, won't you?

I suppose you've heard about Ophelia's hair? Do you remember when she said something about "staid and sober souls —falling from grace"? And there is Ruth Bradley, too. It seems that no one from Seniors to Freshmen are immune. It only remains for the faculty to commit themselves.

And Ruby really did come back. You know Miss Austin was so worried. Wouldn't it have been exciting if it had been her honeymoon?

Yes, the weather is awful, There is just one consolation. I guess if it rains a lot we won't have to drink lemonade instead of water any more.

'Twas rather unfortunate for Miss Hay, though. Yes, you know the wind turned one umbrella inside out for her, and she bought another one. She had just started out with it when the top of that one flew off too.

No, we haven't had a fire drill lately. Seems queer, but I suppose they think that we are all taking the precautions they demonstrated some time ago. But there's just one thing I'd like to know. If I discovered a fire, where would I go to turn in the alarm? You don't know? Well, I've found a great many people who don't know, either, and I just wondered.

This is just a hint to the house-keepers to be. A little water color deftly applied will remove (or at least cover up) acid spots. Ask Sarita for particulars.

We've been having very pleasant rumors issuing from the chapel and know that the Glee Club concert will be just wonderful, and of course we'll all go. I suppose Ophelia herself will tell you all about it next month.

I hope you notice I haven't said a thing about Endowment! "Actions speak louder than words" and we are all doing, not talking just now.

—*Ophelia's Little Sister.*

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but one frog can make a spring.—Ex.

BOBBED HAIR

(*Tune of "Yon Yonson"*)

Dedicated to A Senior.

I'm an I. W. C. Freshman
And there is one question
That I meet with everywhere.
When I go down to the hall
My friends, one and all,
Say, "Why don't you cut off your hair?"
Then I tell them:
'"Tho 'twould save time and patience
And would doubtless look better
And Mother says she doesn't care,
I wanta make a sensation
When I am a Senior
By bobbing my beautiful hair."

—*R. P.*

BASKET-BALL

Friday afternoon at 4:15, the Freshmen and Sophomores played the first game of the inter-class basketball tournament. The score was 33 to 16 in favor of the Sophomores. The lineup was:

Sophomores	Freshmen
Maurine Gilpin, Captain	Lola Lesar, Captain
Center, Gilpin	Center Bradley
Running C., Keys	Running C., Steadry
Forwards, Moore, Hasenstab	Forwards, Lesar, Hall
Guards, Dowd, Potter, Rodgers	Guards, Agger, McPherson

We wondered why someone said "Bare! Woof, woof!" every time Lucille Vick made a basket. Now we hear that it was really a (Teddy) bear!

The College Greetings

Vol. XXVI. L *Jacksonville, Ill., March,* 1923 L *No.* 6

STAFF OF THE COLLEGE GREETINGS

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FRESHMAN STAFF

Birdie Arbuthnot, Editor

Lola Lesar, Helen McPherson, Esther Mittendorf.

We, the Freshman Class, herewith present to you our first efforts in editing a college paper. Into its making we have put our best efforts, for we accepted the staff's invitation with a deep sense of the responsibility offered us. It has been our desire and intention to maintain the usual high standard of the publication and we offer you this, the Freshman Number, with a sense of its short-comings. May we ask you to be as kindly towards its failings as you will be generous to virtues.

Overheard at the table:

"I heard that Miss Johnston's father wrote the Roman Life books. What was his first name?"

"Samuel, I think," responded a bright freshman.

Two little worms were digging away in dead earnest.

Poor Earnest! —*Ex.*

ATTENTION! CLASS '26!

The February Greetings stated that societies had become almost useless institutions. Can the members of our Freshman society stand calmly by and let such a statement pass unrefuted? Can you believe that this is true of Alpha Pi Delta? Why can't Alpha Pi Delta accept such a challenge and prove that the above statement does not apply to it?

The Greetings also stated that "a solution might be found in instilling strong purposes once more in the societies." Alpha Pi Delta has an ideal purpose: " to aid its members in acquiring a more general knowledge of literature, music and art; to train them in parliamentary usage; to offer opportunity for practice in public speaking and debate; to promote social intercourse in the freshman class; and to further the growth of a true college spirit." Surely with such a purpose fully carried out Alpha Pi Delta's problem should be solved. If every member made this high ideal all her own, Alpha Pi Delta would become an institution which would be able to fulfill the highest ambitions of its charter members.

Wake up, class of '26. Make your Alpha Pi Delta surpass that of the class of twenty-five.

—'26

A JUNIOR'S IDEA OF THE FRESHMEN

You are our sister class, Freshmen, perhaps I might call you our "little sisters". Do you remember the tone in which you used to say, "Oh, are you a Junior?" It was quite flattering to us, and I think you realize that we like you. Have you noticed that a Junior will say, "Oh, go on," and give you a friendly shove into the elevator ahead of her? You see we remember our Freshmen days, sympathize, and because we are upperclassmen, Juniors, we know that it is not necessary for us to assert our position continually. Perhaps the Seniors would call

you flighty, the Sophomores may call you greenies, but we Juniors have decided that you have pep. We say, "Gee, the Freshman class is peppy this year." We're proud of you, Freshmen.

FRESHMEN RECOGNITION

The Freshmen Recognition, which took place on March 17, was, for us, one of the great events of the year. One hundred and four eager Freshmen became full fledged students of I. W. C.

The class colors of green and white were very much in edidence, both in decoration and dress.

The service was very impressive and beautiful. The class song, composed by one of our members, opened services held in chapel. Hildreth Ashwood, representing the class of '22, then presented the banner to the class of '26.

Rev. Pontius, pastor of the Christian Church, gave a brief but interesting talk on the "Evolution of the Human Race."

The services closed by singing the College song.

At dinner the Freshmen enjoyed table parties, and again the class colors were in evidence. The meal was enlivened by some very peppy songs.

—*E. M.*

FRESHMEN-JUNIOR PARTY

The evening of St. Patrick's day was celebrated by the Freshmen giving a party for the juniors. The "Clowns" furnished entertainment for the evening. The couples glided gracefully to the "Aristocratic Jazz" until 9 o'clock. Miss Powell then gave a selection from "Peg O' My Heart", a stunt "The Evolution of a Junior" (originated by Edythe Hall) was pantomined by the Freshmen, and Hazel Iungerich gave a very charming feature dance. The dancing then continued. Green and white featured the color scheme, even to the dainty refreshments. The strains of "Home Sweet Home" were regretfully greeted by guests and hostesses alike.—*L. J. L.*

Freshman (after Pat's announcement in chapel)—That's funny! I never heard of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union giving a dance before!

FRESHMEN—AS WE SEE THEM

In trying to formulate the Senior's idea of the Freshman of our College, insistently the refrain. "How times have changed" rings in my ears. Yes, we were Freshmen once, but is it four years since that time? Was it four years ago that we thought we'd never live long enough, nor learn enough to be a Senior? Perhaps it was!then, see "how times have changed!"

Well do I remember my first days at College. Days, when I was overcome by my own insignificance and awed by the august presence of the Upper classmen. We Freshmen gasped at what we must pass through before we would be deemed worthy of the respect which they held. "Would it be possible for us to obtain as much knowledge and dignity as those other girls had?" "Surely," we thought, "it's a big jump from a respected High School Senior to —well the word "Freshman" explained it all.

I've heard some say that in that respect, too, "Times have changed." Perhaps it is due to our change in attitude—for not one of the present Upper Classmen looks upon the Freshmen as we once imagined Upper Classmen did. Perhaps, the Freshmen themselves have altered things by their actions and ideas of their own value. It is said that a Faculty Member asked a Freshmen why College was such a learned place. The Freshmen replied, "Well, when we come we bring some learning from our High Schools, and the Upper Classmen never take anything away."

We agree—you Freshmen do bring things with you—things of which no one would deprive you. Your "pep" and enthusiasm are the wonder and admiration of all of us and we like to see you express them. More important, however, than your spirit, knowledge, or loyalty, are your personalities. We

like you, Freshmen. We appreciate the little courtesies you show to us. We delight in your love for the College; and we are counting on you to uphold loyally the standards of our dear Alma Mater. —'23

AN INTERRUPTED DEAL.

By Birdie Arbuthnot—Second Place in the Contest.

George Bailey was discouraged. The long draught had dried up his promising field of corn. The pastures, too, were dried and parched and there was nothing to fed his hungry herd of cows, but the hay that should be kept until winter. The hot dry weather had its effect on the milk supply, and the milk check had been inadequate indeed. It was all the more so because of the stand the milk-distributing companies had taken. Making a plea of lowering the price of milk to the poor city children, they had paid the farmers fifteen cents a gallon less. Even then the price to the consumer had only dropped one cent, and it made George's blood boil to think that he was not in a position to demand just dealing with himself or anyone else. An overwhelming sense of his own uselessness came upon him as he thought the matter over. Here he was thirty-five years old, unable to make his own living. He winced as he thought of the long hard hours dear, loyal Martha put in. Her hands were red and rough, her nose shiny, her hair in wisps and not full of golden tints as it had been ten years before. But in spite of all that, there was a bright, loving light in her eyes even when she must be too weary to smile. She had never shown any signs of complaint until he had found her crying one morning.

"Why, Martha, what's the matter?" he gasped.

"Oh, George, my chickens. They have something the m-matter with them and they are all d-dying. And I did so want some more money for a new h-h-hat."

"There, there, Martha, you'll get your new hat," was all he could say.

"No, I won't, I know. You can't spare any money with

the corn and pasture all dried up, and the price of milk where it is."

George was silent. He knew the truth of what she said and felt too downcast to protest. There was no merry whistle wafted over the dry fields as George followed the plow through the dry, hard ground that day. He was busy with very bitter thoughts. All he could see ahead was work, work, with discouragement and defeat to crown his efforts. If he had only himself to think if it would not be so hard—but there was Martha and the children. Life here in the heat and dust held nothing for them. He must get away. John and Fred, his brothers, were making good in the city. Why shouldn't he?

As he turned his plow back across the field facing the house, he viewed with resentment the group of gray buildings surrounding the snug little farm home. All he could see was the fierce sun beating down on the cloud of dust that a passing auto had stirred up. He would sell out, buy a nice little suburban home, far from dusty country roads, get a job somewhere, and not stumble over dry hard clods any more. His mind was fully made up when he went home that evening. He didn't know why, but he didn't tell Martha. He thought he had better wait until he made more definite arrangements. He had a vague feeling of uneasiness about telling her, too, which he couldn't explain.

After the chores had been done and supper eaten, he went out to walk in the yard. He did not see the beauty of the cloudless skies dotted with stars. All that he could see was that there was no sign of rain. If it came soon, he might plant some green feed which would tide him over the winter. But there was not a cloud to be seen.

Yes, he would go to the city tomorrow and see Creighton, the real-estate agent. There was no use trying any more.

Martha had finished the dishes and now stood beside him. "I think I know what is the matter with the chicks," she

said. "Grace Dandon was over this afternoon and she said hers acted the same way last year. She gave them some poultry medicine that she has and they got all right. So maybe I won't lose many after all. I'm counting on selling that second brood of friars next week, and I ought to get twenty-five dollars for them."

Her optimism surprised him, while the thought of the pitiful little twenty-five dollars beside what he would need to carry him over the winter, made his spirits sink still lower.

"That's fine Martha. And remember the egg money is all yours to use as you wish. I'm going to the city tomorow so I can get something if you want me to."

She looked at him in surprise and said nothing. He wondered if her woman's intuition told her why he was going.

He came back the next day almost jubilant.

"I met Creighton today and he said it was just luck that I came along when I did. A man came in yesterday wanting to buy a farm just like this. He's coming out to look at it next week. Martha, we'll sell and go to town. No more hard work for you, little mother. I'll get Fred to find a place for me, and we'll go away and leave this dry old country and it's work."

"Why, George, I don't—" she began.

"Oh, yes you do. Think what it will mean to have a weekly pay check that all the droughts in the world won't stop, and regular hours, and a real school for the youngsters—" he went on painting the advantages of the city life. Martha saw the boyish, almost happy look in his eyes. If leaving the farm would bring that look back, she would go, and willingly.

"Well, maybe you're right. I don't care," but she gave a little sigh as she said it.

Then began the preparations for the coming of the prospective buyer. George Bailey's farm was one of the best kept in the neighborhood, but he carefully went over it all to see that everything from the house to the farthest fence corner would stand inspection.

"The only thing it needs to make it look fine is a good rain to make the grass green," he thought, almost with pride, as he looked out over the dry pasture hills.

From then on George's attitude toward his farm became one of almost utter indifference. He looked at the withered corn rows as if to say, "Go on, dry up; I don't care. In a week you won't belong to me." The cows that he used to stroke every time he passed, now never received so much as a glance. The happy look only came to his eyes when he spoke of the home he expected to have, or of the work he would do. He had written Fred to get him a job, and was confidently awaiting an answer.

With Martha it was different. She loved the farm and hoped for better days ahead. She felt almost sad when she thought of leaving her hens and baby chicks; and as she watched the baby calves frisking in the barn lot, she almost choked when she thought that the only place one could see a calf in the city was in the butcher shop. But if George would be happy there, she would be, too.

Word was received that the buyer was coming on Wednesday. Tuesday night there was heat lightning in the north and west.

"Maybe it will rain tonight," said Martha, as she stood in the doorway a moment before going to bed. There was not a breath of air stirring. All abroad was that deep, oppressive calm that precedes a storm. The silence and the heat seemed to weigh on all living things so that not even a katy-did raised its voice to break the quiet.

"No, it won't rain. That's just heat lightning. I don't care now if it doesn't. We'll sell tomorow and then it doesn't matter."

"Yes, tomorow night this won't be ours any more," her voice held a world of regret. George looked at her quickly. She seemed more tried than usual. There were dark rings under her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the door.

"Yes, and then no more hard work for us, Martha girl. Won't we have a good time though? There'll be shows, and parties, and everything we haven't had time for all these years. But let's go to bed now, so we can have everything ready by the time they get here. You'll give them a chicken dinner, won't you?"

It seemed that they had scarcely fallen asleep when a reverberating roar shook the house. A gust of wind swept through the open doors and windows, and then, down came the rain. As he rushed about closing windows, George saw the waving branches, glistening in the lightning flashes, seeming to whisper their relief from the dust and heat. The air was already cool and fresh, and smelled of green vegetation. The patter of the rain-drops continued all night and the next morning they awoke to a new world. No more dust and no more heat for awhile. The cows and horses were all slick and clean, and as they stood on the pasture hills which were already green, they looked as though they had just come from an artist's brush. The brook, babbling merrily along reflected the sky overhead which was as blue as baby Mary's eyes. Every living thing seemed to take deep breaths of the cool, clear air that morning.

The mail man came at nine o'clock bringing a letter from Fred, part of which said, "I don't see any opening here for you. We have too many job-seekers now. Better stay on the farm, George, it's the best bet just now. I wish I were out there now with the youngsters. The city isn't any place for them, especially growing boys like yours. There is no place for them to play—the streets are so hot—and the sun beats down on them so hard it blinds your eyes."

"But it's rained now," thought George. He had never thought about how hot pavement must be. He had only pictured a shady little suburban yard.

"Well, if he can't get me a job I'll look somewhere else," he thought. The idea of not going never entered his mind.

A little later the prospective buyer came. George took him all over his little domain with pride, but somehow he couldn't

seem to be enthusiastic about it. All the little "selling" speeches he had planned sounded flat. He didn't know what was the matter with him. The thought "The city isn't any place for them" kept going through his mind as he pointed out the boundaries of the farm; the fine pasture land; the spring that never became dry; and all the other things a real farmer takes pride in. The buyer was delighted and was ready to pay almost any price. He would even buy the stock and implements, too. So George showed him the plows, planters, and reapers that he had put in readiness the day before, thinking how glad he was that he would have to follow them no more. But somehow today he almost caressed the skiny plow share, and his hand almost trembled when he pointed out the newest device on the binder. Then they hunted up the cows in the pasture. Martha and the children joined them in the walk across the meadows. They found the cows under the big sycamore tree on the edge of the brook. Their slick black and white sides against the green of the grass made a beautiful picture. They were so busy hungrily cropping the green grass they had been deprived of for so long that they did not even notice the men as they walked among them, pointing out something good about each one. George's hand lingered careessingly on their sleek sides as he patted them and told the buyer how many pounds of milk they gave. The baby calves frisked about on the green and they came in for their share of praise. Somehow George found himself wishing the man didn't like them so well. He was watching baby Mary romping on the grass. "The city is no place for them," came into his mind as he watched her. Daisy, the youngest calf of the herd, stepping cautiously, went over to the little girl, poking its soft pink and gray muzzle into the little girl's hand.

"Pitty Daise-ee", cooed the child.

"That's a cute youngster you have there, Bailey. All your children," he turned to watch the two husky boys of six and eight years throwing pebbles into the brook, "look so healthy. That comes of living on the farm. That's why I'm getting out

of town. City streets are no place for growing children. No fresh air, no place to play, no green grass—" he waved his hand indicating the broad pastures. George's eye followed the gesture out across the black loam of the field, and over to the group of buildings that meant home. His gaze came back to the sturdy boys, the little girl with her arms around the calf's neck, cooing in its ear, to Martha who was standing with her hand on his arm.

Creighton must have read the look for he said, "Yes, there's all that. But there's less work there, too. You'll find that out before long. Well, if we've been over all, we'd better begin to talk business."

George Bailey looked at him as though he were seeing much else beside. He was. He was seeing less work behind a desk, the same day after day; the same street cars, hustle, and noise; he felt the narrowness of a city lot, the solitude of a great crowd.

Again his eyes swept the land that was his still—Thank God—and saw its beauty.

He turned to the real estate agent.

"I'm sorry, Creighton, but I believe I won't sell. I've changed my mind—unless Martha here would rather."

"Oh, George, I'd rather stay here than in any suburban house in the world!" And she squeezed his arm very hard as he said it.

"Mary loves Daisy," cooed the little maid in the ensuing silence. Seeing them both looking at her, she continued, "Don't o-o-?"

George Bailey's answer came from the depths of his heart, "Yes, darling, but Daddy loves Mary better."

We are sorry that due to lack of space we are unable to print the stories written by Freshmen which won Special Mention in the contest. These are:

Mary Jane—Claude Craigmiles.

Dream Boat—Rhoba Philips.

Granny Martin's Secret—Edythe Hall.

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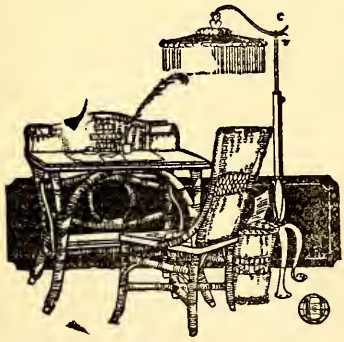

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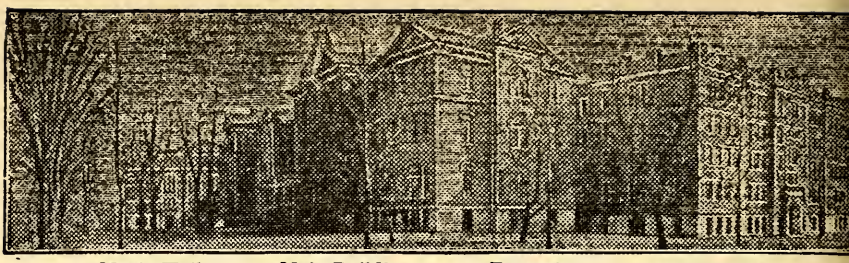

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A Character Sketch

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—*Margaret Dryden*

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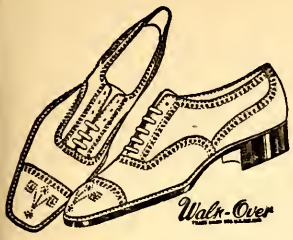

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The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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IN MEMORY OF

JANETTE WALLACE

Class of 1923

Died April 18, 1923

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

From Railroad to Primitive.

A traveler leaves the Blue Grass Country in the evening, and going southeast finds himself in the midst of the Cumberland mountains by morning. Modern civilization is left behind as the traveler steps from the train at some desolate looking station. His destination is perhaps ten or fifteen miles from the railroad, so he looks about for some means of transportation for himself and baggage. Soon he is greeted by a small barefoot boy with a friendly smile. He is conducted to the "carry-all" which proves to be a mule. After packing a small amount of baggage in the saddle bags (the rest being left for some uncertain future time when a wagon can make the trip) the riders are off. As they ride along, the stranger is impressed with the beauty of the hills with their covering of fine trees and laurel and low hanging mist. The road wiggle-waggles over and around the hills, always narrow, often sidling, usually rocky. Much of the time it follows the creek bed, making frequent fording necessary.

Scenery is varied by occasional saw-mills sending out the aromatic odor of freshly sawed wood. Now and then a yoke of oxen is seen drawing a ramshackle sled of fodder over the bare ground, while the driver shouts out his "Gee" and "Haw". Mountaineer's cabins are passed with sometimes a flock of curious children in the door. Usually there is a large black kettle in the yard and a spinning wheel on the porch. Always the hills are behind and just ahead, the horizon invisible. Hours pass and the journey is at an end. The traveler descends, somewhat stiffly, from the saddle into new and still more strange experiences.

A Bean Stringin'.

It is an October evening "just at the edge of dark". There is something doing at the Job Hoskins cabin. People are beginning to gather and already the place is gay with talk and laughter.

The event is a neighborhood "bean stringin' " and truly an important social occasion. This night there is a trifle more interest than usual, because two of those new "fotched-in teachers" are to be present and some amusing blunders on their part are expected. In preparation for the event two great stacks of beans in the pod are piled, one at each end of the long narrow porch. One pile is for the old folks, the other for the younger set. As it becomes darker, light is furnished by three or four smoking chimneyless coal oil lamps. As the guests arrive they are given a choice between "nosin' " and "stringin' " the beans. The task of the "nosers" is to break the stem ends off the pods, that of the "stringers" to string them by use of needles upon long threads so that they can be hung up to dry. The strangers choose "stringin' ",—"Such a novelty, you know"—and wonder why they seem to make such slow progress. For those mountain youngster's fingers fly with such lightning swiftness that their strings are filled in an incredibly short time. All the time "that young imp" Cephas is up to his pranks. Now he is letting himself down from the roof, next he is screeching like an owl, then hitting some unwary person with a "bean nose". Soon "bean noses" are thickly flying through the air. And all the time "Maw Hoskins" is pleading in vain with Cephas to "stop that fool nonsense". At last the work is done and then begins the music of the guitar and dulcimer, the stamping of feet and clapping of hands, the hum of ballad singers. But soon pleasure must end, for the hour grows late and the merry-makers take their separate ways into the night.

A Call upon Aunt Mollie

Aunt Mollie loves to have company, for she has been a cripple and shut-in for the past ten years. She sits in her rickety rocking chair today as always. In answer to the inquiry of how she is, she gives her usual reply "I ain't much well today." She is bent and old. Life and its work and suffering have bowed her head and made deep wrinkles upon her patient face. Yet her hands are busy. Today she is making a corn shuck hat,

and there in the corner is a stack of lovely coverlets woven by her hands. These suggest by their names tales of old romance. There is "King's Delight", "Olive Leaf", "Lover's Knot", "Lonely Heart", and others. If we insist, Aunt Mollie will sing some old ballads. She does her favorites, "Barbara Allen", and "No John No", in her high, quavering mournful voice. The floor of her home is bare. The walls are covered with catalog leaves. There is little furniture. But Aunt Mollie as she smokes her pipe or works with her hands gazes out into the purple distances where the mountains fade. Soon another caller will climb the crooked steps, and she will greet him with a smile and call him "Friend", although his name is Death.

A Great Excitement

It is almost time for the afternoon recess at Wooten School, on the day of November 2, 1922. It has been such an ordinary day somehow. None of those little unexpected events or remarks have happened which so enliven the hours of the school day. The bouquet upon the desk is wilted. Faces look distressed over problems which refuse to be solved. There is a half suppressed restlessness, a tendency to look out of the window, to giggle and wriggle. Then it happens! A sound breaks the outside stillness and gets the spontaneous attention of every one in the room. The teacher gives one look. "Can it be—but no, impossible." Yet it is. In one instant and with one accord those fifty youngsters rush out of the door and surround—an automobile! Not more than three of four of these children have ever seen an automobile before, outside of pictures. They yell, jump up and down, and behave quite as if they had lost their senses. The center of interest is just a small, dilapidated, wobbly Ford truck. The tires are almost in shreds. The hood is off of the chuggy engine. After the car has been climbed upon, fingered, inspected, some one discovers that it has a driver. This tanned and important person becomes the victim of a rapid fire of questions.

"Yes siree," he says, "I've come all the way from Atlanta, Georgia in this hyer old rattle trap, and sich roads as I've come over I niver want to see again. Here's my old pick axe that's helped me get over many a rock, and many's the hill these hyer wheels have slid down without turnin' a mite."

At the insistence of the children, the sputtery engine is started again, and before an hour passes every youngster has had a never-to-be-forgotten ride up the road and back. The day, monotonous in its beginning, has become one of importance. For months it is to be the chief topic of conversation. Events will be spoken of as happening before or after the first automobile ever came to Leslie County. Furthermore, it is the forerunner of many changes coming to this isolated region, for

"The ways of the world are a comin'—up Cyar!
Biled shirts and neckties,
Powder pots and veils,
Pizen fotched in liquors,
Doctor pills and ails—
Its a sight, all the brash
That's comin'—up Cyar!"

—*Helen Paschall '22, Jacksonville.*

Surely, we have attained a high degree of literary independence! When we need a play, English or French, Audrey King creates for us a gay little piece, or if Spanish, Martha Logan gets out her wits and her dictionary; if a pageant,—a *different* pageant, Margaret Hamilton combines rhythm and mythology into a beautiful production. When we come to write our own dramatic club plays, the eastern play-wrights who live on royalties will have to go back to their garrets. We are fast achieving dramatic self-sufficiency.

And then Mary Lois Clark and Audrey King, produced the Junior Follies, full of snap and loveliness, composing a song. both words and music. We do not copy, we create.

THE PARTY

By Lucille E. Vick

Cyril was drunk the night it happened. They were all at Red's announcement, (a stag affair), and the young upstart brought out his private stock. I do not believe the men were dangerously intoxicated—just foolishly so. The tables were arranged about the large private pool on the third floor of Red's home. The musicians were in a little red canoe drifting about on the water. They were girls—beautiful girls clad in scarlet bathing suits and caps. They sang as they played, and spoke with their eyes as they sang. The girl with the guitar had been two years with the Follies. I heard them call her Ethyle. She was slender and dark, and she had a lovely wistful smile. Cyril had known her before. He brought her to this party and he was going to take her home—eventually. The third time the canoe passed Cyril I saw her look up at him and rather gravely shake her head. The boy put down the glass he had almost to his lips, but he made up for that later.

About three o'clock in the morning the girls left the canoe to dress. Cyril waited in the room for Ethyle. The banquet tables and the pool had been deserted. Nobody ever learned for certain, how things happened. I was in the smoking room and suddenly discovered that I had left my cigarette case by my place at the tables. I started for it. At the arch of the doorway I stopped— Cyril and Ethyle were standing side by side on a table. He held a small revolver over his head, and the girl was reaching for it.

"Please, Cyril, put that away! Stop being foolish and take me home."

He was laughing foolishly and his body swayed—"Dive, little bird—do a pretty dive. You used to do a pretty one last summer—you are my bird, and I say for you to dive!"

The girl looked at him—frightened. "You won't do anything foolish, dear. I had much rather go home;—I'll dive once, Cyril, if you'll stop being a fool." As she posed for her

dive Cyril sang—"See the pretty bird! Lord! What a day for hunting!"

Then came the report from his revolver. I'll never believe he *deliberately* pulled the trigger. The girl was in mid-air and she hit the water like lead. I dived for her and brought her out. By that time the other fellows in the smoking room had heard the shot and they came ganging in. We did all we could, but the girl died—and Cyril stood there and grinned.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER

He ploughed a field near a country town
And a right good plougher was he.
He sang a song as he ploughed along,
He sang the song for me.

And the words he sang were words like these,
"In the spring I plough and sow;
In the fall I reap, while my faith I keep,
With a little girl I know."

He raked the field and he crushed the clod,
And he sowed the seed in glee,
He sowed the seed for the world's great need
But he sang the song for me.

—Dorotha Staff '26

BORED

For the last half hour she had been trying to analyze her own symptoms. Balanced on the end of the bed, with an elbow on her window sill, she just sat, thought, didn't think--sat. It was a beautiful day, colorful, with the green of the grass, the spring beauties, the warm sun shining on the budded trees, and a four mile hike would have taken her to a flower dell. With an effort she smiled and shook her head, "No", to an excited call for a tennis game. Robin Hood rescued his Lady Marian down town in a show; a telephone call lay unanswered on her table. Disinterested even in herself, she sat and pulled at a string of hair. She was bored, knew it, cared—a little bit, felt sorry for herself—a little bit. She sat.

—*Margaret Dryden*

M. CAILLAND

By Audrey King

M. Cailland was a holy man. He could not walk along the streets of the village without a crowd of children following him for his blessing; without their elders bowing obsequiously to him, and murmuring among themselves, "A holy man! A holy man, truly!"

M. Cailland looked a holy man. He was old with snow white hair; tall, but a little bent; well built, but gaunt as from much fasting. He wore only old clothes, and his long cape and pointed hat gave him much of the appearance of a priest.

And M. Cailland acted a holy man. He was rich, but what widow had not received of his wealth, what poor orphan had not had of his bounty? And had he not given freely to the Church? Had he not helped all who needed aid? Truly, he made good use of his wealth. And what part did he keep for himself? Why, he lived more frugally than most of his peasants—in that great dismal house with only old Jean and Jean's wife to care for him—alone always. He surely spent his time

in fasting and prayer. But no one could say as to that with certainty. M. Cailland received no visitors. No one but the nephew from Paris had been inside the grounds for years. But that was only further proof of M. Cailland's goodness. He was living the life of a hermit. Ah, a holy man! A holy man, truly!

And old Marie, Jean's wife, told tales to prove M. Cailland's holiness. Why, Monsieur was in communication with the holy saints! Sometimes music would rise and float from the very walls; and, at other times, there would be the sound of soft voices coming from nowhere, it seemed. And often times Monsieur would stay in his room for days at a time, would take no food for a whole week, would not allow himself to be disturbed for any reason. And when his nephew came, did he not upbraid him for his loose, worldly ways, his gay life in Paris? Ah, Monsieur was a holy man! Monsieur was a saint! Did not the angel voices prove it?

* * * *

It was winter and M. Cailland was old. But nevertheless, he allowed himself no ease. He visited the poor in the most inclement weather; he lived as frugally as ever. But now the hard life began to tell. One day M. Cailland was confined to his bed. He seemed in a terrible delirium. He had a raging fever. His nephew was sent for. The townspeople crowded to his home for news of him. And all the while M. Cailland raged in a delirium.

He said strange things. He would cry out with seeming mirth, "A holy man! A holy man, truly! Ha! Ha! A holy man! Celestine, can you love a holy man?"

And then while the people cowered at such ravings, the nephew arrived. He rushed to the bedside, crying, "My uncle! My uncle!" and M. Cailland sat up in bed and greeted him.

"Ah, good evening, my nephew. You come in good time. I am glad you are here." Then in a softer voice with a silly smile and mysterious rolling of the eyes—"They think your uncle is a holy man! A holy man! Ha! Ha!" And he laughed aloud. Then softly tittering, "A holy man! They are not wise."

He held his nephew's hand and arm and plucked at them constantly. "Ah, and the music! That was holy music! Ah yes, holy music. And the soft voices! Ha! Ha! Do all soft voices belong to saints, my nephew?"

Again M. Cailland laughed his horrid laugh. M. Cailland's eyes were insanely bright. He mumbled and tittered like a dotard.

"Ah, the soft voices! Soft voices—and the music! Those two are from Heaven of course." Here his voice became a hoarse whisper.

"Here. Take this. Look at it, sometime."

He slipped a tiny scroll into his nephew's hand and then tittering and chuckling, he fell back and in a few minutes, died.

M. Cailland was buried with great pomp. He was named a saint in spite of the horror of his last moments.

After the funeral, the nephew returned to the cheerless house and after ordering lights and food, sat down before the fire of his uncle's apartment and perused the scroll. It was a simple diagram showing the position of a private passageway leading from the room. The nephew wondered. His uncle's delirium had been very strange for a holy man. Very. Well, the passage way!

He found it easily. It led to a suit of rooms sumptiously furnished and with every evidence of being occupied. He passed through the drawing room into the boudoir beyond. A beautiful creature reclined at ease on the divan. She turned at the sound of his steps.

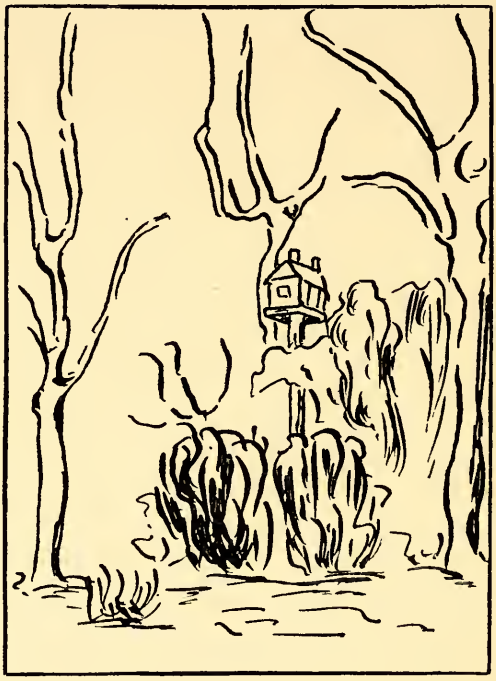
"Paul," she cried in suprise. "You!"

"Celestine!" exclaimed the Parisian as to an old acquaintance. Then, bowing low, "My uncle has excellent taste."

"Thank you," said the courtesan. "How is he?"

"He is dead and buried," said Paul.

"Ah, a holy man. A holy man, truly," murmured Celestine. "Eh bien, I suppose you are his heir."



A New Campus Building

"Do call on us," said Madam Wren
To Mrs. Thrush one day.
"Now that spring moving's over.
I think we're fixed to stay.
We like the place,—it's well built—modern—
Has a lovely yard.
We're in the Senior Duplex,
On Back Campus Boulevard."

THE MAGAZINES WE—SEE

Alma Blodget gives this as a result of actual interviews at local magazine stands.

"Magazines? Yes, we keep quite a few." The clerk waved his hand at the racks full of them. There they were—every size, color and name,—the dignified *Atlantic Monthly,* the brilliant *Red Book,* the lurid *True Confessions* and a hundred others.

"We sell some of every kind. The *American* is the best seller; you'll find that anywhere. *Red Book* comes about second and then the *Ladies Home Journal* and *Woman's Home Companion* are the biggest favorites. *Saturday Evening Post* is pretty popular; some women buy it but the most of its purchasers are men. *American* and *Red Book* readers are more evenly divided. *True Stories* goes pretty fast. I don't read it myself, and don't think it amounts to anything, but some people want it. The same ones who go to sensational movies want that kind of reading material. I almost said *literature,* but you couldn't call much of this stuff literature. There are others of the same type. *Telling Tales, True Confessions, Hearst's, Young's,* and others; but we don't sell many of them,—say five— while we sell fifty *Americans* and twenty-five *True Stories.* The same people don't buy them all the time. Frequently they are just "pick up" reading or the picture on the cover stands out so much that they feel impelled to buy.

"Radio magazines are mighty popular just now. There are a number of different ones on the market to suit the most amateur fan or the real professional. They all go like hot cakes. There's a call too for other technical magazines. *Scientific Monthly* is rather popular. Draughtsmen's journals, engineering, agricultural and other magazines have a limited sale for one class.

"Yes, we keep reviews like *World's Work, Current Opinion* and *Literary Digest,* but they don't sell very fast. That isn't an indication that they aren't read, for the people who want them usually subscribe for them by the year. They want to be sure of getting them and don't like to take the risk of purchas-

ing them when they come out at a book store. The same is true of *Atlantic Monthly, The Dial* and others of more literary type; I'd hate to have the number we sell a basis of judgment of the number read.

"*Life* and *Judge* always sell well: so does *Whizz Bang.* More people subscribe for the other two than for *Whizz Bang.* It isn't as good for a steady diet.

"If a man comes in for two magazines, what will he take? That depends on where he is going. If it's home, he'll get something for himself—*American, Saturday Evening Post*—and a woman's magazine for his wife. If it's for himself alone he takes perhaps *Review of Reviews* and *American.* The same man never takes *Current Opinion* and *Hearst's.* If he wants something light he'll take *Life* or *Judge.* The only combination with *Hearst's* is another magazine of the same type. None of them combine with the *Century* or *Atlantic Monthly.*

"Movie magazines are always popular. People who attend all movies have to keep up on the inside life of their favorites. Naturally we don't keep every magazine published. There is no call for some in a place like this, and it doesn't pay us to keep them on hand, even if we can return those we don't sell."

There were still lots of magazines we hadn't mentioned. Many of them were dismissed as unworthy of comment. "I don't read them—don't think they're worth wasting time on—but some people want them, so we keep them."

Magazine popularity is a strange thing, isn't it? Do you suppose that Addison or Steelse ever had any idea what the modest beginnings of the Tatler and Spectator would lead to? They can't be very proud of some of their successors, but how they must glory in others!

"I had an awful fright last night."
"Yes, I saw you with her."

—Iowa Wesleyan News.

OPHELIA OBSERVES AGAIN

We knew that Roger Carter would keep his promise! Was'nt it a glorious serenade he and Ben O'Conner gave us? I love best that tragic strain with the theme, "He shall die! He shall die!" They haunted me, those lines, in the same peculiar manner that Mark Twain was possessed by the jingle

"Punch, brother, punch with care;

Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

On my way to class or at the table, I mutter to myself, "He shall die! die! die!" causing my neighbors to cast wondering glances. If I could remember more of the song these disturbing lines might be varied. Perhaps Roger and Ben will come again, and we will rouse the inhabitants of Tin Can Alley, who were so angry at missing this last serenade. Again, to the singers, our appreciation and expectation. Others have come in the meantime, but we demand the genuine.

And all our own little plans for serenading are ruined! Faithfully on Saturday morning we warbled "Jingle Bells", thinking that some warm spring night it would be so sweet and appropriate to sing it to the School for the Deaf. But Woodson in his zeal for order consigned the copies to destruction. I hope I never leave my history note book in the chapel window.

You know Woodson's Airdale dog? Big as the side of a barn. Homely as a mud fence. He lives with Woodson in Music Hall basement. The other day Woodson appeared from these regions. His expression was not agreeable, and his language was not mild. On being questioned, he exploded: "That damn dog! He chawed up mah shoes, he chawed up mah breeches, an' now he gone an' chawed up mah Bible!" But Woodson should take comfort in the thought that anything as full of religion as that Airdale is now will not chaw anything again.

While making radios, Mr. Wackerle might construct one which would allow the people on the back chapel rows to know what was being said on the stage. Or a course in lip reading might be given.

The College Greetings

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COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

The other day I heard a girl remark that she had several college mementoes she was saving to hand down to her grandchildren. I had visions of hearing about the usual things we put in our Memory Books, but instead she informed me she was to bequeath to her posterity her English History note-book and her date book. Rather astonished at hearing of such a thing as a "date book" at the Woman's College, I couldn't refrain from inquiring further. Thereupon I was informed that her date book was the book in which she kept the times of committee meetings, advisory council, Glee Club, Madrigal, Dramatic, French and Spanish rehearsals and all the other things that she had to attend. Then I understood.

Perhaps she exaggerated a bit in her enumeration of her activities, but the question of the place of "outside" work is worthy of consideration. We all admit that college activities are the life of the school, but when they become burdensome to a few girls who seem to have duties in connection with everything, there ought to be reformation.

Some girls,—((shall we say unfortunately?) get the reputation of being reliable and trustworthy and full of good ideas. As a reward for these to-be-coveted traits, they serve on com-

mittees of every description, play on or manage athletic teams, lead Y Dub, champion Endowment movements, take part in English, French or Spanish plays,—in short give all their time, spare or otherwise, to college activities.

"Wonderful, wonderful, activities!"

"Happy girl to be able to develop her abilities."

But this same girl as a reward,—or is it a punishment for her reliability, comes home from a meeting or rehearsal at eleven P. M., turns on the light, and while her lucky roommate revels in slumber, opens her books, one after another, trying to get a smattering knowledge of the work for the five classes she has the next day, before she finally succumbs to her weariness. Add to this the uncomfortable feeling which comes to us all that next day in class as a result of unpreparedness, and where is the happiness and joy in college activities?

But she doesn't like to refuse flatly when she is asked to serve on a committee; she doesn't want to shirk her duty as a loyal student, so she still works and gives half-time to lessons.

Our point system takes care of the more important offices, but all the decoration, program, and social committees are not included in that. No point reward or grade comes as a result of strenuous committee work, and yet this takes as much time as some of the more important offices.

Of course we do not wish that college activities should be done away with, but all will agree that parts in outside affairs should be distributed more evenly. Every girl should be given the opportunity to learn how to manage committees. To this end, committee work should not be confined to a few, but distributed so that every girl may develop her ability in that line. In other activities, let each one choose, and not try to join every organization.

If we adopt this policy of giving the unused student a chance to try her perhaps equal abilities, even at the expense of a few failures, we shall soon see an advance in scholarship of the over-burdened few.

—*E. M.*

MUCH-TALKED-OF BOOKS

So far this year the two publications that are probably most interesting to college students are the much-talked-of *Town and Gown* by Lois and Lynn Montrose and a more recent book *The Barb* by Wm. McNally. The two deal with college life in the manner in which Sinclair Lewis treated *Gopher* Prairie: an unimpassioned statement of conditions. As *Main Street* brought home to the American people the defects of the small town, these two books, it is to be hoped, will bring a realization of the outstanding faults of the universities. But whether you take up the two books with the idea of being entertained or with that of social reform, you will find them equally readable.

The former, *Town and Gown,* is composed of a number of short stories about different phases of university life—some of which are rather appealing in their frank statement of facts, yet they have been written by two people who wrote from observation. The stories are as well-written as they are interesting, which makes them very desirable indeed. Still the book is being demanded mainly because every university student (aside from other interested persons) is saying, "Have you read what they have written about us? Are we going to deny it—or what?"

The other book, *The Barb,* relates the experiences of a man coming from the culture of a European school to the commonplaceness, the almost-vulgarity of a Mid-Western University. He sees the sham, the snobbery, the futility of it all, and consequently decides to live the life of a "barb".

The two present serious problems for the college man and woman to think about, and have, as well, genuine literary value.

—*Dorothy Dieman.*

Maurine Gilpin has a novel way of making money. She will wash behind your ears, five cents per ear, three for a dime.

AN APPRECIATION

It is the months of drafting, surveying, estimating—not the spectacular piling together of materials,—that builds the great building. It is the work, pondering, planning, prayer, work, of month after month,—not a brief campaign for funds,—that builds a school. We give our tribute to one who works day and night, quietly. Dr. Harker will be remembered by many of us as he sits at his desk, busy and not seeming to tire.

WHAT IS LIFE?

By Ruth B. Esparza

Visiting the pyramid and obelisk's city, I went into Pharaoh's place. A heavy cloud of incense was enveloping the granite columns and statues of the great saloon where the king was seated on his high throne of gold and ivory. Priests in white linen and warriors with helmets and resplendent shields and lances were around him.

All of them were contemplating some dancing women, who, following the melancholy harmony of flutes, lyres and drums, fluttered on nimble feet in very delicate agitation or twisted their bodies in graceful contortion.

Suddenly, the lowing of a sacred ox sounded, and there was a holy terror in all from the king down to the dancers and musicians; but when the sacred ox became quiet, the dance began anew.

Oh! how beautiful they were in their Egyptian dresses which reflected lights and colors of their jewels. At that time, God help me, I recognized some of them. The dancers—Vona Cleveland, Donnabel Keys, Charlotte Rodgers and Audrey King! And the musicians—Marie Luke, Beulah Farnham, Ruth Bishop, and whistling, Joe Rink.

I never was so surprised as when I met the assistant of Hipparcus at the great Observatory of Alexandria in white tunic and with veiled head, writing a poem to Osiris. Who is he?—Margaret Fowler!

Beyond the city, in the desert, through the burning sand, Catharine Stevenson and Margaret Kuhne are before the Sphinx asking her: How many children and how many generations will we send to I. W. C.?

Near the Cheop's pyramid was Elva Becker bathed in tears, and saying to herself, "Now, here is my tomb all ready; but it will cost seventy-five dollars to embalm my body—and I have only five."

Suddenly with a noble gesture she stood up and said: "I shall work until I have those seventy-five dollars." Just at that minute a white cumulus cloud descended and from it came out two tender faces and they kissed her. Lucille Morris and Sarita Jones!

There was a palace near the great temple of Karnak, and in it was a magnificent saloon tapestried with purple velvet and with a rich carpet. At the right side of the saloon was a luxurious divan where were lying some distinguished maidens with diadems in their hair, collars around their necks, and bracelets on their wrists and ankles.

What are doing?

Embroidering a tunic for the priest.

Who are they? Mildred Waldron, Mary Alice Harper and Zenith Homberger!

Oh! what am I seeing now? Nymphs—wrapped in intangible veils and holding in their mouths torches, that emit torrents of diamonds over the tranquil surface of the water! They are swimming under the blue sky of Egypt into the emerald of the Nile. Ah! Winnie Potter, Janette Meridith, Eleanor Dowd, Helen Bly, Beatrice ———.

In that moment the seven-thirty bell rang and I had missed my breakfast.

"What is life? A dream."

A BLUE MONDAY

By Ruth Beach

Monday morning, the only morning in the week you can sleep late she wakes up, that chronic Pollyanna, because she thinks it is a shame to let such a beautiful day go to waste. "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" heralds her coming. She is happy. So would you be if she would only let you sleep. She rushes into your room and insists that you get up and go to breakfast with her. You have nearly fifteen minutes to get dressed and down stairs to the dining room. You get up, because you know that if you don't she'll stay and keep you awake anyway. Where's that elusive tooth brush? Ah, here it is behind your dresser on the floor. Your room mate must have put it there—you can always blame your room mate for putting things where you can't find them. While you are thus occupied the kind friend who woke you up is around cheering up everyone else on the corridor who feels badly about having been awakened so early.

At last you are ready and have about three minutes to get to the dining room. You dash down and have the agonizing experience of reaching the bottom of the steps just as the bell is ringing and the door being closed. Your watch was slow. But Pollyanna friend says, "Oh well, cheer up Mary, I bet they had something we don't like anyway". Now I ask you, if that isn't enough to spoil an otherwise perfectly good day. But you are heroic about it and try to squeeze out a smile. Then she tells you. on the way back upstairs, that she can't undersand how anyone can possibly have such a terrible disposition as her room mate has. All that she did to her was to call her two or three times and try to pull her out of bed, to go down to breakfast with her. Said room mate apparently didn't care to go to breakfast or to be helped out of bed either and told her to get out and leave her alone and added further that she didn't care whether she ever ate or not, but she did want to sleep and wished she would get out and let her do so.

You have come to the door of your room—and escape.

Inside you find your room mate, who has just lifted her flower head from the soft down of the pillow and is sitting up in bed, many pillows behind her, reading the morning mail. Between gasps of ecstacy she tells you that her sister has just received the most marvelous diamond and the man she is engaged to took her to the most wonderful frat dance the other night and she said—finally you get in a word and ask for your mail. There are several letters lying beside her on the bed. They are hers; you have none.

You sit down to the study table to work on that English History note-book. The Treaty of Wallingford 1174, The Doomsday Survey 1088 and "Oh Mary! listen to me, they have already decided to go to California on their honeymoon." Your room mate is tearing up everything on your dresser looking for the hair pins and net that you used by mistake this morning. Stony silence and concentration on your part. Seeing that she will get no response from you she goes across the hall to tell the glad news to Helen and Bernice. You struggle for an hour trying to memorize kings and dates. (those pertaining to history). The bunch has decided to go down town for breakfast. But never mind, they'll be back pretty soon to talk to you. They are back. They tell you to forget the gloom; there's no reason for you to act that way just because you didn't get a letter from your best man. They wouldn't. They all got one.

Lunch time —nothing you like. After lunch your room mate and Helen and Bernice decide to go to the movies. You can't go—that history note book as well as a little matter of about fifteen pages of Lit. is staring you in the face. When you are half through studying the bunch returns. They have some French translation to do and it must be done before dinner, so they will come in and sit on your bed and read it out loud. This helps a lot, especially in the matter of memorizing the periods of Shakespeare's works.

Dinner time. Everybody is talking about the movie you missed. "Wasn't it thrilling? and oh, those soulful eyes, and

wasn't she darling in the last scene?" After dinner you go out with a couple of friends to walk around the campus for a few minutes before finishing that Lit. As you come back into the building, you meet your room mate coming down stairs. She stops long enough to tell you not to study too hard, and "Oh yes, I borrowed your coat and hat and gloves because I'm having a date and knew you weren't and wouldn't care a bit." As you go on past one of the society halls, someone is playing "The End of a Perfect Day".

THE LATEST FROM UTOPIA

Being news items concerning those of our faculty who are dwelling in that land where ambitions are realized.

Utopia, May 1, 19—

Dr. Evelyn Anderson is defending herself in court on the charge of having put a patient to sleep by radio bed time stories. Dr. Anderson claims that the man is worth more dead than alive and has witnesses to the effect that he has a life insurance.

Miss Swanson after these years has power to assume any form. She believes her mission in life is to perfect the golf stroke so she will usually be found in the form of a golf stick. This is the only way in which she can wreak the proper vengeance on the wayward ball. A new feature of the game as played in Utopia is the speed cop caddy improvement. Occasionally Miss Swanson assumes the form of a pen. Detectives are secretly working to discover what she writes.

Miss Lobdell is demanding more poor people in Utopia. Her social service committee is idle half the time, and some of them have resorted to chewing gum for amusement.

Miss Teague just escaped a serious accident the other day. She was swimming rapidly down the River, for she was to meet a friend for lunch at the Pie Plate. As the sea weeds were growing so close to the sides of the road she did not see around the curve. She unceremoniously bumped straight into a shark. The accident was unavoidable and both parties escaped without in-

jury. After apologies they became very much interested in each other. Miss Teague learned that Mr. Shark could speak French fluently and so invited him to sit down on the road side bench. Miss Teague refuses to relate what happened when her friend came in search of her. From all reports we gather that she will eat nothing but pancakes.

Choir Wanted—Preferably men—Miss Whitmer.

Miss Johnston has just returned from a camping trip given by Rudyard Kipling. She reports that Mrs. Kipling is a cat.

The engagement of Miss Abbott and Mr. Limited Subject does not surprise us. We offer our most sympathetic congratulations. Miss Abbott was heard to whisper to her maid that she did not like Slang Words. As Mr. Subject is giving a reception for Mr. Words the last of May something interesting may happen. We will print further details in our next issue.

Mr. Weber reports that he found his Bible. He recommends that all Utopians use red and blue pencils for underscoring. Without the American Eagle pencil marks Mr. Weber would never have been able to identify his Book.

In behalf of some psychological experiments Mrs. Weber has been imprisoned for a few days on the pretense of having committed suicide. At the end of this time she will be hung at sunrise for at least ten minutes. If those present will pay close attention they may get some interesting notes. This is not a punishment for Mrs. Weber's sins but it is for psychological research in the impressions and experiences of a criminal. A specially made Utopian Retaker will record all thoughts and feelings of this generous woman as they take place.

Miss Merriman has been suspended from the University of Utopia, where she is getting information on how to fill a Hope Chest. It is reported that she refuses to cut off her beautiful curls when it is an unwritten law at the institution that all inmates should have bobbed hair. We are interested in the result,—will Miss Merriman comply with the wishes of the school or will she give up her life work?

WE, THE SCRIBBLERS

We were horrified to hear a Soph ask, "What is this 'Scribblers', anyway? Isn't it a class for freshmen who are deficient in English?"

Shades of Bernard Shaw and Amy Lowell! We had meant to be exclusive. We had hoped to be advertised, not by announcement, but "by our loving friends". It appears, however, that in this unromantic age we must seek the publicity of the press, and classing ourselves with the manufacturers of tooth paste and underwear, tell you of our charms in print.

Scribblers is a society of scribes for the purpose of scribbulation. Some of the students, it seems, are cursed with ideas, emotions, that will not be expressed in music, art or dramatics, but insist on shaping themselves into words. The resulting infant sketch, poem or story seems to its creator a thing of significance and beauty. But realizing that mother love may be blinding her eyes, she brings the child of her brain for the kindly but critical appraisal of similarly creative friends. That is Scribblers.

We meet when we please, where we please, and stay as long as we please, discussing the race question—hero worship—anything suggested by the reading of our manuscipts, and usually speaking of the possibilities shown in the submitted material of some anonymous candidate for membership. For we do not flatter ourselves that our circle includes all the literary genius of the school. Four freshmen candidates were recently accepted, and besides these we number three sophomores, five juniors and two seniors. Among two hundred and fifty there are surely more than fourteen who write well, and though we hope that Scribblers will not grow much larger than it is now, it is always a joy to find that some unsuspected person shares our desire—to write with vividness, originality and truth.—M. F.

We—Who is that fellow with the long hair?
She—He's a fellow from Yale.
We—Oh, I've often heard of those Yale locks.—Ex.

FINED! TEN DOLLARS.

By Alice Barwise

Richard Harley steered the car with ease as it rather leisurely ate up the smooth hard road between St. Louis and Charleston Woods. How he loved the whirr of the engine and the touch of the wheel. His slightest turn directed the car easily into the path he wished. According to his custom only one hand was on the wheel—his left hand. His other arm encircled the shoulders of a young lady.

Charlotte had chatted away in her usual bright way as they left the city. Soon, however, her words had become mere responses to Dick's questions. Finally, not even getting a response, Dick peeked under Charlotte's hat and found her eyes closed. She was far away in the Land of Nod.

Dick put his arm cautiously around her, trying not to disturb her. Thus he protected her from the jar of the car.

The night was a beautiful one. The moon looked like the white tip of a tiny fingernail. The stars sparkled gloriously, All was still. The only sounds which reached Dick's ears were the steady beating of the engine and Charlotte's breathing.

He glanced down at her. Such a delicate, sweet girl she was. The wind played with her curly golden hair, which had slipped from the hold of the little blue turban. As he looked at her Dick realized how much he loved her. Indeed, she was a girl any man would be proud to marry.

Just as these thoughts were idly chasing themselves around in Dick's mind his eyes suddenly saw lights from a car behind reflected in the mirror which he kept above the wind-shield. "Let them pass," he thought. But the car didn't pass. It chugged along directly behind him. Impatiently it seemed to say, "Move along, I'm in a hurry."

Dick's first impulse was to speed up. A glance at the speedometer showed thirty-five miles. No speeding beyond law for him. Then he suddenly realized that it was nothing but those tricky speed cops, anyway. When business was dull they

tried to scare up some. Since they worked on a commission basis it paid them well to do so.

And here they were trying to bully Dick. If he weren't up to their tricks the rasping rattle of their car would tantalize him until he would speed up. Then they would triumphantly drive up beside him and yell at him. One of them would jump onto his fender and say, "Yep! Forty-five. I knew it!" Dick had had to bail himself out more than once for just such foolhardiness. But no more for him. He was on to them.

So he allowed his car to go on at an even rate. He even forgot his assailants as he rode on. The wind brushed his cheek delightfully. And Charlotte lay relaxed within his arm.

His reveries were disturbed by a car passing him. Hearing a rattle he looked to see the well-known grey Ford of a speed cop. "That's the time you didn't catch me," triumphantly thought Dick to himself.

The tiny grey thing went ahead about fifty yards. Then it halted. Dick was passing it in his leisurely fashion when a man stuck out his head and yelled, "Stop! You're arrested."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dick. "Not much this time. This is the one time I didn't step on the gas. You'd better try someone else."

"Aw, shut up. You're pinched for one-armed driving."

Dick gasped. He glanced down at Charlotte. Here she was, sleeping peacefully on, quite oblivious to all about her.

"But I—" Dick started to say when the cop interrupted him with the gruff command to drive to the police station or someone else would do it for him.

So Dick let out the brakes and followed dociley the grey streak before him. At any rate he exceeded thirty-five miles per hour. But he couldn't blame the cops—of course they were eager to get back on the beat again.

Arrived at the police station Dick gently shook Charlotte's shoulders. She opened her big blue eyes. "Oh, home already?"

"Hush, dear. We're at the police station. I'm pinched. You'd better wait here in the car until I get back."

"All right." She smiled and languidly lay back. She had been with Dick before when he was similiarly summoned.

Dick followed the officers into the court room. The Judge, seeing him, greeted him with an amused smile.

"In too much of a hurry again, Hartley? Don't you prefer other ways of spending your hard-earned cash?"

The officer walked up, saluted, and said, "Arrested for one-arm driving, your honor."

"Oh." The Judge took a long breath and arching his eyebrows cast a suprised glance at Hartley. "So?"

"Guilty," declared Dick.

"Where's the young lady?" inquired the judge.

"Out in the car."

"Well, well. Too bad, Hartley, but this is rather serious. The fine is ten dollars. It wasn't designed for men like you. But you'll have to pay, I guess."

Dick took out his leather wallet and slowly extracted a twenty-dollar bill.

"Can you change this?" A tiny smile played around the corners of his mouth as the judge returned a ten-dollar bill to him.

"Good night, Hartley. Don't let this happen again, my boy."

"Oh that's all right. Although I'll admit it is rather a new experience, this paying ten dollars for having one's arm around one's sister."

Pleasant Polly (entertaining big sister's beau)—"Oh, Adolphus guess what father said about you last night."

Adolphus—"I haven't an idea in the world."

Pleasant Polly—"Oh shame! you listened."

—Willamette Collegian.

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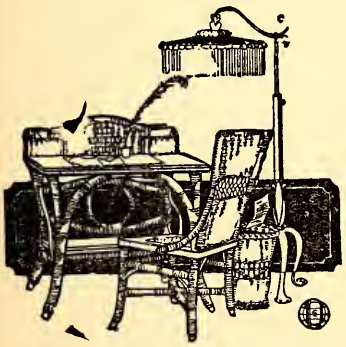

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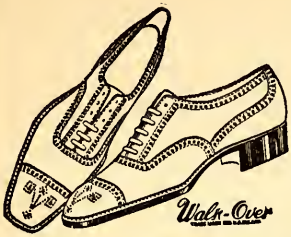

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The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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AT A COLLEGE WINDOW

From the College Anthology 1921-22

Grandma married at seventeen,
And when she was as old as I
She had two children, and her house
Was famed as sweet and orderly.

And here am I, at twenty-one,
At a dormitory window leaning,
With a theme to write
Sometime tonight
On "Culture—Its Ancient and Modern Meaning",—
When I'd give all culture the world has known
For a little baby all my own.

It's not man's love I'm going for.
I know I'd soon tire of the sight
Of the same one every day, and then
I want my virgin bed at night,
But there's a sort of hungry ache
Here in my arm and at my breast,
And something tries to say that there
A little head should rest.

It's big round eyes would shine so bright
As I rocked it in some twilit place,
And it would raise a tiny hand—perhaps,
And touch my face . . . .

But here I sit a-dreaming
When I should be writing themes.

—*Margaret Fowler* '23.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

The first commencement event for the class of 1923 was the Baccalaureate service at Grace Church, Sunday morning June third. The sermon was by Dr. William Wedderspoon of St. James Methodist Episcopal church of Chicago. He spoke on the subject of Open Windows and Doors, or the Law of Imports and Exports. His texts were from Revelation 3: 8, and Daniel 6:10. He spoke of our keeping our windows and doors open, of learning things and thinking,— importing, so that we can help by exporting and serving. The sermon was one especially applicable to a Baccalaureate Service as well as one that would make its audience think at any time.

Dr. Wedderspoon also paid high tribute to Dr. Harker for his years of wonderful service in helping to "open windows towards Jerusalem".

At the close of the sermon, Dr. Harker briefly addressed the Seniors. He spoke of the privileges they had received in being able to attend such a college as this. They are thus privileged not for their own personal gain, but that they might better serve. He said in part:

"You have been educated in a Christian college, a college whose chief business is to inspire its students with the resolute purpose to use all their educated abilities and advantages after Christ's ideal of life.

"The greatest yearning of my heart for all my students in these thirty years has been that after they have heard me speak, they would see my Master Christ beyond me and my teaching, and they would follow Him.

"He thought not of Himself, came not to be ministered unto; He saved others, Himself He would not save.

" 'For their sakes.' He says, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself—I make myself ready, and I offer myself up, a living and a devoted sacrifice. All that I have, and all that I am, I dedicate to those who need.'

"This is the answer for you. Only as you dedicate your educated abilities to the program of Jesus Christ can you justify your college education and your special selection and equipment.

* * * * *

"The coming years will be more glorious still. More and more . . . . . out from the college will flow an increasing stream of educated, consecrated womanhood, carrying wherever they go the spirit and the program of Jesus, and establishing everywhere His Kingdom of 'Peace on earth, good will among men.'

"To this end you have been selected and made ready. To this end we set the seal of the College upon you, and send you out as her representatives, confident that wherever you go, you will honor her in faithful and devoted service after the mind of Christ."

COMMENCEMENT DAY

The class of 1923 took the final step in the completion of its college course at its Commencement on Tuesday, June fifth. It was as always an impressive occasion. The audience joined in the repeating of several of the Scripture passages so familiar to all students of Illinois Woman's College; and Mrs. Forrest sang "My Garden" and "The Year's at the Spring".

The address of the day was given by Mr. Glenn Frank, Editor of the Century Magazine. Mr. Frank's subject was "Can Western Civilization Salvage Itself". He spoke of the real causes of the last war as the supremacy of the new paganism—the desire for power and pleasure at any cost, over the old Christian ideals. Germany began the war, not as the whim of a mad Kaiser, but because she had attained a higher degree of paganism than any other country. But while Germany pulled down the post that was supporting our temple of civilization the whole structure was rotten. The rest of the world deplored pagan ideals and practiced them. But after the war began other

countries entered it as if they were on a crusade to win back Christianity, and the world assured itself that it was having a new spiritual awakening. But when the war ended, it found itself not on a spiritual elevation but on a moral decline from which it has not yet arisen.

Mr. Frank spoke of the writers we have had recently those confirmed optimists who see darkness only as a necessary prerequisite to light, and those who see in our present level the death of our civilization, because of (1) a biological fear that the best stock of the white race seems to be wearing out; (2) a pychological fear, because we are so governed by crowds; (3) an economic fear that our industrial system is self destructive; (4) an administrative fear that we shall lose sight of our purposes; (5) a moral fear of everything from flappers to heretic theology.

Mr. Frank expressed the opinion that we have with us the necessary requisites for our racial salvation, namely "The Salvaging of our Civilization",but that we have them in a raw state. What is needed is a great leader who can choose and mold and build a great structure of civilization. Such a leader must be a combination of Francis Bacon and Billy Sunday, a man of great intellectual attainments with the ability of interpreting to the common mind. Of course such a man cannot be easily found, but Mr. Frank believes one will come from somewhere. We have had one—Theodore Roosevelt, we may have another, and under his leadership, civilization will right itself.

Mr. Frank is a forceful and convincing speaker, and well fulfills Dr. Harker's introduction of him as one who can see, and feel, and express his feeling.

Following his speech, the certificates and degrees were conferred. The scholarship honors were announced as won by Margaret Fowler, Elson Pires, and Florence Weber.

M. H. in Vergil:—The face of his father fell from the sky and poured forth words."

DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY 1923

Every woman wants to be charming, some succeed and some do not. Some fail because they lack the proper opportunities for developing this much desired quality, and some people believe that our schools fail in not making the cultivation of charm a required course.

To develope the charm in girls. Austin Bevans, who upon the death of his aunt is left a school for girls, that had always been famous for preparing girls for rigid college entrance examinations, turns the school into "The Charm School" and there is the play presented by the Dramatic Club on June 2. The first scene takes place in the room where the young heir and his four friends try to do light housekeeping on the salary of one and the allowance of two others. Both sources of income are cut off just as the play begins. The opportunity to run the school is immediately seized and the rest of the play takes place in the school where the young men have positions as professors of dancing, ukele playing, accounting and history course. The last two do not have the same popularity that the first two enjoy. The students prove themselves so charming that the young professors have trouble preserving their dignity; and the head of the school, Mr. Bevans finally has to give up his position, because he violated the rules laid down by Mr. Johns, who held a heavy mortgage on the place, that he would not allow any of the students to fall in love with him.

The play was most ably presented under the direction of Miss Ida B. Davis. All the Woman's College girls fell in love with the professors and had trouble in believing they were of their own number. Our heartiest thanks and congratluations for the splendid evening given us!

The cast was:

Austin Bevans the handsome hero who inherits the school
—Katherine Yanseck

His friends—David McKensie, a law student, who takes up the teaching of history Martha Logan

Tim and Jim Simpkins, twins who had an allowance, who teach dancing and ukelele playing with a little falling in love on the side.

Edythe Hall, Ruth Leech.

George Boyd, an expert accountant and equally proficient at teaching the young ladies to keep their accounts straight.

Irma Sturtevant

Homer Johns, the lawyer, who holds the mortgage on the place.

Josephine Rink

Elise Benedotti, the heroine, who indeed has charm.

Ethel Morris.

Miss Curtis, the bookkeeper who much appreciates masculine assistance Irene Mallison

Miss Hay, "A connection by marriage of Homer Johns", second in command at the Charm School, although not entirely in sympathy with the new ideas Alice Barwise

Some of the young ladies of the institution:

Sallie Boyd, George's sister	Donnabel Keys.
Muriel Doughty	Lola Lesar
Ethel Spelvin	Virginia Clark
Alix Mercier	Beatrice Hasenstab
Lillian Stafford	Marie Barton
Madge Kent	Nettie Steadry

II

Miss Johnston and Ruth Webb discussing the desirability of outdoor festivities:

Miss J.—Well look at the luck the Athletic Association had on May Day and Track Meet.

R. W.—Surely they haven't kept in very close communion with nature, have they?

Miss J.—I don't know about their close communion, but they certainly believe in Baptism.

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF PHI NU

Commencement week was properly started off Saturday evening, June the second, with the celebration of the Seventieth Anniversary of Phi Nu society. Almost one hundred sisters gathered from various parts of the globe to offer their sincerest congratulations and lend their assistance to a general good time.

Phi Nu and Belles Lettres halls were charmingly arranged for the occasion and a delicious banquet was served there at six o'clock. Mrs. Lillian Davis Codding presided as toastmistress and a short program of songs and toasts followed. Among the speakers were Dr. Harker, who himself has four daughters in Phi Nu; Mrs. Belle Short Lambert, who has just returned from Europe, especially for the occasion; Miss Mary Wadsworth, who spoke of her work in France, and Mrs. Phyllis Wilkinson Preston who good naturedly reminded us that a nice proportion of us would some day be keeping house, too. But the impressive event of the evening came when we all stood for a moment to do honor to one of the charter members of Phi Nu, Mrs. Elvira Hamilton Adams, who though an octogenerian, had journeyed from Portland, Oregon to be with us.

Though some of us may be desirous of concealing our ages when we get along in years, Phi Nu is indeed proud to acknowledge her birthdays and from the spirit shown throughout the Anniversary, we know she will live to celebrate many, many, more.

Class Day, 1923 was a little different than the class days of recent years have been. The program was given in Music Hall on Monday afternoon. A survey of our past from babyhood until today was given by Margaret Fowler, and illustraed by various members of the class passing in pageant at the back of the stage. Ruth Webb as representative of '23 willed its most cherished possessions. Helen Massey sang, and then we saw our future in tableau form, interpreted by Elson Pires.

Suzanne Rinehart played several violin solos, and the program concluded with a one act play, "Joint Owners in Spain." The scene of the play was in an Old Ladies' Home, and the characters were three inmates of the Home, played by Josephine Rink, Eva Gertrude Hodgens, and Alma Blodget, and the director of the institution played by Florence Weber.

The Alumnae and former students enjoyed a tea in the Social Room Tuesday afternoon. A varied program of stunts and music was given by the classes of 1864, '94, '99, 1905, '12, 13, '20. At six o'clock in the college dining room, the alumnae banquet was held. The tables were decorated with blue and yellow candles, and the candle lighting service was observed. Between courses of the banquet, songs written by alumnae were sung under the leadership of Miss Esther Davis.

Vera Wardner presided at the program which followed. Miss Neville presented the Class of 1923 for membership in the Alumnae Association; Miss Powell extended a welcome from the Association, and Eloise Calhoun, the class president, responded for her class. There were short reports from various city associations and Mrs. Belle Short Lambert spoke most interestingly of her recent trip to Europe. The program concluded with the singing of the college song.

MAY DAY 1923

All nature seemed for days to be against the May Fete, but at length it lent itself perfectly to the setting and the program was held Saturday May 19. A large number of people were gathered on the bleachers and proved to be a very interested and enthusiastic audience.

The Festival was a presentation of the Old Greek Legend of the coming of Spring with Persephone's return to earth after having been spirited away to the Kingdom of Death and Shad-

ows. It opened beautifully with the coming of dawn and the showing of the fields of green and yellow crops. Demeter and Persephone enter upon the Sea Shore where the Sea Waves are doing a graceful dance.

The Sea Nymphs are seen playing and dancing nearby and Persephone is left in their care by Demeter. Beautifully tempting flowers however lure her farther and farther from the Sea Nymphs and she is finally carried off from the earth. Demeter soon returns and finds that Persephone is missing. She inquires for her from the frisking Tree Dryads, from the beautiful Fountain Nymphs and then from Pan and his fairies. At length she comes before Helios, the Sun God who tells her of her daughter's fate and sends his Sunbeams for Hermes, the messenger of the gods who is requested to go in search of Persephone.

As Hermes returns with her everything awakens to new life. The hissing of the Furies is forgotten in the flourishing of the crops and flowers; and the Seven Graces meet Persephone while the Peasants dance with joy.

In color the entire pageant was charming and effective. It came to a beautiful culmination in the Crowning of the Queen, Miss Eloise Calhoun. The entire court party was in white and formed a very impressive procession. The Queen was beautiful in every detail and carried herself with true and becoming dignity.

The Pageant was of unusual interest because it was planned by Miss Margaret Hamilton '22 who is now an Assistant Director of Physical Education at I. W. C.

"How did you come out with your exams?"
"Oh, I knocked 'em cold."
"Howzat?"
"Got zero."

—*Upper Iowa Collegian.*

THE CLASS OF 1923—THEIR FUTURE—(Maybe)

I have been asked to write the prophecy for my class. Mercy, I had the same feeling that I have when there is an advanced students' recital and I know my number comes next. I am not of a literary turn of mind and to have such a responsibility suddenly thrust upon me!!

So I went to a very wise man whose whole occupation was to study the stars—gaze into a crystal ball and fore-tell events. I can't pronounce his name, much less spell it, so I'll just omit that. If ever you want to see him yourself I'll be glad to give you his street number.

When I entered, the old man look up from the huge book he was perusing—brushed a cob-web from the arm of a nearby chair and asked me to be seated. Timidly I explained in what way I needed his assistance—he shook his head and scowled.

"Mademoiselle, to predict the weather is simple beside trying to fortell what a woman will do. A class of girls from the Woman's College is too much for any mere man. A class of the year 1923 with twenty-three members,—I'd rather predict the number of gas masks to be used in the next world war."

That wasn't very encouraging, but at last I prevailed upon him to at least try (I was desperate by that time). So he adjusted his crystal ball so it would register twenty years hence and I began to name my various class-mates.

Mary Hall had engaged herself to a minister during our Senior year and I was anxious to know how she liked being an example to the flock. The old man looked and at last got the focus necessary to read the future from tht distance of twenty years. Poor Mary! They are moving and Mary isn't enjoying the packing. Some of the china that had been wedding presents had been hopelessly demolished. It's a hard life, Mary.

Next I named Helena Betcher. He gazed soulfully into the crystal ball.

"'Tis three o'clock in the morning and the maiden is writing furiously with a cup of incense before her."

"No, that's coffee," I remarked. "It sounds like a neglected term paper to me."

The old man continued:

"She is to deliver a paper at the International Congress of Women on 'Woman's Ability to Concentrate'. She is to deliver it at noon. There is a substantial check in store for her which she will give to Endowment."

"Um" thought I, "Billee hasn't changed her ways. She never wrote a term paper until the night before it was due."

Next I asked about Flo Dikeman, our student President. The old man gazed again:

"She is a busy woman—she is matron of a school for delinquent girls, president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and plays the piano for church and Sunday school."

I knew it would take more than that to ruffle Flo's calm spirits, so I inquired about her room-mate Ada Foster. My ancient friend was longer than usual, but at last my patience was rewarded:

"I see her in a wonderful lateritious building to which all the beautiful women of the land are coming. She has succeeded Lady Duff Gordon, and has a world-wide reputation."

"Now tell me about Ruth Webb."

He pushed back his skull cap and gazed and gazed.

"She is a very forceful and eloquent speaker. In fact, she will be one of the foremost lecturers of the day."

I sighed enviously, but doubted not, remembering Ruth's postprandial glories at I. W. C. on Founder's Day and like occasions.

Margaret Fowler was next on my list.

"She has made a reputation for her alma mater by her writing. I see on the bookstands all over the country a new book of hers which tells us how to dispense with war, unite the

Democratic and Republican parties, run the railroads and assure ourselves of proper ventilation."

Mercy! I always knew Margaret was bright, but I didn't think she would carry it that far. I was meditating on the sad fact that some people have more than their share of brains, when I noticed the old man was going to sleep. I coughed to wake him up and asked about Eleanor Jane.

I was amazed to learn that she was training runners for the world races held annually on the Fiji Islands. She had worked out formulas and studied ways and means and the result of her excogitations was a new method of running, whereby one foot is made to do the work of two. Now you can plainly see that if each foot can be trained to do what two feet have always done before, a record breaking sprinter will, no doubt, be developed.

Eloise Calhoun was finally located in the tenement district of New York City perpetrating various reforms for the world's good. Eloise may make a good reformer, but, Oh My!! She is assisted by Maude Craigmiles, who, whenever any of Eloise's charges refused to be reformed, by the force of her logical and philosophical argumentation convinces the recalcitrant that it is for his soul's good. Luck to them.

Next I inquired about Mrs. Wackerle. That seemed to be some confusion in the crystal ball. It got all cloudy and the star-gazer pulled his beard in perplexity. At last it began to clear—

"Ah," dead silence! "Mrs. Wackerle has devoted her life to the laudable task of proving that there is no conflict between science and religion." I leave that subject to William Jennings Bryan and Mistress Wackerle.

Eva Gertrude Hodgens and Dorothy Mae Smith have opened an establishement in St. Louis. It is model cafeteria and is conducted according to all the rules they learned at I. W. C.

Friend Gertie has at last returned to her beloved Washington, D. C. and has become a famous tourist's guide. She now conducts her old I. W. C. friends to Washington's Monument

conducts her old I. W. C. friends to Washington's Manument and the White House with all her old aplomb.

Paulina Tull had vampish tendencies when in I. W. C., but she began to take the world seriously. She is now with Mary Alice Harper in Central China conducting a mission school. This school is under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. in Los Angels, California, which is in charge of Florence Weber.

Harriet Hall and May Larimore have succeeded Miss Lobdell and Miss Johnston on the I. W. C. faculty and are nobly endeavoring to live up to their principles and reputation.

Jo Rink went on the stage and for fifteen years had a wonderful success, but she has disappeared. Let us hope it is only temporary—she may be creating a new part or originating one of her famous pet expressions.

My predicting companion was very much interested in Alma Blodget. She deserted Latin for journalism and is now the editor of the largest newspaper in the world edited by a woman. The financial part she leaves to Elson Pires and I'm sure you'll agree that it is in competent hands.

Helen Massie is one of the music critics who make or crush "absolutely" aspiring Metropolitan stars.

By this time I was curious as to what would befall me in the future, but I found my friend absorbed with his own thoughts. At last the man's state of statuvolence seemed to be sound slumber, rather than that conduced by any extended for-knowledge of events. Becoming impatient last, I went to the old man's chair and looked in the crystal ball for myself. It began to cloud and then to clear. It seemed that I was looking into a deep well, at the bottom of which pictures were forming. Interesting, to say the least. Fiddle and bow, an old shoe and a fountain pen. What were they? I'll tell you in twenty years. —*S. R.*

OFFICERS OF STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

1923-24.

Student's Association:	
President	Carrie Dyarman
Vice-President	Luro Anderson
Secretary	Beatrice Hasenstab
Treasurer	Ruth Bishop
Y. W. C. A.	
President	Mary Elizabeth Roark
Vice-President	Winifred Potter
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Editor	Irene Fruit
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Greetings:	
Editor	Audrey King
Business Manager	Mildred Waldron
Athletic Association	
President	Helen Bly
Vice-President	Catherine Randle
May Day Chairman	Avis Murphy
Belles Lettres President	Esther Purl
Lambda Alpha Mu President	Harriet McComber
Phi Nu President	Fredericka Balch
Theta Sigma President	Wilhemine Wagner

II

Dr. Harker says that there is so much knowledge in college because the freshmen come with so much knowledge and the Seniors leave with so little. According to Miss Johnston, I. W. C. has ben enriched more than usual by the Class of 1923.

A certain freshman: "Let's go to Batsey's in the morning for breakfast." (Roars of laughter)" Oh, I mean Patsey's!"

The College Greetings

Vol. XXVI *Jacksonville, Ill., June, 1923* *No. 9*

STAFF OF THE COLLEGE GREETINGS

Editor-in-chief	Margaret Fowler
Associate Editor	Alma Blodget
Business Manager	Elson Pires
Assistant Business Manager	Avis Murphy
Junior Editor	Dorothy Dean
Sophomore Editor	Dorothy Dieman
Sophomore Business Manager	Mae Virgin
Art Editor	Ethyl Keller
Faculty Adviser	Miss Neville

SENIOR CLASS

Editor	Alma Blodget
Associate Editors	Suzanne Rinehart, Maude Craigmiles
Business Manager	Elson Pires

THE GREETINGS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Any peaceful reform takes a lots of talk before it is accomplished. For years there has been agitation for a college news sheet to supplant the Greetings. News published in the Greetings is "cold" by the time it appears. That is why less and less news has been published. A news sheet, it is argued, will not only relieve the Greetings of any responsibility for recording the mad round of college activities, but will be a better medium for arguments on such subjects as grades and societies, and will be able to present in a snappier manner personal items and jokes. The Greetings can then strive to be as literary as possible. This venture will be watched with keenest interest by those who have discussed it in the past.

The College Greetings

At the annual Greetings breakfast this spring, the old and new staffs decided to put before the student body such a plan for the Greetings next year. The students enthusiastically adopted the suggestion. Therefore, next year we shall have a bi-weekly news sheet, and a bi-monthly literary magazine. Both will be under the direction of the same staff, consisting of:

Editor-in-chief—Audrey King, '24.

Associate Editor—Margaret Dryden, '24.

Assistant Editors—Lena Bennet, '25, Mary McMillan, '26

Business Manager—Mildren Waldron, '23.

Assistnat Business Managers—Carol Roark, '25, Kathleen Calhoun, '26.

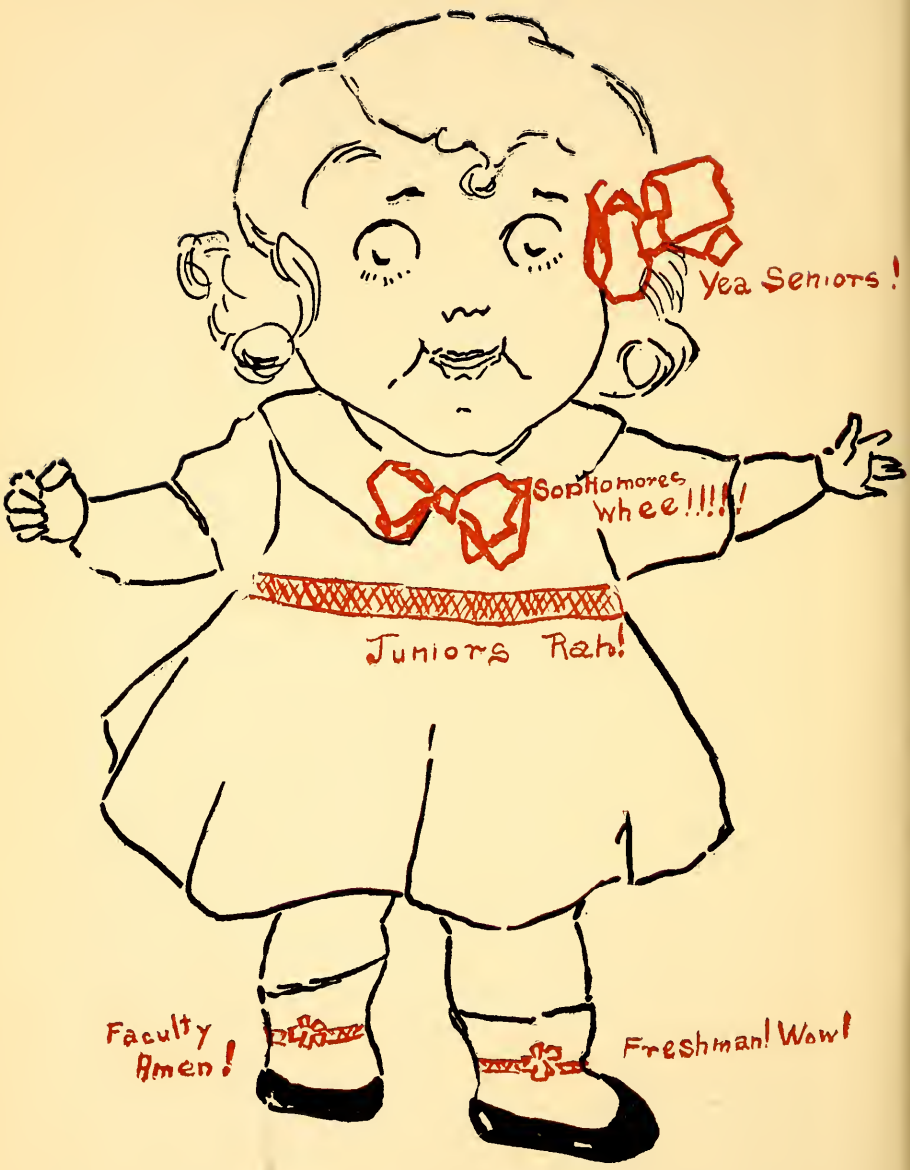
Art Editor—Irene Spurgeon, '26.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

The commencement season would not be entirely complete without the annual orchestra concert. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Pearson, was assisted by Madame Colard, who sang "The Swan", "The Nightengale", and by request, as an encore, "The Year's at the Spring". The numbers by the orchestra were unusually good. The whole event, so long looked forward to came up to all expectations and was one of the most enjoyable events of the last week.

"Why do you call a fast automobile rider a scorcher?"

"Because he goes out at a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms-up the police, gets roasted in court, and calls it a burning shame." —*Southern California Trojan.*


Yea Seniors!
Sophomores Whee!!!!!
Juniors Rah!
Faculty Amen!
Freshman! Wow!

Anybody sad? No!
Anybody glad? Yes!
All right, let's yell!

Did someone say girls have no pep? For the sake of his poor misinformed mind, we wish he had been here for the four days we were raising Endowment. No one who saw Billy Hall leading yells and the rest twisting through the streets of J'ville in a snake dance would have any doubt as to girls' enthusiasm and ability to put things over. Four days is really not a very long time but it wasn't for every one of the I. W. C. girls, and the faculty too, to get in their pledges so that the $5000 still needed to reach the $20,000 might be raised, 100%! No wonder we painted the town red on Saturday morning when we found we had raised more than $250 over our $20,000. Dr. Terry seemed to enjoy it too even it did cost him treats for the Executive Committee. Charley horse, stiff legs, and all aches and pains were forgotten as the parade formed back of the truck packed with girls apparently gone mad and yelling like maniacs. It was a glorious culmination of a year's efforts in shampooing, shoe-blacking, pressing, bed-making etc. Even if we were a little tired when it was all over, no one regretted the part she had taken or the time she had spent. There will not be an I. W. C. girl who will not scan the papers on July 4, no matter if she is in New York or California, to see how the big campaign ends. We *know* the $250,000 will be raised and we can shoot a whole package, or two or three, of giant fire crackers in celebration.

THE PRACTICE HOUSE

The practice house—What a thrill it gave us when we discovered that we were really going to have one this year. Instead of merely studying from text books about the problems of household management we were going to have the opportunity of studying them first hand, and of helping to solve some of them ourselves.

First came the question—Where shall it be? With the

endowment drive on it was impossible to equip a house of our own. Miss Eleanor Thompson came to the rescue and put her home and her household at our mercy for a month. We want here to express to her our appreciation for her hearty interest and cooperation with the Home Economics Department and with the college in thus making it possible for us to chain down our theories to actual facts by putting into practice the things which we have learned in previous courses in Home Economics. The work was carried on under the supervision of Miss Grace Tickle, the Head of the Home Economics Department. Credit is also due to Miss Helen Merriman, Director of Household Arts, who helped to plan the course. We wish also to thank Dr. Harker and Mr. Metcalf for their share in making possible the financing of the undertaking.

In the practice house, the Seniors in the Smith-Hughes course in Home Economics are given practical experience in the care and management of a home. They live in the house thirty consecutive days, there being five or six girls in residence at a time. There are as many positions to be held as there are girls in the house, each one of which held for a period of five or six days. The positions are those of Hostess, Housekeeper, Assistant Housekeeper, Cook, Assistant Cook and Waitress. Serving in these various capacities the girls become familiar with all the household duties and operations.

They handle the finances of the house in a strictly business-like manner. They plan the menus, do the marketing, prepare and serve the meals, and buy household supplies.

The girls are responsible for the general appearance and atmosphere of the home and its upkeep in general. They are graded on such points as accuracy, promptness, executive ability, cooperation and initiative.

We are convinced that the course in Practical Household Management is proving to be a valuable addition to the equipment of instruction in the Department of Home Economics and are hoping that in a few years we have a house of our own.

—E. G. H.

THE ENGLISH "E".

For several years it has been the custom to give awards to the freshman and upperclass students who submit the best three essays—broadly interpreted to include essays proper, poems, or stories, written for some class or school work. This year, the kind of award was changed. As in former years, the Freshman submitting the best manuscripts receive the gold circle. The upper-class winner received a blue "E" instead of a circle. This is the award presented to Audrey King, of the Class of '24. The wearing of the "E" admits students to great honors and one worth striving for. We think it a great idea and heartily congratulate the first wearer.

Senior mail window had its usual crowd. The member of the faculty who wished to telephone finally managed to edge her way through and the line fell back to give her some opportunity to talk. The line grew longer; the girls in the office sorted mail rapidly, and finally put some letters in the window. There were minutes of agony.

"Jo, here's one for you. Flo, here's a very long one from a school board. Maybe you'll have another chance to contract."

Mugs came sauntering in to get her letter. "Hurrah, there's a check in it." She realizes her mistake at so loudly proclaiming her affluence, when a half dozen voices start up; "Don't forget you owe me a quarter." "A half dollar to me."

"Ah, what's your letter? Isn't it from a school board? Got a job?"

"No such luck. This is another letter of regret."

Eloise came along to gather up the acceptances to the Phi Nu banquet, the line departed, hoping for better luck in the second mail.

OBSERVATIONS OF OPHELIA

To observe is a great pleasure sometimes; it is a greater pleasure to be able to interpret rightly what one observes. Ophelia deserted us this month, so her roommate, much less expert at seeing things must practice observation.

Have you heard about Ophelia herself? She mailed her regular postal card home the other day, and in her mad rush—you know how you never can get hold of her—addressed it to Jacksonville instead of to Springfield. Geniuses can get by with things like that; we wish the rest of us could.

Seniors tables are the seats of various important business meetings. Weighty matters are discussed and settled there. The latest thing is that Flo was contracting, leaving her knowledge to the school, perhaps, in accordance with the rule for Seniors.

Speaking about leaving makes us want to explain. If any unitiated under-classmen heard the Seniors wailing on the day of last chapel about "It" being too long or too short, and thought we meant either the chapel service or until commencement, we'd like to correct them. The trouble was only about the length of our gowns.

Endowment did go finely, didn't it? We'll all recommend either Flo or Vic for a job as scrubwoman. We've already heard that several distinguished townspeople have tried to procure them for this important position. And didn't Uadore Cabbage Slaw?

The Seniors can't decide whether graduating is like "He shall die! He shall die!" or a response to the rest of the world. "Come on in, the water's fine!" Some of them are finding it a cold, cold world, as evidenced by the way letters of "We regret to inform you the position has been filled" come rolling in.

The Seniors had heard many times of the great amount of leisure there was in that last week when everyone else was taking exams: but somehow that week failed to live up to expectations. We were all so busy that we didn't have time to realize we were going to leave. We might not have had sense enough to

get ready, if it hadn't been for the assistance of the rest of the school.

Another evidence of the creative ability at Illinois Woman's College was the song sung by Miss Fredricka Balch at the recital given by Miss Balch and Miss Suzanne Rinehart. The music both for violin and piano were written by Miss Rinehart.

HONORS FOR 1922-1923

Wesley Mather's Prizes—

Essay Contest

First prize—Mrs. Helen Birch Filson '24.

Second prize—Beatrice Hasenstab '25.

Expression Contest

First prize—Ethel Morris '25.

Second prize—Frances Brown '26.

English Department prizes

Freshmen—First prize—Birdie Arbuthnot.

Honorable Mention—Mary McMillan.

Upperclassmen—First prize—Audrey King.

Honorable Mention—Dorothy Dieman.

Greetings Short Story Contest

Mary MacMillan, first; Birdie Arbuthnot, second.

Greetings Poetry Contest

Dorothy Dieman, first; Audrey King, second.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Award for most points won this year—Maurine Gilpin.

Tennis cup—Janette Meredith.

Hockey cup—Sophomores.

Basket ball Shield—Sophomores.

Numerals—Helena Betcher '23, Eleanor Jane Dinsmore '23, Donnabel Keys '25, Winifred Potter '25.

Arm Bands—Eloise Calhoun, Flo Dikeman, Florence Weber, Catherine Randle, Maurine Gilpin, Helen McPherson, Ruth Bradley.

All Star College Basket Ball team (chosen by faculty Basket Ball Tournament officials)—Beatrice Hasenstab, Hazel Moore, Forwards; Maurine Gilpin, Donnabel Keys, Centers; Winifred Potter, Helen McPherson, guards.

Girls who passed Red Cross Life Saving Examination and received Certificates—Eleanor Jane Dinsmore, Helen Bly, Sarita Jones, Janette Meredith, Frances Brooks, Eleanor Dowd, Maurine Gilpin, Beatrice Hasenstab, Hazel Moore, Catherine Stephenson, Julia Williamson, Winifred Potter, Helen Hall, Donnabel Keys, Virginia Harper, Hazel Iungerich, Helen McPherson, Frances Rowles, Ella Thompson.

GREETINGS FINANCIAL REPORT

DEPOSITS

Balance	$186.40
Subscriptions	219.32
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	$998.47

EXPENSES

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Envelopes	6.00
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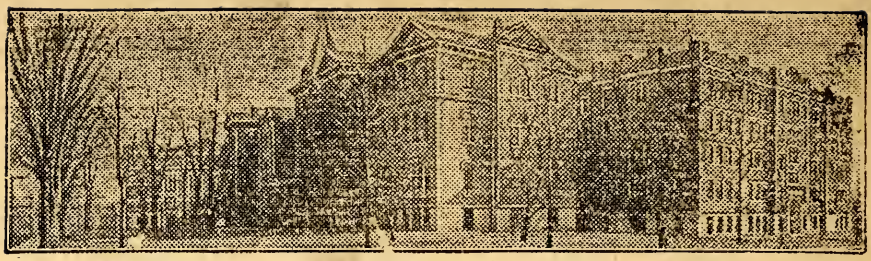

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